Poetical Works

OF

LORD BYRON



The Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

A NEW REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

Poetry Vol II

EDITED BY

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE MA

JOHN MURRAY ALBEMARLE STREET
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1899

PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME

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The text of the present edition of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage is based upon a collation of volume 1 of the Library Edition 1855 with the following MSS (1) the original MS of the First and Second Cantos in Byron's handwriting $[MS\ M]$, (ii) a transcript of the First and Second Cantos in the handwriting of R. C. Dallas [D], (iii) a transcript of the Third Canto, in the handwriting of Clara Jane Clairmont [C], (iv) a collection of scraps forming a first draft of the Third Canto in Byron's handwriting [MS] (v) a fair copy of the first draft of the Fourth Canto together with the MS of the additional stanzas in Byron's handwriting $[MS\ M]$ (vi) a second fair copy of the Fourth Canto as completed in Byron's handwriting [D]

The text of the First and Second Cantos has also been collated with the text of the First Edition of the

First and Second Cantos (quarto, 1812), the text of the Third and of the Fourth Cantos with the texts of the First Editions of 1816 and 1818 respectively, and the text of the entire poem with that issued in the collected editions of 1831 and 1832

Considerations of space have determined the position and arrangement of the notes

Byron's notes to the First, Second, and Third Cantos, and Hobhouse's notes to the Fourth Canto are printed, according to precedent, at the end of each canto

Editorial notes are placed in square brackets. Notes illustrative of the text are printed immediately below the variants. Notes illustrative of Byron's notes or footnotes are appended to the originals or printed as footnotes.

Byron's own notes to the Fourth Canto are printed as footnotes to the text.

Hobhouse's "Historical Notes" are reprinted without addition or comment, but the numerous and intricate references to classical, historical, and archæological authorities have been carefully verified, and in many instances rewritten

In compiling the Introductions, the additional notes, and footnotes, I have endeavoured to supply the reader with a compendious manual of reference. With the subject-matter of large portions of the three distinct poems which make up the five hundred stanzas of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage every one is more or less

familiar, but details and particulars are out of the immediate reach, of even the most cultivated readers

The poem may be dealt with in two ways. It may be regarded as a repertory or treasury of brilliant pissages for selection and quotation or it may be read con tinuously and with some attention to the style and message of the author. It is in the belief that Childe Harold should be read continuously and that it gains by the closest study reassuming its original freshness and splendour that the text as well as Byrons own notes have been somewhat minutely annotated.

In the selection and composition of the notes I have in addition to other authorities, consulted and made use of the following editions of *Childe Harold's Pulgrimage* —

- 1 Edition Classique par James Darmesteter Docteur
- n Byron's Childe Harold, edited with Introduction and Notes by H F Tozer MA Oxford 1885 (Clarendon Press Senes)
- m Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, edited by the Rev E C Everard Owen M.A. London 1897 (Arnold's British Classics)

Particular acknowledgments of my indebtedness to these admirable works will be found throughout the volume.

I have consulted and derived assistance from Professor Eugen Kolbing's exhaustive collation of the text of the two first cantos with the Dallas Transcript in the British Museum (Zur Textuberlieferung von Byron's Childe Harold, Cantos I, II Leepsic, 1896), and I am indebted to the same high authority for information with regard to the Seventh Edition (1814) of the First and Second Cantos (See Bemerkungen zu Byron's Childe Harold, Engl Stud, 1896, XXI 176-186.)

I have again to record my grateful acknowledgments to Dr Richard Garnett, CB, Dr AS Murray, FRS, Mr R E Graves, Mr E D. Butler, FRGS., and other officials of the British Museum, for constant help and encouragement in the preparation of the notes to Childe Hazeld

I desire to express my thanks to Dr H R Mill, Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr J C Baker, FRS, Keeper of the Herbarium and Library of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, Mr Horatio F Brown (author of *Venice*, an *Historical Sketch*, etc.), Mr P A Daniel, Mr Richard Edgeumbe, and others, for valuable information on various points of doubt and difficulty

On behalf of the Publisher, I beg to acknowledge the kindness of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, in permitting Cosway's miniature of Charlotte Duchess of Richmond to be reproduced for this volume

I have also to thank Mr Horatio F Brown for the right to reproduce the interesting portrait of "Byron at Venice," which is now in his possession

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE

INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS OF CHILDE HAROLD

THE First Canto of Childe Harold was begun at Janua, in

Albania, October 31 1809 and the Second Canto was finished at Smyrna March 28 1810 The dates were duly recorded on the MS but in none of the letters which Byron wrote to his mother and his friends from the I ast does he mention or allude to the composition or existence of such a work one letter, however to his mother (January 14 1611 Letters 1808 1 308) he informs her that he has MSS in his posses sion which may serve to prolone his memory if he heirs and executors thinl proper to publish them but for himself he has done with authorship" Three months later the achievement of Hints from Horace and The Curse of Minerva persuaded him to give 'authorship another trial and in a letter written on board the Volume frigate (June 28 Letters 1898 1 313) he announces to his literary Mentor R. C Dallas who had superintended the publication of Fuglish Bards and Scotch Levieners that he has an imitation of the Ars Poetica of Hornce ready for Cawthorne Byron landed in England on July a and on the 15th Dallas had the pleasure of shaking hands with him at Reddish's Hotel St James's Street (Lecollections of the Life of Lord Byron 18 4, p 103) There was a crowd of visitors says Dallas and no time for conversation but the Imitation was placed in his hands. He took it home read it and was dis appointed Disparagement was out of the question but the next morning at breakfast Dallas ventured to express some surprise that he had written nothing else. An admission or

confession followed that "he had occasionally written short poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spenser's measure, relative to the countries he had visited" "They are not," he added, "worth troubling you with, but you shall have them all with you if you like" "So," says Dallas, "came I by Childe Harold He took it from a small trunk, with a number of verses"

Dallas was "delighted," and on the evening of the same day (July 16)—before, let us hope, and not after, he had consulted his "Ionian friend," Walter Rodwell Wright (see Recollections, p 151, and Diary of H C Robinson, 1872, 1 17) -he despatched a letter of enthusiastic approval, which gratified Byron, but did not convince him of the extraordinary merit of his work, or of its certainty of success. It was however, agreed that the MS, should be left with Dallas, that he should arrange for its publication and hold the copyright Dallas would have entrusted the poem to Cawthorne, who had published English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers, and with whom, as Byron's intermediary, he was in communication, but Byron objected on the ground that the firm did not "stand high enough in the trade," and Longmans, who had been offered but had declined the English Bards, were in no case to be approached application to Miller, of Albemarle Street, came to nothing. because Miller was Lord Elgin's bookseller and publisher (he had just brought out the Memor andum on Lord Elem's Pursuits in Greece), and Childe Harold denounced and reviled Lord Eigin But Murray, of Fleet Street, who had already expressed a wish to publish for Lord Byron, was willing to take the matter into consideration. On the first of August Byron lost his mother, on the third his friend Matthews was drowned in the Cam, and for some weeks he could devote neither time nor thought to the fortunes of his poem, but Dallas had bestirred himself, and on the eighteenth was able to report that he had "seen Murray again," and that Murray was anxious that Byron's name should appear on the title-page

To this request Byron somewhat reluctantly acceded (August 21), and a few days later (August 25) he informs Dallas that he has sent him "exordiums, annotations, etc.,

for the forthcoming quarto," and has written to Murray, urs, ing him on no account to show the MS to Juvenal that is Gifford But Gifford, as a mitter of course hid been already consulted hid read the First Canto and hid advised Murray to publish the poem. Byron was or pretended to be furious but the solid fact that Gifford had commended his work acted like a charm and his fury subsided. On the fifth of September (Lettlers 1898 in 24 note) he received from Murray the first proof and by December 14 the Lilgrimage was concluded "and all but the preface had been printed and seen through the press

The original draft of the poem which Byron took out of the little trunk." and gave to Dallas had under one considerable alterations and modifications before this date, oth Dallas and Murray took exception to certain stancas which on personal or patriotic, or religious considerations were provocative and objectionable. They were apprehen sive not only for the sale of the book but for the reputation of its author. Byron fought his ground inch by inch, but

were provocative and objectionable. They were apprehensive not only for the sale of the book, but for the reputation of its author. Byron fought his kround inch by inch, but finally assented to a compromise. He was willing to cut out three stanzas on the Convention of Cintra, which had ceased to be a burning question and four more stanzas at the end of the First Cunto which reflected on the Duke of Welling, ton, Lord Holland, and other persons of less note. A stanza on Beckford in the First Canto, and two stanzas in the second on Lord Ligin, Thomas Hope, and the Dilettrial crew were also omitted. Stanza ix of the Second Canto on the immortality of the soul was recast and sure and certain? hopplessness exchanged for a pious if hipothetical aspiration. But with regard to the general tenor of his politics and metaphysics, Byron stood firm and awaited the issue.

There were additions as well as comissions. The first stanza of the First Canto stanzas xiin and xc which celebrate the battles of Albuera and Talavera the stunzis to the memory of Charles Skinner Matthews nos xci xcii and stanzas in xci xcii of the Second Canto which record Dytons greef for the death of an unknown lover or friend apparently (letter to Dallas October 31, 1811) the mysterious Thyrza and others (ide post note on the MSS of

No further alterations were made in the text of the poem but an eleventh edition of *Childe Harold* Cantos I 11 was published in 1819

The dements of Childe Harold he on the surface but it is difficilt for the modern reader, familiar with the sight of not the texture of the purple patches and unattracted perhaps demagnetized by a personality once fascinating and always puissant to appreciate the actual worth and magnitude of the poem. We are over informed and as with Nature so with Art the eye must be couched and the film of associ ation removed before we can see clearly. But there is one characteristic feature of Childe Harel I which association and familiarity have been powerless to veil or confuse-originality By what accident " asks the Quarterly Reviewer (George Agar Ellis) has it happened that no other English poet before Lord Byron has thought fit to employ his talents on a subject so well suited to their display? The question can only be answered by the assertion that it was the acci dent of genius which inspired the poet with a new song Childe Harol I's Pilgrimage had no progenitors and with the exception of some feeble and forgotten imitations, it has had no descendants The materials of the poem serian stanza suckested perhaps by Campbell's Gertride of Hyoning as well as by older models the language the metaphors often appropriated and sometimes stolen from the Bible from Shakespeare, from the classics the sentiments and reflections coeval with reflection and sentiment wear a familiar hue but the poem itself a pilgrimage to scenes and cities of renown a song of travel, a rhythmical diorama was Byron's own handswork-not an inheritance but a

But what of the eponymous here the sated and melancholy 'Childe" with his attendant page and yeoman his backward blances on heartless parasites on laughing dames on goblets and other properties of the monastic dome"? Is

Childe Harold Byron masquerading in disguise, or is he intended to be a fictitious personage, who, half unconsciously, neveals the author's personality? Byron deals with the question in a letter to Dallas (October 31) "I by no means intend to identify myself with Harold, but to deny all connection with him If in parts I may be thought to have drawn from myself, believe me it is but in parts, and I shall not own even to that" He adds, with evident sincerity, "I would not be such a fellow as I have made my hero for all the world" Again, in the preface, "Harold is the child of imagination"
This pronouncement was not the whole truth, but it is truer than it seems He was well aware that Byron had sate for the portrait of Childe Harold He had begun by calling his hero Childe Burun, and the few particulars which he gives of Childe Burun's past were particulars, in the main exact particulars, of Byron's own history He had no motive for concealment, for, so little did he know himself, he imagined that he was not writing for publication, that he had done with authorship Even when the mood had passed, it was the imitation of the Ars Poetica, not Childe Harold, which he was eager to publish, and when Childe Has old had been offered to and accepted by a publisher, he desired and proposed that it should appear anonymously He had not as yet come to the pass of displaying "the pageant of his bleeding heart" before the eyes of the multitude But though he shrank from the obvious and inevitable conclusion that Childe Harold was Byron in disguise, and idly "disclaimed" all connection, it was true that he had intended to draw a fictitious character, a being whom he may have feared he might one day become, but whom he did not recognize as He was not sated, he was not cheerless, he was not unamiable He was all a-quiver with youth and enthusiasm and the joy of great living He had left behind him friends whom he knew were not "the flatterers of the festal hour"-friends whom he returned to mourn and nobly celebrate Byron was not Harold, but Harold was an ideal Byron, the creature and avenger of his pride, which haunted and pursued its presumptuous creator to the bitter end

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage was reviewed, or rather advertised, by Dallas, in the Literary Panorama for March,

1817 To the reviewer's dismay the article which appeared before the poem was out was shown to Byron who was paving a short visit to his old friends at Harrow Dallas quicked but 'as it proved no bad advertisement he escaped censure. The blunder passed unobserved eclipsed by the darling brilliancy of the object which had caused it."

the darting orinine) of the object which had clusted it "(Recollections p ~ 1)

Of the greater reviews the Q tarterly (No xm March 1814) was published on May 12 and the I during h (No 38 Inne 1814) was published on Advants (1814)

NOTES ON THE MSS OF CHILDE HAROLD.

T

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THE original MS of the First and Second Cantos of Childe Harold, consisting of ninety-one folios bound up with a single bluish-grey cover, is in the possession of Mr Murray A transcript from this MS, in the handwriting of R C. Dallas, with Byron's autograph corrections, is preserved in the British Museum (Egerton MSS, No 2027) The first edition (4to) was printed from the transcript as emended by the author The "Addition to the Preface" was first published in the Fourth Edition

The following notes in Byron's handwriting are on the outside of the cover of the original MS —

"Byron—Joannina in Albania Begun Oct 31st 1809 Concluded, Canto 2^d, Smyrna, March 28th, 1810 BYRON

r "The first and second cantos of Childe Harold were written in separate portions by the noble author. They were afterwards arranged for publication, and when thus arranged, the whole was copied. This copy was placed in Loid Byron's hands, and he made various alterations, corrections, and large additions. These, together with the notes, are in his Lordship's own handwriting. The manuscript thus corrected was sent to the press, and was printed under the direction of Robt. Chas. Dallas, Esq., to whom Lord Byron had given the copyright of the poem. The MS, as it came from the printers, was preserved by Mr. Dallas, and is now in the possession of his son, the Rev. Alex. Dallas."

[See Dallas Transcript, p. 1 Mus But Bibl. Egerton,

2027 Press 526 H T]

'The marginal remarks pencilled occasionally were made by two friends who saw the thing in MS sometime previous to publication 1812"

On the verso of the single bluish grey cover, the lines Dear Object of Defeated Care * have been inscribed They are entitled Written beneath the picture of J U D ** They are dated, 'Byron Athens 1811

The following notes and memoranda have been bound up

with the MS -

'Henry Drury Harrow Given me by Lord Byron Being his original autograph MS of the first canto of Chil le Harold commenced at Joannina in Albania proceeded with at Athens, and completed at Smyrna

How strange that he did not seem to know that the volume contains Cantos I, II and so written by Ld B

[Note by 7 Murray]

'SIR,—I desire that you will settle any account for Childe Harold with Mr R C Dallas, to whom I have presented the copyright

'Y obed Servt Byron

BYRON

To Mr John Murray, 'Bookseller 3° Fleet Street London, Mar 17 181°

Received April 1st 181 of Mr John Murray the sum of one hundred pounds 15/8 being my entire half share of the profits of the 1st Edition of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage 4to

R C DALLAS

£101 15 8 Mem This receipt is for the above sum in part of five hundred guineas agreed to be paid by Mr Murray for the Copyright of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

The following poems are appended to the MS of the First and Second Cantos of Childe Harold —

1 Written at Mrs Spencer Smith's request in her memorandum book—

As o er the cold sepulchral stone

2 Stanzas written in passing the Ambracian Gulph November 14 1809^{p}

- 3 "Written at Athens, January 161, 1810—
 - "'I he spell is broke, the charm is flown. '
- 4 "Stanzas composed October 11, 1809, during the night in a thunderstorm, when the guides had lost the road to Zitza, in the range of mountains formerly called Pindus, in Albania"

On a blank leaf bound up with the MS at the end of the volume, Byron wrote—

"DLAR D',—This is all that was contained in the MS, but the outside cover has been torn off by the booby of a binder

"Yours ever,

The volume is bound in smooth green morocco, bordered by a single gilt line "MS." in gilt lettering is stamped on the side cover

II

COLLATION OF FIRST EDITION, QUARTO, 1812, WITH MS OF THE FIRST CANTO

The MS numbers ninety-one stanzas, the First Edition ninety-three stanzas

Omissions from the MS

Stanza vii "Of all his train there was a henchman page,'-

- " viii "Him and one yeoman only did he take,"—
- " viii "Unhappy Vathek! in an evil hour,"—
- " vv "In golden characters right well designed,"—
- " xvii "But when Convention sent his handy work,"—
- ", axviii "Thus unto Heaven appealed the people Heaven,"—
- ", lyxxviii "There may you read with spectacles on eyes,"—
- "There may you read—Oh, Phœbus, save Su John,"—
- " \c "Yet here of Vulpes mention may be made,"—

INSERTIONS IN THE FIRST EDITION

Stanza i Oh thou 'm Hellas deemed of heavenly birth —
viii Yet oft times in his maddest mirthful mood —
And none did love him!—though to hall and

bower — vhu Oh Albuera' glorious field of grief! — bxxxv Adieu fair Cadiz' yea a long adieu! — lxxvi Such be the sons of Spain and strange her

Fate —
lexxun Flows there a tear of Pity for the dead? —
lexxux Not yet alas! the dreadful work is done —
vc Not all the blood at Talavera shed —
vci And thou my friend!—since unavailing woe —
xcii Oh known the earliest and esteemed the
most."—

The MS of the Second Canto numbers eighty stanzas the First Edition numbers eighty eight stanzas

OMISSIONS FROM THE MS

Stanza vin Frown not upon me churlish Priest! that I — Come then ye classic Thieves of each degree —

or will the gentle Dilettanti crew — lxiii Childe Harold with that Chief held colloquy —

INSERTIONS IN THE FIRST EDITION

Stanza viii Yet if as holiest men have deemed there be —

18 There Thou! whose Love and Life together

vv Cold is the heart fair Greece that looks on Thee -

lu Oh! where Dodona! is thine agéd Grove? —
Ixiu Mid many thing, s most new to ear and eye —
Ixix. Where er we tread tis haunted holy ground —
Ixix. Let such approach this consecrated Land —
Ixixiv For thee who thus in too protracted song —

Thou too art gone thou loved and lovely one !

Stanza lxxvi "Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved "-

- " lyxxvii. "Then must I plunge again into the crowd,"—
- ", land "What is the worst of woes that wait on Age?"—

Additions to the Seventh Edition, 1814

The Second Canto, in the first six editions, numbers eightyeight stanzas, in the Seventh Edition the Second Canto numbers ninety-eight stanzas

ADDITIONS.

The Dedication, To Ianthe

Stanza xxvii "More blest the life of godly Eremite,'-

- " Ixxvii "The city won for Allah from the Giaour,"—
- " lxviii "Yet mark their mirth, ere Lenten days begin,"—
- " lxix "And whose more rife with merriment than thine,"—
- " lxx "Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,"—
- ,, lazai "Glanced many a light Caique along the foam,"—
- " laxii "But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,"—
- "This must be feel, the true-born son of Greece,"—
- " lxxix "The Sun, the soil—but not the slave, the same,"—
- " c "The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow,"—

ITINERARY

CANTO I

Letter 125)

Visit Mafra (Stanza xxix.)

Sail from Falmouth in Lisbon packet (Stanza xii

Arrive Lisbon (Stanzas xvi xvii Letter i 6)
Visit Cintra (Stanzas xviii -xxvi Letter i 8)

Leave Lisbon (Stanza xxviii Letter 177)
Ride through Portugal and Spuin to Seville

1800

July ?

July 6

July 17

Sept 25 Sept 26

Sept _7

Sept ~8

	(Stanzas xxviii -xlii Letter 177)
	Visit Albuera (Stanza xliii)
July 21	Arrive Seville (Stanzas vlv vlvi Letters 127
July 25	Leave Seville
	Ride to Cadiz across the Sierra Morena (Stanza li)
	Cadiz (Stanzas lvlvxxiv Letters 1 7 1-8)
	CANTO II
Aug 6	Arrive Gibraltar (Letters 127 1 8)
Aug 17	Sail from Gibraltar in Multa packet (Stanzus xvii -xxviii)
	Malta (Stanzas xxixxxxv Letter 130)
Sept 19	Sail from Malta in brig of war Spider (Letter 131)

Between Cephalonia and Zante

In the channel between Ithaca and the mainland

Anchor off Prevesa (7 pm) (Stanza vlv)

Anchor off Patras

(Stanzas vxxiv -xlii)

1809	
Oct 1	Leave Pievesa, arrive Salakhora (Salagoura)
Oct 3	Leave Salakhora, arrive Arta
Oct 4	Leave Arta, arrive han St Demetre (H Dhimittrios)
Oct 5	Arrive Janina (Stanza Alvii Letter 131.)
Oct 8	Ride into the country. First day of Ramazan
Oct 11	Leave Janina, arrive Zitza ("Lines written during
	a Thunderstorm') (Stanzas Avinh Letter
	131)
Oct 13	Leave Zitza, arrive Mossiani (Móseri)
Oct 14	Leave Mossiani, airive Delvinaki (Dhelvinaki)
•	(Stanza liv)
Oct 15	Leave Delvinaki, arrive Libokhovo
Oct 17	Leave Libokhovo, arrive Cesarades (Kestourataes)
Oct 18	Leave Cesarades, arrive Ereenced (Irindi)
Oct 19	Leave Ereeneed, arrive Tepeleni (Stanzas ly -lyi.)
Oct 20	Reception by Ali Pacha (Stanzas Ivi -lxiv.)
Oct 23	Leave Tepeleni, arrive Locavo (Lacovon).
Oct 24	Leave Locavo, arrive Delvinaki
Oct 25	Leave Delvinaki, arrive Zitza
Oct 26	Leave Zitza, arrive Janina
Oct 31	Byron begins the First Canto of Childe Harold
Nov 3	Leave Janina, arrive han St Demetie
Nov 4	Leave han St Demetre, arrive Arta
Nov 5	Leave Arta, arrive Salakhora
Nov 7	Leave Salakhora, arrive Prevesa
Nov. 8	Sail from Prevesa, anchor off mainland near
	Parga (Stanzas lavii , laviii)
Nov 9	Leave Parga, and, returning by land, arrive
	Volondorako (Valanidórakhon) (Stanza laix)
Nov 10	Leave Volondorako, arrive Castrosikia (Kastro
	sykia)
Nov 11	Leave Castrosikia, arrive Prevesa
Nov 13	
Nov 14	
	(Stanzas lay, lyan, Song "Tambourgi, Tam
	bourgi," stanza written in passing the Ambra
Man	cian Gulph Lettei 131)
Nov 15	
Nov 16	Leave Katúna, arrive Makalá (? Machalas)

1809

Nov 18 Leave Makala armie Guna

Not 19 Leave Guria arrive Ætolikon

Nov 20 Leave Ætolikon arme Mesolonghi

Nov 23 Sail from Mesolonghi arrive Patras Dec 4 Leave Patras sleep at Han on shore

Dec 5 Leave Han arrive Vostitsa (O gion)

Dec 14 Sul from Vostitsa arrive Larnáki (? Itea)

Dec 15 Leave Larnáki (? Itea) arrive Chrysó

Visit Delphi the Lythian Cave and stream of Dec 16 Castaly (Canto I stanza 1) Dec 17

Leave Chrysó arrive Arakhova (Rhakova) Dec 18 Leave Arakhova arrive Livadia (Livadhia)

Dec 21 Leave Livadia arrive Mazee (Mazi)

Dec 2. Leave Mazee arme Thebes

Dec 24 Leave Thebes arrive Skurta

Dec _5 Leave Shurta pass Phyle arrive Athens (Stanzas 1 - vv stanza lyxiv)

Byron finishes the First Canto of Childe Harold Dec 30

1810

Jan 13 Visit Eleusis

Jan 16 Visit Mendeli (Pentelicus) (Stanza loxxvii)

Walk round the peninsula of Munychia Tan 18

Jan 10 Leave Athens arrive Vari

Jan Lo Leave Vari arrive heratéa

Ian -3 Visit temple of Athene at Sunium (Stanza lyxxyi)

Jan 21 Leave Keratéa arrive plain of Marathon

Visit plain of Marathon (Stanzas layare ve) Jan 25 Jan .6 Leave Marathon arme Athens

Mar 5

Leave Athens embark on board the Pylades (Letter 1,6)

Mar 7 Arrive Smyrna (Letters 1, 1,3)

Mar 13 Leave Smyrna sleep at Han near the river Halesus

Mar 11 Leave Han arrive Ainsaluk (near Ephesus)

Mar 15 Visit site of temple of Artemis at Ephesus (Letter 132)

Mar 16 Leave Ephesus return to Smyrna (Letter 13")

1810	
Mar 28	Byron finishes the Second Canto of Childe Harold
April 11.	Sail from Smyrna in the Salsette frigate (Letter 134)
Aprıl 12	Anchor off Tenedos
April 13	Visit ruins of Alexandria Troas
April 14	Anchor off Cape Jamssary.
April 16	Byron attempts to swim across the Hellespont, explores the Troad. (Letters 135, 136)
Aprıl 30	Visit the springs of Bunarbashi (Bunarbasi)
May 1	Weigh anchor from off Cape Janissary, anchor eight miles from Daidanelles
May 2	Anchor off Castle Chanak Kalessia (Kale i Sultaniye)
May 3	Byron and Mr Ekenhead swim across the Hellespont (lines "Written after swimming," etc.)
May 13	Anchor off Venaglio Point, arrive Constantinople (Stanzas leven -leven Letters 138-145)
July 14	Sail from Constantinople in Salsette frigate

NOTE TO "ITINERARY"

July 18 Byron 1eturns to Athens

[For dates and names of towns and villages, see Travels in Albania, and other Provinces of Turkey, in 1809 and 1810, by the Right Hon Lord Broughton, GCB [John Cam Hobhouse], two volumes, 1858 The orthography is based on that of Longmans' Gazetteer of the World, edited by GG Chisholm, 1895 The alternative forms are taken from Heinrich Kiepert's Carte de l'Épire et de la Thessalie, Berlin, 1897, and from Dr Karl Peucker's Griechenland, Wien, 1897]

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CHILDE HAROLDS PILGRIMAGE

A ROMAUNT

Lunwers est une espèce de luvre dont on na la que la première page quand on na vu que son pays J en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre que jai trouvé également mauvaises Cet evamen ne ma point été infructueur Je haissais ma pritne Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers parmi lésquels jai vecu mont reconchlé avec elle Quand je n aurais tire d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui là je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues —Le Cosmopholite ou le Citoyen du Monde par Fougeret de Monbron Londres 1753

VOL II B

PREFACE

[TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS]

THE following poem was written, for the most part amidst the scenes which it attempts a to describe. It was begun in Albania and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain Portugal Epirus Acarnania and Greece. There for the present the poem stops its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East through Ionia and Phrygia these two cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sike of giving some connection to the piece which however makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends on whose opinions I set a high value he that in this fictitious character, Childe Harold I may incur the sus picion of having intended some real personage this I beg leave once for all to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination for the purpose I have stated.

In some very trivial particulars and those merely local

¹ Advertisement to be prefixed to y Poem -[MS B M]

¹¹ Professes to describe -[MS B M]

m — I at in the firt hous character of Childe Harold 1 ray is terr the subspicion of avong drawn from myself This 1 bor leave once for all to duclain I would a character to give soil con section to the poen a id the one adopted it ted my purpose as well as a yother —[MS B W]

there might be grounds for such a notion, but in the main

points, I should hope, none whatever!

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Water," "Childe Childers," etc., is used as more consonant with the old structure of serialir thop The "Good Night" in the beginning which I have adopted of the first Canto, was suggested by Lord Ma well's "Good Night" in the Border Murstrely, edited b. Mr Scott.

With the different poems," which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence. in the first part, which treats of the Penincula, but it can only be casual, as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzis, the whole of the poem was written in the Levant

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most

1 Such an iaea -[MS B M]

n My readers will observe to at refere to earlier of and list over person he assumes a very different to effici the ef

" The electes thing, the man intiout of rend!

at least, till death had deprived him of his new rest connections I crave pardon for this Egolism, which proceds from 13 - 15/ to discard any probable in futation of it to the text [MS BAT] m Some casual coincidence -[MS B 11]

I ["In the 13th and 14th centuries the word child," which signifies a youth of gentle birth, appears to have been applied to a young noble waiting knighthood, eg in the romances of Ipomydon, Sir Tryamour, etc. It is frequently used by our old writers as a title, and is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the Facine Queene" (N' Eng. Diet., art " Childe")

Byron uses the word in the Spenserian sense, as a title

implying youth and nobility]

2 [John, Lord Maxwell, slew Sir James Johnstone at Achmanhill, April 6, 1608, in revenge for his father's descat and death at Drysse Sands, in 1593 He was forced to slee to France Hence his "Good Night," Scott's ballad is taken, with "some slight variations," from a copy in Glen-riddel's MSS—Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1810, 1 290-300]

3 [Amongst others, The Battle of Talavera, by John Wilson Croker, appeared in 1809, The Vision of Don Roderick, by Walter Scott, in 1811, and Portugal, a Poin,

by Lord George Grenville, in 1812]

PREFACE 5

successful poets admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation -

' Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser in which I propose to give full scope to my inclina tion and be either droll or pathetic descriptive or senti mental tender or saturical, as the humour strikes me for if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition 1 Strengthened in my opinion by such authority and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets. I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composi tion 4 satisfied that if they are unsuccessful their failure must be in the execution rather than in the design sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto Thomson and Beattie

London February 1812

ADDITION TO THE PREFACE

I have now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure when perhaps if they had been less kind they had been more candid Returning therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality on one point alone I shall venture an observation Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the vagrant Childe (whom notwithstanding many hints to the contrary I still maintain to be a fictitious personage) it has been stated that besides the anachronism he is very unknightly, as the times of the Knights were times of Love Honour and so forth 2 Now it so happens that the good old

Satisfiel that their failure - [MS B M]

1 Beattie's Letters [See letter to Dr Blacklock September 22 1766 (Life of Beattie' by Sir W Forbes 1806 1 89)] 2 [See Quarterly Peview March 181 vol vii p 191 The moral code of chivalry was not we admit quite pure

flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, passin, and more particularly vol 11 p 69 The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever, and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid The "Cours d'Amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtoisie et de gentilesse" had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Rolland 2 on the same subject with Sainte-Palay e

Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—"No waiter, but a knight templar"

and spotless, but its laxity on some points was redeemed by the noble spirit of gallantry which courted personal danger in the defence of the sovereign of women because they are often lovely, and always helpless, and of the priest-hood. Now, Childe Harold, if not absolutely craven and recreant, is at least a mortal enemy to all martial evertion, a scoffer at the fair sex, and, apparently, disposed to consider all religions as different modes of superstition. The tone of the review is severer than the Preface indicates Nor does Byron attempt to reply to the main issue of the indictment, an unknightly aversion from war, but rides off on a minor point, the licentiousness of the Troubadours.

I [See Mémon es sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie, par M De la Curne de Sainte-Palaye, Paris, 1781 "Qu'on lise dans l'auteur du 10man de Gérard de Roussillon, en Provençal, les détails très-circonstanciés dans lesquels il entre sur la réception faite par le Comte Géraid à l'ambassadeur du 101 Charles, on y veira des particularités singulières qui donnent une étrange idée des mœurs et de la politesse de ces siècles aussi corrompus qu'ignorans" (11 69) See, too, ibid, ante, p 65 "Si l'on juge des mœurs d'un siècle par les écrits qui nous en sont restés, nous serons en droit de jugei que nos ancêtres observèrent mal les lois que leur prescrivirent la décence et l'honnêteté"]

2 [See Recherches sur les Prérogatives des Dames chez les Gaulois sur les Cours d'Amours, pai M le Président Rolland [d'Erceville], de l'Academie d'Amiens Paris, 1787, pp 18-30, 117, etc]

3 [The phrase occurs in The Rovers, or the Double

PRFFACE

By the by I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be although very poetical per sonages and true langhts 'sans peur though not 'sans raproche. If the story of the institution of the 'Garter' be not a fable the langhts of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honour lances were shivered and lamelits unhorsed?

Before the days of Bayard and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks² (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times) few exceptions will be found to this statement and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these

monstrous mummeries of the middle ages

I now leave Childe Harold " to live his day such as he is it had been more agreeable and certainly more easy to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varinsh over his faults to make him do more and express less but he never was intended as an example further than to show that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of

Arrangement (Poetry of the Anti Jacobin 1854 p 199) by J Hookhum Freet a skit on the "moral inculcated by the German dramas—the reciprocal duties of one or more hus bands to one or more wies The water at the Golden Eagle at Weimar is a warrior in disguise and rescues the hero who is imprisoned in the abbey of Quedlinburgh]

I [But the age of chivalry is gone—the unbought grace of life the cheap defence of nations etc (Reflections on the Pevolution in France by the Right Hon Edmund Burke

MP 1868 p 89)]

2 [Pasages relating to the Queen of Tahiti in Ha vker worths Voyages drawn from journals kept by the set eral commanders and from the papers of Joseph Banks 13g (1773 in 166) give occasion to malicious and humorous comment (See An Epsitle from Mr. Banks Voyager Monster hunter and Amoroso To Oberca Queen of Oldhette by ABC) The lumpoon 'printed at Batavia for Jacobis Opani (the Queen's Tahitian for Banks) was published in 1773. The authorship is assigned to Major John Scott Warnig (1747-1819)]

past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the Poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close, for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zeluco.

- 1 [Compare Childish Recollections Poetical Works, 1893, 184, var 1—
 - "Weary of love, of life, devour'd with spleen,
 I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen'
- 2 [John Moore (1729–1802), the father of the celebrated Sir John Moore, published Zeluco Various views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, in 1789 Zeluco was an unmitigated scoundrel, who led an adventurous life, but the prolig narrative of his villames does not recall Childe Harold There is, perhaps, some resemblance between Zeluco's unbridled childhood and youth, due to the indulgence of a doting mother, and Byron's early emancipation from discipline and control]

CHILDE HAROLDS PILGRIMAGE

CANTO THE TIRST



10 IANTHE 1

Not in those climes where I have late been straying Though Beauty long hath there been matchless deemed

Not in those visions to the heart displaying

Forms which it sighs but to have only dreamed

Hath aught like thee in Truth or Fancy seemed

Nor having seen thee shall I vainly seek

Fo paint those charms which varied as they beamed—

1 To the Lady Charlotte Harley -[MS If]

1 [The Lady Chvilotte Mary Harley second daughter of Edward fifth Errli of Oxford and Mortumer was born 1801 She married in 18.3 Crytain Anthony Bacon (died July 71864) who had followed young grillant Howard (see Childe Harled III xixt) in his last fatal charge at Waterloo and who subsequently during the progress of the civil wire between Dom Miguel and Maria da Glorin of Portugal (18 8-33) held command as colonel of crivalry in the Queens forces and finally 1s a general officer Lady Chrilotte Bacon died May 9 1880 Byron's acquaintance with her probably dated from his visit to Lord and Lady Oxford at Lywood House in Herefordshire in October—November 1812 Her portant by West-il which was punted at his request is included among the illustrations in Findens Illustrations of the Life and Works of Lord Byron in See Gent May NS vol xin (1864) p 61 and an obitiary notice in the Times May to 1880 See, too letter to Murray, March 79 1813 (Letters 1898 in 00)

To such as see thee not my words were weak,

To those who gaze on thee what language could they

speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy Spring
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the Rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all Sorrow disappears

Young Peri of the West! 'tis well for me
My years already doubly number thine, 2
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine,
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline,
Happier, that, while all younger hearts shall bleed,
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mixed with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours
decreed

2 [In 1814, when the dedication was published, Byron completed his twenty-sixth year, Ianthe her thirteenth]

I [The reference is to the French proverb, L'Amitie est l'Amour sans Ailes, which suggested the last line (line 412) of Childish Recollections, "And Love, without his pinion, smil'd on youth," and forms the title of one of the early poems, first published in 1832 (Poetical Works, 1898, 1 106, 220)]

Oh I let that eye which wild as the Gracille's

Now brightly bold or beautifully shy

Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells ¹

Glance o er this page nor to my verse deny
I hat smile for which my breast might vainly sigh

Could I to thee be ever more than friend

This much, dear Maid accord, nor question why

To one so young my strain I would commend

But bid me with my wreath one matchless Lilv

blend

Such is thy name 2 with this my verse entwined And long as kinder eyes a look sha'll cast 1. On Harold's page. Ianthe's here enshrined. Shall thus be first beheld forgotten last. My days once numbered—should this homage past. Attract thy fairy fingers near the Lyre.

- 1 And long as kinder eyes shall deign to cast A lool along my page that name enshrived Shalt thou be [1st beheld forgotten last -[MS]
- I [I or the modulation of the verse compare Popes lines—
 'Correctly cold and regularly low

 Essay on Criticism line 240

 Glows while he reads but trembles as he writes

 Thid line 108]
- 2 [lanthe (Flower o the Narcissus) was the name of a Cretan gri wedded to one Iphis (ud Ovid Metamorph 174) Perhaps Byrons dedication was responsible for the lanthe of Queen Mab (181 1813) who in turn bestowed her name on Shelleys eldest daughter (Mrs Esdule d 1876) who was born June 8 1013]

Of him who hailed thee loveliest, as thou wast
Such is the most my Memory may desire,
Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship
less require?

1 Though more than Hope can claim—Ah! less could I require?—
[MS]

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

A ROMAUNT

CANTO THE FIRST

r 1

OH, thou! in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth! Muse I formed or fabled at the Minstrel's will! Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth 2 Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred Hill Yet there I ve wandered by thy vaunted rill Yes! sighed o er Delphi's long deserted shrine 16

- 1 Of thou of yore esteemed ---- [D]
- 11 Since later lyres are only strung on earth -[D]
- in the glorious rill —[D]
 or coold thee drank the raunted rill —[D]

I The MS does not open with stanza 1 which was written after Byron returned to England and appears first in the Dallas franscript (see letter to Murray September 5 1811)
Byron and Hobhouse visited Delphi December 16 1809 when the First Canto (see stanza k.) was approaching comple tion (Travels in Albania by Lord Broughton 1858 : 199)]
² [For the substitution of the text for vars in 111 see letter to Dallas, September 21, 1811 (Letters, 1898 11 43)]

Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still, Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine

11

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwell a youth, Who ne in Virtue's ways did take delight, But spent his days in riot most uncouth, And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight, Sore given to revel and ungodly glce, ' Few earthly things found favour in his sight ' Save concubines and carnal companie. And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree 1

> 1 Sore given to revel and to Pageintry -[MS erasas] n He chused the bad, and did the good affright With concubines -[MS] No earthly things -(D)

I ["We [10 Byron and C S Matthews] went down [April, 1809] to Newstead together, where I had got a famous cellar, and Monks' dresses from a masquerade warehouse We were a company of some seven or eight, and used to sit up late in our friars' dresses, drinking burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, out of the skull-cup, and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all round the house, in our conventual garments" (letter to Murray, November 19, 1820 See, too, the account of this visit which Matthews wrote to his sister in a letter dated May 22, 1809 [Letters, 1898, 1 150-160, and 153, note]) Moore (Life, p 86) and other apologists are annous to point out that the Newstead "wassailers' weie, on the whole, a harmless crew of rollicking schoolboys"—were, indeed, of habits and tastes too intellectual for mere vulgar debauchery" And as to the "alleged 'haiems,'" the "Paphian girls," there were only one or two, says Moore, "among the ordinary menials" But, even so, the "wassailers" were not impeccable, and it is best to leave the story, fact or fable, to speak for itself]

Ш

Childe Harold was he hight 1—but whence his name
And lineage long it suits me not to say,
Suffice it that perchance they were of fime
And had been glorious in another day
But one sad losel soils a name for ay
However mighty in the olden time
Nor all that heralds rake from coffined clay
Nor florid prose nor honied lies of rhyme 1
Can blazon evil deeds or consecrate a crime

īν

Childe Harold basked him in the Noontide sun, it Disporting there like any other fly,

1 Childe Burun — — [MS] 11 — nor homed glose of rhyme — [D fencil] 111 Childe Burun — — [MS]

I [Hight is the pretente of the passive hote and means was called 'Childe Harold he hight would be more correct Compare Spenser's Faeric Queene bl. i c ix. 14. 9 She Queene of Faeries hight But hight was occasionally used with the common verbs is was Compare The Ordinary 1651, act in so 1—

the gobin
That is hight Good fellow Robin
Dodsley (ed Hazhtt) vii 53]

a [William fifth Lord Byon (the poets grand uncle) mortally wounded his kinsman Mr Chaworth in a duel which was fought without seconds or witnesses at the Star and Garter Tavern Pall Mall January 9 1765. He was connected of wilful murder by the coroner's juny and of manslaughter by the House of Lords but plending his privilege as a peer he was set at liberty. He was known to the country side as the wicked Lord and many tales true

Nor deemed before his little day was done
One blast might chill him into misery
But long ere scarce a third of his passed by,
Worse than Adversity the Childe befell,
He felt the fulness of Satiety
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,

Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
Which seemed to him more lone than Eremite's sad cell.

١

For he through Sm's long labyrinth had run,'

Nor made atonement when he did amiss,

Had sighed to many though he loved but one,"

And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.

Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss

Had been pollution unto aught so chaste.

Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,

And spoiled her goodly lands to gild his waste,

Nor calm domestic peace had ever deigned to taste

۷I

And now Childe Haiold was sole sick at heart,"

And from his fellow Bacchanals would flee,

```
1 For he had on the course too swiftly run —[MS crased]
11 Had courted many —[MS crased]
11 Childe Burun —[MS]
```

and apocryphal, were told to his discredit (Life of Lord Byron, by Karl Elze, 1872, pp 5, 6)]

II[Mary Chaworth (Compare "Stanzas to a Lady, on leaving England," passim Poetical Works, 1898, 1 285)]

Fis said, at times the sullen tear would start
But Pride congealed the drop within his ee ¹
Apart he stalked in joyless reverie ¹
And from his native land resolved to go
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea,
With pleasure drugged, he almost longed for woe
And een for change of scene would seek the shades
belon

VII

The Childe departed from his father's hall

It was a vast and venerable pile,
So old, it seeméd only not to fall

Yet strength was pillared in each massy risle
Monastic dome 1 condemned to uses vile!

Where Superstition once had made her den
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile, in.
And monks might deem their time was come agen 3

If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men

n Strange fate directed still to uses vile -[US erased]

Now Paphian in mights — [1] found [MS erased]

Now Paphian in mights — [D fencel]

I [Compare The Lay of the Last Minstrel Canto I stanza ix 9—

And burning pride and high disdain Forbade the rising tears to flow]

⁷ [I Ide post stansa M line 9 note]
³ [The brase eagle which was fished out of the lake at Newstead in the time of Byron's predecessor contained among other documents a grant of full pardon from Henry V of every possible rime which the monks might

And stra t le fell into a reverie -[MS]

viii i

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,

1 The original MS inserts two stanzas which were rejected during the composition of the poem —

Of all his train there was a levelman page,
peasant serve!
A do leyed boy, who loved I sincetime it,
And often evould his prant some frate engine
Harold's

Childe Burnes ear, when his provident du swell With sable thoughts that he discarred to tell Also r

Then would be smile or hin, as Righest so iled,

When aught that from his your g lips arei ly fe'l Haro'd's

The gloomy film from Brand's eye legistel,
And pleased the Childe appeared for entire log relief?
And pleased for a glimpse app ared the coof it Childe.

Him and one yeoman only did he tal.
To travel Eastward to a far countre,
And though the boy was greend to leave the lake
On whose firm banks he grew from Infancy,
Eftsoons his little heart beat merrily
With hope of foreign rations to belold,
And many things right marvellous to see,
vaunting

Of which our lyt g royagers oft have told,
From-Ma deviles' and services of similar mold
or In tomes pricked out with prints to monied sold
In many a tome as true as Mandeville's of old

n Childe Burun -[MS]

have committed previous to the 8th of December preceding (Mundress, per 1950s post decimum nonum Diem Novembres, ultimo præteritum perpetratis, si quæ fuerint, exceptis)' (Life, p 2, note) The monks were a constant source of delight to the Newstead "revellers' Francis Hodgson, in his "Lines on a Ruined Abbey in a Romantic Country" (Poems, 1809), does not spare them—

"'Hail, venerable pile!' whose ivied walls
Proclaim the desolating lapse of years

As if the Memory of some deadly feud
Or disappointed passion lurked below
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know
For his was not that open artless soul
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole

Whate er this grief mote be, which he could not control

And none did love him I—though to hall and bower 1

He gathered revellers from far and near

1 Stanza ix was the result of much elaboration The first draft which was pasted over the rejected stanzas (tide nipra p 0 var 1) retains the numerous erasures and emendations It ran as follows —

And none did love him to ou h to hall and bover
fra co 1 d
fra co 1 d
Haughty he gathered re ellers from far and near
1 : cais in le-just bos dars ug 0 : a : tr
It haves them fla terra of the fetal hour
Custed-0 ! I f
The hearttest Parantes of present cheer
As tf
4 d denned is mouther, with his *461

As if deemed se mosta-usph-hi sees
As if deemed se mosta-usph-hi sees
Yeal none did love i im not his lemmans dear
To g vik-Da see-stil-lest & could be dear
if sea i But sping and poese alone are Woman's care
Ent-And where these are let no Possessor fear
The-sex-ai-silaves Madens the moti's are ever caught by glare
Lize stra his silve by Yean not nedex-use glare
And Maminion
Tha D'ne smis his [MS torn] where Angels in 14 desfair

And hall 3c hills and murmuring waterfalls
Where yet her head the rund Abbey rears
No longer now the matin tolling bell
Re echoing loud among the woody glade
Calls the fat abbot from his drows; cell
And warns the mad to flee if yet a mad
No longer now the festive bowl goes round
Nor monks get drunk in honour of their God]
I [The trivial particular which suggested to Byron the

1

He knew them flatterers of the festal hour,

The heartless Parasites of present cheer

Yea! none did love him—not his lemans dear

But pomp and power alone are Woman's care,

And where these are light Eros finds a feere,

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,

And Mammon—wins—his way where Seraphs—might despair

1 No! none did love him -[D pencil]

friendlessness and desolation of the Childe may be explained by the refusal of an old schoolfellow to spend the last day with him before he set out on his travels. The friend, possibly Lord Delawarr, excused himself on the plea that "he was engaged with his mother and some ladies to go shopping" "Friendship!" he exclaimed to Dallas. "I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted, and, perhaps, my mother, a single being who will care what becomes of me" (Dallas, Recollections, etc., pp. 63, 64). Byron, to quote Charles Lamb's apology for Coleridge, was "full of fun," and must not be taken too seriously. Doubtless he was piqued at the moment, and afterwards, to heighten the tragedy of Childe Harold's exile, expanded a single act of negligence into general abandonment and desertion at the hour of trial.]

I The word "lemman" is used by Chaucer in both senses,

but more frequently in the feminine -[MS M]

2 "Feere," a consoit or mate [Compare the line, "What when lords go with their fenes, she said," in "The Ancient Fragment of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine" (Percy's Reliques, 1812, 111 416), and the lines—

"As with the woful ferc,
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame"
Titus Andronicus, act iv sc 1

Compare, too, "That woman and her fleshless Pheere" (The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere, line 180 of the reprint from the first version in the Lyrical Ballads, 1798, Poems by S T Coleridge, 1893, App E, p 515)]

v

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot

Though parting from that mother he did shun

\[\sister whom he loved but saw her not \]^1

Before his weary pilgrimage begun

If friends he had, he bade adieu to none

Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel
\[\cdot \) e, who have known what tis to dote upon
\[\sigma \) few dear objects will in sadness feel

Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal

Yet deem not Gertrude sighed for foreign to 3

¹ Clilde Burun ---- -- [US]

n Offriends le had but few emiracing none -[MS erasal]
m Let deem him not from this cith breast of steel -[MS D]

I [In a suppressed stanza of Childe Harold's Good Night" (see p -7 rr 11) the Childe complains that he has not seen his sister for three long years and moe Before her marriage in 1807 Augusta Byron divided her time between her mother's children Lady Chichester and the Dul e of Leeds her cousin Lord Carlisle and General and Mrs Harcourt After her marriage to Colonel Leigh she lived at Newmarket From the end of 180, Byron corresponded with her more or less regularly but no meeting took place. In a letter to his sister dated November 30 1808 (Letters, 1898 1 03) he writes I saw Col Leigh at Brighton in July where I should have been glad to have seen you I only know your husband by sight Colonel Leigh was his first cousin, as well as his half sister's husband and the incidental remark that he only knew him by sight affords striking proof that his relations and connections were at no pains to seek him out but left him to fight his own way to social recognition and distinction (For particulars of 'the Hon Augusta Byron see Letters 1698 1 18 note)

λI

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands, The laughing dames in whom he did delight," Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands, Might shake the Saintship of an Anchorite, And long had fed his youthful appetite, His goblets brimmed with every costly wine, And all that mote to luxury invite, Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine, And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's central line " 1

ИΚ

The sails were filled, and fan the light winds blew," As glad to waft him from his native home, And fast the white locks faded from his view, And soon were lost in circumambient foam And then, it may be, of his wish to 10am Repented he, but in his bosom slept 2

```
1 His house, his home, his vassals, and his lands -[MS D]
                    -[MS D]
11 The Dahlahs
   His damsels all
                      -[MS erased]
        where brighter sunbeams shine -[MS crased]
111
1V The sails are filled
                         -[MS]
```

2 THe experienced no such emotion on the resumption of

I ["Your objection to the expression 'central line' I can only meet by saying that, before Childe Harold left England. it was his full intention to traverse Persia, and return by India, which he could not have done without passing the equinoctial" (letter to Dallas, September 7, 1811, see, too, letter to his mother, October 7, 1808 Letters, 1898, 1 193, 11 27)

The silent thought, nor from his lips did come One word of wail whilst others sate and wept And to the reckless gales unmanly morning kept

ХIII

But when the Sun was sinking in the sea

He seized his harp which he at times could string
And strike albeit with untaught melody

When deemed he no strange ear was listening
And now his fingers o er it he did fling,
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight

While flew the vessel on her snowy wing

And fleeting shores receded from his sight

Thus to the elements he poured his last Good Night

his Pilgrimage in 1816 With reference to the confession he writes (Canto III stanza i lines 6-9)—

I depart
Whither I know not but the hour's gone by
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine
eye']

I [See Lord Maxwells 'Good Night in Scotts Min strelly of the Scottish Border (Poetical Works in 141 ed 1834) 'Adieu madam my mother dear etc [MS] Compare too Armstrongs 'Good Night, ibid —

This night is my departing night
For here me langer mun I stay
There's neither friend nor foe of mine
But wishes me away
What I have done thro lack of will
I never never can recall
I hope yere a my friends as yet
Good night, and joy be with you all
I of one will and one will you all
Of one will you all
I of the will you all
I of

CHILDE HAROLD'S GOOD NIGHT

1

"Apiru, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue.

The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shricks the wild sea-mew.

You Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight.

Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

2

"A few short hours and He will use
To give the Morrow birth,
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother Earth
Deserted is my own good Hall,
Its hearth is desolate,
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,
My Dog howls at the gate

3

"Come hither, hither, my little page 11 Why dost thou weep and wail?

I [Robert Rushton, the son of one of the Newstead tenants "Robert I take with me, I like him, because, like

Or dost thou dread the billows rage
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye.
Our ship is swift and strong
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly t

More merrily along the

.

"Let winds be shrill let waves roll high!

I fear not wave nor wind

Yet marvel not, Sir Childe that I

Am sorrowful in mind, 1

l or I have from my father gone

A mother whom I love

A mother whom I love

And have no friend save these alone
But thee—and One above

1 Our best gos l'awk can l'ardly fly
So merrily alono —[MS]
Our best greyhound can hardly fly —[D erased]
11 Here follows in the MS the following erased stanza —

My nother is a high born dame
And much mist leth me
She saith my rot bring geth if ame
On all my ancestry
I had a s stee once I seen
Whose tears perhaps will flow
But I er fair face I have not seen
For three long years and moe

III Ol naster dear I do not er;
From fear of ware or wind -[MS]

myself he seems a friendless animal Tell Mr Rushton his son is well and doing well (letter to Mrs Byron Falmouth June 1809 Letters 1898 1 2 4)]

I [Robert was sent back from Gibraltar under the care of Joe Murray (see letter to Mr Rushton August 15, 1809 Letters 1898 1 24)]

5

'My father blessed me fervently
Yet did not much complain,
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again'—
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye,
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry

6

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,"
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?"
'Deem'st thou I tiemble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak,
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek

7

'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall, Along the bordering Lake,

I [William Fletcher, Byion's valet He was anything but "staunch' in the sense of the song (see Byion's letters of November 12, 1809, and June 28, 1810 (Letters, 1898, 1 246, 279), but for twenty years he remained a loyal and faithful servant, helped to nurse his master in his last illness, and brought his remains back to England]

And when they on their father call,

What answer shall she make? —

"Enough, enough my yeoman good to Thy grief let none gainsay,

But I who am of lighter mood

Will laugh to flee away

8

For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o er
For pleasures past I do not grieve
Nor perils gathering near
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear 1

1 Enough enough my yeoman good
411 this is cell to 30
But if I in thy sandals stood
I dlawh to get away—[MS erased D]
11 For i ho would trust a farameur
Or êm a waded fero—
Though har blue get were streaming or
And tor her vellop hart—[MS]

I I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure I am like Adam the first convict sentenced to transportation but I have no Eve and have eaten no apple but what was sour rs a crab (letter to F Hodgson Falmouth June 5 1809 Letters, 1898 1 230) If this Confessio Amantis with which compare the Status to a Lady on Jeaving England is to be accepted as bon? July he leaves England heart whole but for the bitter memory of Mary Chaworth]

9

"And now I'm in the world alone, Upon the wide, wide sea But why should I for others groan, When none will sigh for me? Perchance my Dog will whine in vain, Till fed by stranger hands, But long ere I come back again, He'd tear me where he stands '1

1 Here follows in the MS, crased — Methinks it would my bosom glad, To change my proud estate, And be again a laughing lad With one beloved playmate Since youth I scarce have pass'd an hour Without disgust or pain, Except sometimes in Lady's bower, Or when the bowl I drain

I ["I do not mean to exchange the ninth verse of the 'Good Night' I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes, mankind, and Argus we know to be a fable" (letter to Dallas, September 23, 1811 Letters, 1898, 11 44)

Byron was recalling an incident which had befallen him some time previously (see letter to Moore, January 19, 1815) "When I thought he was going to enact Argus, he bit away the backside of my breeches, and never would consent to any kind of recognition, in despite of all kinds of bones which I offered him" See, too, for another thrust at Argus, Don Juan, Canto III stanza xxiii But he should have remembered that this particular Argus "was half a wolf by the she side" His portiait is preserved at Newstead (see Poetical Works, 1898, 1 280, Edition de Lure)

For the expression of a different sentiment, compare The Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog (first published in Hobhouse's Imit and Transl, 1809), and the prefatory inscription on Boatswain's grave in the gardens of

Newstead, dated November 16, 1808 (Life, p 73)

10

With thee, my bark I ll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine,
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to
So not again to mine
Welcome welcome ye dark blue waves!
And when you fail my sight
Welcome ye deserts and ye caves!
My native Land—Good Night!

VIV

On on the vessel flies the land is gone

And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay

Four days are sped but with the fifth anon

New shores descried make every bosom gay

And Cintra's mountain's greets them on their way

And Tagus dashing onward to the Deep

His fabled golden tribute bent to pay

And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap

And steer twirt fertile shores where yet few rustics

reap'

^{1 -} where throw or rustics reap -[MS erased]

I [Cintra's needle like peaks" to the north west of Lisbon, are visible from the mouth of the Tagus] [Compare Ovid Amores: 1 [3] and Pliny Hist Nat it "Small particles of gold are still to be found in the sands of the Tagus, but the quantity is and perhaps always was inconsiderable]

xv

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see

What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!!

What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!

What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!

But man would mar them with an impious hand

And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge

'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,

With tieble vengeance will his hot shafts urge

Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen

purge!"

XVI

What beauties doth Lisboa ¹ first unfold ¹ "

Her image floating on that noble tide,

Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,"

But now whereon a thousand keels did ride

Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,

And to the Lusians did her aid afford

- 1 What God hath done —[MS D]
- 11 Those Lusian brutes and earth from worst of wretches purge [MS]
- m Ulissipont, oi Lisbona —[MS pencil]
- Which poets, prone to he, have paved with gold —[MS]
 Which poets sprinkle o'er with sands of gold —[MS pencil]
 Which fabling poets —[D pencil]
- I ["Lisboa is the Portuguese word, consequently the very best Ulissipont is pedantic, and as I have Hellas and Eros not very long before, there would be something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I wish to avoid" (letter to Dallas, September 23, 1811 Letters, 1898, 11 44 See, too, Poetical Works, 1883, p 5)]

A nation swoln with ignorance and pride ¹
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword ¹
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing load

xvII

But whose entereth within this town

That sheening far celestial seems to be

Disconsolate will wander up and down

Mid many things unsightly to strange ee '

For hut and palace show like filthly "

The dingy denizens are reared in dirt,'

Ne personage of high or mean degree

Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,

Though shent with Egypt's plague unkempt unwashed

IIIVY

Poor paltry slaves! yet born midst noblest scenes— Why Nature waste thy wonders on such men?

```
1 Who hate it every la d that ares the sword
To siveld them etc - [AIS D]
To guard them etc - [AIS pencil]
11 Md n a y the gs if at greee boil nove and ee - [AIS]
M dist man y - - [AIS D]
11 - melleth filth by - [IIS D]
12 - menmed with dra - [AIS erased]
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I [For Byron's estimate of the Portuguese see The Curse of Minerva lines 733 234 and nole to line 231 (Potical Works 1895) 1 469 4/0. In the last line of the preceding stanza the substitution of the text for var 1 was no doubt suggested by Dallas in the interests of prudence]

}

Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenc.
In variegated maze of mount and glen
Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal len!
Than those whereof such things the Bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlocked Elysium's gates

VIV

The hornd ciags, by toppling convent crowned,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorehing skies imbrowned,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unrufiled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow

¹ views too sweet and vast —[MS crased]
11 by tottering convent crowned —[MS crased]
Alcornoque —[Note (pencil)]
11 The minimum that the sparkling torrents keep —[MS crased]

I [For a fuller description of Cintra, see letter to Mrs Byron, dated August II, 1808 (Life, p 92, Letters, 1898, 1237) Southey, not often in accord with Byron, on his return from Spain (1801) testified that "for beauty all English, perhaps all existing, scenery must yield to Cintra" (Life and Corr of R Southey, 11 161)

[&]quot;The sky-worn robes of tenderest blue"

Collins' Ode to Pity [MS and D]

43

Then slowly climb the many winding way And frequent turn to linger as you go From loftier rocks new loveliness survey And rest ye at Our Lady's house of Woe Where frugal monks their little relics show And sundry legends to the stranger tell Here impious men have punished been and lo! Deep in you cave Honorius long did dwell In hope to ment Heaven by making earth a Hell

I The convent of Nossa Senora (now the Palazio) da Pena and the Cork Convent were visited by Beckford (circ 1780) and are described in his Italy with Sketches of Spain and Portugal (8vo 1834) the reissue of his Letters Picturesque and Poetical (4to 1783)

'Our first object was the convent of Nossa Senhora da Penha the little romantic pile of white building I had seen glittering from afar when I first sailed by the coast of Lisbon From this pyramidical elevation the view is boundless you look immediately down upon an immense expanse of sca-

A long series of detached clouds of a dazzling whiteness suspended low over the waves had a magic effect and in pagan times might have appeared without any great stretch of fancy the cars of marine divinities just risen from the

bosom of their element -Italy etc p 249

Before the entrance formed by two ledges of ponderous rock extends a smooth level of greensward The Hermitage its cell chapel and refectory are all scooped out of the native marble and lined with the bark of the cork Several of the passages are not only roofed but floored with the same material The shrubberies and garden plots dispersed amongst the mossy rocks delightful and I took great pleasure in following the course of a transparent rill which was conducted through a rustic water shoot between bushes of lavender and roses many of the tenderest green —Ibid p 250

The inscription to the memory of Honorius (d 159 æt

95) is on a stone in front of the cave-

Hie Honorius vitam finivit Et ideo cum Deo in cælis revivit 1

IXI

And here and there, as up the crags you spring, Mark many rude-caived crosses near the path 1 Yet deem not these Devotion's offering These are memorials frail of murderous wrath For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife, Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath, And grove and glen with thousand such are rife Throughout this purple land, where Law secures not life 3 r

$\Pi X Z$

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,² Are domes where whilome kings did make repail,

I "I don't remember any crosses there "-[Pencilled note

by J C Hobhouse]
[The crosses made no impression upon Hobhouse, who, no doubt, had realized that they were nothing but guide-For an explanation, see letter of Mr Matthew Lewtas to the Athenaum, July 19, 1873 "The track from the main road to the convent, rugged and devious, leading up to the mountain, is marked out by numerous crosses now, just as it was when Byron rode along it in 1809, and it would appear he fell into the mistake of considering that the crosses were erected to show where assassinations had been committed "I

2 [Beckford, describing the view from the convent, notices the wild flowers which adorned "the ruined splendour" "Amidst the crevices of the mouldering walls some capillaries and polypodiums of infinite delicacy, and on a little flat space before the convent a numerous tribe of pinks, gentians, and other Alpine plants, fanned and invigorated by the fresh mountain air "—Italy, etc., 1834, p 229

The "Prince's palace" (line 5) may be the royal palace at Cintra, "the Alhambra of the Moorish kings," or, possibly,

the palace (vide post, stanza xxix line 7) at Mafra, ten miles

from Cintra 1

But now the wild flowers round them only breathe
Yet runned Splendour still is lingering there
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair
There thou too Vathek. England's wealthiest con, 1
Once formed thy Paradise as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done were wont to shun

mxz

Here didst thou dwell here schemes of pleasure plan Beneath you mountains ever beauteous brow But now as if a thing unblest by Man Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as Thou!

 There too proud Vathet—England's wealthiest son — [MS D]
 When Wealth and Taste it eir worst and best lave do se Meek Peace poll tion's lure vol spinous st ll sust shun —[MS]

111 But now thou blasted Beacor unto man -[MS]

-the B ace i unto erring man -[MS D]

1 [William Beckford 1760 (? 1759)-1844 published I tthek in French in 1784 and in English in 1787. He spent two years (1794-96) in retirement at Quinta da Monserrate three miles from Cintra Byron thought highly of Vathek not know he writes (The Giaour 1 13-8 note) from what source the author may have drawn his materials but for correctness of costume and power of imagination it surpasses all European imitations As an Eastern tale even Passel is must bow before it his happy valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis In the MS there is an additional stanza reflecting on Beckford which Dallas induced him to omit It was afterwards included by Moore among the Occasional Pieces under the title of To Dives a Fragment (Poetical Works 1883 p 548) (For Beckford see Letters 1898 1 2 8 note 1 and with regard to the Stanzas on Vathek see letter to Dallas September 6 1811 Letters, 1898 11 47)]

Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow

To Halls deserted, portals gaping wide

Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how

Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied,

Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!

XXIV

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened 14 P
Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
With diadem hight Foolscap, lo! a Frend,
A little Frend that scoffs incessantly,
There sits in parchment robe arrayed, and by!
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazoned glare names known to chivalry,!!!
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,"
Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his soul;

1 Vain are the pleasanness by art supplied —[MS D]

11 yelad, and by —[MS D]

11 Where blazoned glares a name spelt "IVellesly"—[MS D]

12 v are on the roll —[MS erased, D]

13 v The following struzas, which appear in the MS, were excluded at the request of Dallas (see his letter of October 10, 1811, Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron, 1824, pp 173-187), Letters, 1898, 11 51 —

In golden characters right well disigned
First on the list appeareth one "Junot,"
Then certain other glorious names we find,
(Which Rhyme compelleth me to place below)
Dull victors! baffled by a vanquished foe,
IVheedled by conyinge tongues of lawels due,
Stand, worthy of each other in a row—
Sirs Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew
Dalrymple, seely wight, sore dupe of tother tew

Convention is the dwarfy demon styled That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome

VVV

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled ¹
That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled
And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom

Of brains (if brain they had) he them beruled And it rived a nat on a shallow joy to gloom For well I will whom first the ness did come That Vimiera a field by Gaul was lost For frangraph in paper scarce had room Such Prans teemed for our trumpha at host In Courter Chronicle as de hen Morn of Post

But when Con-ent on sent I is ha idy work
Fens tongues feet ha ids combined in wild uproar
Mayor Aldermen laid drow the 1 fled fork
T'e Bench of Bustops half forgot to s iore

1 [On August 21 1808 Sir Harry Burrard (1755-1813) superseded in command Sir Arthur Wellesley who had on the same day repulsed Junot at Vimiera. No sooner had he assumed his position as commander in chief than he countermanded Wellesley's order to give pursuit and make good the victory The next day (August 2.) Sir Hew Dalrymple in turn superseded Burrard and on the 3rd, General Kellerman approached the English with certain proposals from Junot which a week later were formulated by the so called Convention of Cintra to which Kellerman and Wellesley affixed their names When the news reached Figland that Napoleon's forces had been repulsed with loss and yet the French had been granted a safe exit from I ortugal the generals were assuled with loud and indis criminate censure Burrard's interference with Wellesley plans was no doubt ill judged and ill timed but the oppor tunity of pursuit having been let slip the acceptance of Junots terms was at once politic and inevitable. A court of inquiry which was held in London in January 1809 upheld both the armistice of August and the Convention but neither Dalrymple nor Burrard ever obtained a second command and it was not until Talavera (July 8 1809) had effaced the memories of Cintra that Wellesley was rein stated in popular favour 1

Here Folly dashed to earth the victor's plume, And Policy regained what arms had lost

Stern Cobbett, who for one whole week forbore
To question aught, once more with transport leapt,
And bit his devilish quill agen, and swore
With foes such treaty never should be kept,
While roared the blatant Beast, and roared, and raged, and—slept!

I [Sir Hew Dalrymple's despatch on the so-called Convention of Cintra is dated September 3, and was published in the London Gazette Extraordinary, September 16, 1808. The question is not alluded to in the Weekly Political Register of September 17, but on the 24th Cobbett opened fire with long article (pp 481-502) headed, "Conventions in Portugal, which was followed up by articles on the same subject in the four succeeding issues. Articles 111, 1v, v, vi, of the "Definitive Convention" provided for the restoration of the French troops and their safe convoy to France, with the artillery, equipments, and cavalry. "Did the men," ask Cobbett (September 24), "who made this promise beat the Duke d'Abrantés [Junot], or were they like curs, who, having felt the bite of the mastiff, lose all confidence in their number and, though they bark victory, suffer him to retire in quie carrying off his bone to be disposed of at his leisure? No not so, for they complaisantly carry the bone for him." The rest of the article is written in a similar strain.

2 "'Blatant beast' A figure for the mob I think fits used by Smollett, in his Adventures of an Atom † Horace has the 'bellua multorum capitum' † In England, fortunated enough, the illustrious mobility has not even one "—[MS]

* [Spenser (Faerie Queene, bk vi cantos iii 24, xii 29] personifies the vox populi, with its thousand tongues, at the "blatant beast"

† [In The History and Adventures of an Atom (Smollett Works, 1872, vi 385), Foksi-Roku (Henry Fox, the first Lor Holland) passes judgment on the populace "The multitude my lords, is a many-headed monster, it is a Cerberus that must have a sop, it is a wild beast, so ravenous that nothin but blood will appease its appetite, it is a whale, that must have a barrel for its amusement, it is a demon to which we must offer human sacrifice Bihn-Goh must be the victing—happy if the sacrifice of his single life can appease the commotions of his country" Foksi-Roku's advice is taken and Bihn-Goh (Byng) "is crucified for cowardice"]

‡ [Horace, Odes, II xiii. 34 "Bellua centiceps"]

For chiefs like ours in vain may liurels bloom!

Woe to the conquering not the conquered host
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast

XXVI

And ever since that martial Synod met

Britannia sickens Cintra! at thy name

And folks in office at the mention fret

And fain would blush if blush they could for shame

How will Posterity the deed proclaim!

Will not our own and fellow nations sneer

To view these champions cheated of their fame

By foes in fight o erthrown yet victors here

Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming

year?

Thus unto Hearen appealed the people Hearen
Which loves the leggs of our vacaous K o
Dicreed it at ere our Generals use forgacen
Enquiry should be held abo to the his of
g
But Mercy cloaked the babes beneath her using
And as they pared our foss to spared we tem
(Wi ac was the party of our S res for Byng!)
Yet k was not whote so lid the law of dent
Ther I we se gillant Knie'ts! and bles your Judges phile m!

— at the neutron word — (MS D)

I By this query it is not meant that our foolish generals should have been shot but that Byng [Admiral John Byng born 1704] was executed March 14 1757] might have been spared though the one suffered and the others escaped probably for Candides reason pour encourager les autres $-\frac{1}{4}WS$

^{[&#}x27;Dans ce pays ci il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un amiral pour encourager les autres — Candide xxii]

XXVII

So deemed the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies
Though here awhile he learned to moralise,
For Meditation fixed at times on him,
And conscious Reason whispered to despise
His early youth, misspent in maddest whim,
But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim

XXVIII

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever quits?

*A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul!

Again he rouses from his moping fits,

But seeks not now the harlot and the bow!!!

Onward he flies, nor fixed as yet the goal

Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage,

1 More restless than the falcon as he flies —[AIS crased]
11 long foreign to his soul —[AIS erased]
11 the strumpet and the bowl —[AIS D]

I [With reference to this passage, while yet in MS, an early reader (?Dallas) inquires, "What does this mean?" And a second (?Hobhouse) rejoins, "What does the question mean? It is one of the finest stanzas I ever read"]

2 [Byron and Hobhouse sailed from Falmouth, July 2, 1809, reached Lisbon on the 6th or 7th, and on the 17th started from Aldea Galbega ("the first stage from Lisbon, which is only accessible by water") on horseback for Seville "The horses are excellent—we rode seventy miles a day" (see letters of August 6 to F Hodgson, and August 11, 1809, to Mrs Byron, Letters, 1898, 1 234, 236)]

And o er him many changing scenes must roll

Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage

Or he shall calm his breast or learn experience sage

177

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay sn

Where dwelt of yore the Lusians luckless queen,

And Church and Court did mingle their array

And Mass and revel were alternate seen

1 And countries more remote I is Fofes engag —[MS erased]
11 Where dwelt of yore the Lusians era y queen —[MS]
Where dwelt of yore Lusania s ———[D]

I [Her luckless Majesty went subsequently mad and Dr Willis who so dexterously cudgelled kingly perioraniums could make nothing of hers (For the Rev Francis Willis see Poetical Works 1898 i 416)

Maria I (b 1734) who married her uncle Pedro III reigned with him 1777-86 and as sole monarch from 1786 to 1816 The death of her husband of her favourite con fessor, Ignatio de San Caetano who had been raised by Pombal from the humblest rank to the position of archbishop in partibus and of her son turned her brain and she became melancholy mad She was only queen in name after 1791 and in 1799 her son Maria José Luis was appointed regent Beckford saw her in 1787 and was impressed by her dignified Justice and clemency he writes the motto so glaringly misapplied on the banner of the abhorred Inqui sition might be transferred with the strictest truth to this good princess (Haly with Sketches of Spain and Portugal 1834 p 256) Ten years later Southey in his Letters from Spain, 1797 p 541 ascribes the gloom of the court of Lisbon to the dreadful malady of the queen? When the Portuguese royal family were about to embark for Brazil in November 1807 the queen was once more seen in public after an interval of sixteen years She had to wait some while upon the quay for the chair in which she was to be carried to the boat and her countenance in which the insensibility of madness was only disturbed by wonder formed a striking contrast to the grief which appeared in every other face (Souther's History of the Peninsular War, 1 110)]

Lordlings and fieres ill-sorted fry I ween!

But here the Babylonian Whore hath built

A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,

That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,

And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt

111

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,

(Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!)

Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,

Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place!

Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,

And marvel men should quit their easy chair,

The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,

Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,

And Life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share

XXXI,

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,

And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend in Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!

Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,

Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend

Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows

Now must the Pastor's arm his lambs defend

For Spain is compassed by unyielding foes,

And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes

¹ Childe Burun —[MS]

¹¹ Less swoln with culture soon the vales extend And long horizon-bounded realms appear —[AIS erased]

1XXI

Where Lustania and her Sister meet

Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?

Or ere the jealous Queens of Nations greet

Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?

Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?

Or fence of art like Chinas vasty wall?—

Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide

Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall

Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul.

But these between a silver streamlet glides
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look
That peaceful still twixt bitterest foemen flow
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
Twirt him and Lusian slave the lowest of the low 6

Say Muse what bon ids - - [MS D]

I The Pyrences—[MS]
2 [If, as stanza kin of this canto (added in 1811) intimates Byron passed through Albuerus plain? on his way from Lisbon to Seville he must have crossed the frontier at a point between Elvas and Badyoz. In that case the silver streamlet may be identified as the Can Beckford remarks on the rivulet which separates the two kingdoms (Italy etc. 1844 to 201)]

XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been passed,'

Dårk Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient foundelays among "

Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and Knight, in mailéd splendour drest
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong,
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mixed on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppressed 1

1/XV

Oh, lovely Spain! renowned, romantic Land!

Where is that standard which Pelagio bore, in When Cava's traitor-sile first called the band.

That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore? 71

Where are those bloody Banners which of yore.

Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,

- 1 But eer the bounds of Spain have far been passed—

 [MS D]

 11 For ever famed—in many a native song—[MS erased]
 a noted song—[MS D]

 11 which Pelagius bore—[MS D]
- [Compare Virgil, Æneid, 1 100— "Ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis Scuta virûm galeasque et fortia corpora volvit"]
- 2 [The standard, a cross made of Asturian oak (La Crus de la Victoria), which was said to have fallen from heaven before Pelayo gained the victory over the Moors at Cangas, in AD 718, is preserved at Oviedo Compare Southey's Roderick, NV Poetical Works, 1838, in 241 and note, pp 370, 371]

And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?\(^1\)
Red gleamed the Cross, and waned the Crescent pale\(^1\)
While Afric's echoes thrilled with Moorish matrons' wail

11/7X •--

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?

Ah! such alas! the hero's amplest fate!

When gramte moulders and when records fail

A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date "

Pride! bend thine eye from Heaven to thine estate

See how the Mighty shrink into a song!

Can Volume Pillar Pile preserve thee great?

Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue

When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee

wrong?

HIXXX

Awake ye Sons of Spain! awake! advance!

Lo! Chivalry your ancient Goddess cries

But wields not as of old, her thirsty lance

Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies

Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies

And speaks in thunder through you engines roar

^{1 —} waxed the Crescent pale —[MS crased]
11 — thy little date —[MS crased]

I [The Moors were finally expelled from Granada in 149°, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella]

The reference is to the Romanceros and Caballerias of the sixteenth century.]

In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"

Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,

When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

XXXVIII

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?

Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?

Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,

Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath

Tyrants and Tyrants' slaves? the fires of Death,

The Bale-fires flash on high from rock to rock!

Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe,

Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,!

Red Battle stamps his foot, and Nations feel the shock

XXXIX.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the Sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon,
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar, and at his iron feet

from rock
Blue columns soaring loft in sulphury wreath
Fragments on fragments in contention knock—[MS erased, D]

I "The Siroc is the violent hot wind that for weeks together blows down the Mediterranean from the Archipelago Its effects are well known to all who have passed the Straits of Gibraltar"— $[MS\ D]$

Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done,

For on this morn three potent Nations meet

To shed before his Shrine the blood he deems most

sweet

ΧL

By Heaven! It is a splendid sight to see 1
(For one who hath no friend no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant War hounds rouse them from their lair
And gnash their fangs loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase but few the triumph share
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away
And Havoe scarce for toy can number their array

XLI

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice

Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high

inree tongues preter strange onsons on nig.

- Their rival scarfs that shi is so gloriously —[US crased]
 Their rival scarfs ———[MS D]
 I [The battle of Talavera began July 27 1809 and lasted
- I [The battle of Talavera began July 27 1809 and lasted two days As Byron must have reached Seville by the 21st of 2 nd of the month he was not as might be inferred a spectator of any part of the engagement Writing to his mother August 11 he says You have heard of the battle near Madrid and in England they would call it a victory—a pretty victory! Two hundred officers and five thousand men killed all English and the French in as great force as ever I should have joined the army but we have no time to lose before we get up the Mediterranean —Letters 1898

'Few few shall part where many meet]

VOL II

Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies, ¹
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The Foe, the Victim, and the fond Ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,²
Are met as if at home they could not die
To feed the crow on Talaveia's plain,
And fertilise the field that each pretends to gain.

XLII.

There shall they 10t Ambition's honoured fools! Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay! Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,"

The broken tools, that Tyrants cast away

- 1 There shall they not—while nhymers tell the fools How honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!

 Liars avaient!—[MS]
- 11 But Reason's elf in these beholds -[D]
- [Compare Macbeth, act 1 sc 2, line 51—"Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky"]
- 2 [In a letter to Colonel Malcolm, December 3, 1809, the Duke admits that the spoils of conquest were of a moral rather than of a material kind "The battle of Talavera was certainly the hardest fought of modern days It is lamentable that, owing to the miserable inefficiency of the Spaniards,

the glory of the action is the only benefit which we have derived from it

I have in hand a most difficult task. In such circumstances one may fail, but it would be dishonourable to shrink from the task "—Wellington Dispatches, 1844, iii 621]

3 Two lines of Collins' Ode, "How sleep the brave," etc,

have been compressed into one-

"There Honour comes a pilgrim giey, To bless the turf that wraps their clay"

By mynads when they dare to pave their way With human hearts-to what ?-- a dream alone Can Despots compass aught that hails their sway? Or call with truth one span of earth their own Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

XLIII

Oh, Albuera! glorious field of grief! 1 As o er thy plain the Pilgrim pricked his steed Who could foresee thee in a space so brief. A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed ! Peace to the penshed 1 may the warnor's meed And tears of triumph their reward prolong ! Till others fall where other chieftains lead Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng And shine in worthless lays the theme of transient song

vi --- tlere sink uitl other woes -[D eras d] I [The battle of Albuera (May 16 1811) at which the English under Lord Beresford, repulsed Soult was somewhat of a Pyrthic victory Another such a battle wrote the Duke would ruin us I am working hard to put all right again The French are said to have lost between 8000 and

9000 men the English 4158 the Spaniards 1,65]
2 [Albuera was celebrated by Scott in his Vision of Don Roderick The Battle of Albuera a Poem (anon) was published in October 1811]

⁻ a fa ic ed throne? As if they compassed I alf that I ails their sway -[MS crased] 11 - glorioi s sound of grief -[D] III A scere for mir gl g foes to boast and ble d -[D] IV Yet peace be so the the peris ed --- -[D erised] · And tears a d tr mph make their memory lor ~ -[D crased]

XLIV

Enough of Battle's minions! let them play

Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame

Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,

Though thousands fall to deck some single name
In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim

Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's good,

And die, that living might have proved her shame,

Perished, perchance, in some domestic feud,

Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued"

XLV

Full swiftly Haiold wends his lonely way "L 1"
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued "
Yet is she free? the Spoiler's wished-for prey!
Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famished brood
Is vain, or Ilion, Tyie might yet survive,
And Viitue vanquish all, and Muider cease to thrive

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1 Who sink in darkness —[MS erased]
11 swift Rapine's path pursued —[MS D]
111 To Harold turn we as —[MS erased]
11 Where proud Sevilha —[MS D]
```

I [In this "particular" Childe Harold did not resemble his alter ego Hobhouse and "part of the servants" (Joe Murray, Fletcher, a German, and the "page" Robert Rushton, constituted his "whole suite"), accompanied Byron in his ride across Spain from Lisbon to Gibraltar (See Letters, 1898, 1 224, 236)]

But all unconscious of the coming doom 1

rounds #

XY.VI

The feast the song the revel here abounds Strange modes of merrament the hours consume Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck sounds Here Folly still his votanes inthralls. And young eyed Lewdness walks her midnight

Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tott ring walls

XLVII

Not so the rustic-with his trembling mate He lurks nor casts his heavy eye afar Lest he should view his vineyard desolate Blasted below the dun hot breath of War No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star Fandango twirls his jocund castanet 3

- 1 Not here the Trumpet bit the rebeck sounds [MS erased] n And dark-eyed Level iess --- -- [MS erased]
- 1 [Byron en route for Cibraltar passed three days at Seville at the end of July or the beginning of August 1809 By the end of January 1810 the French hid appeared in force before Seville Unlike Zaragoza and Gerona the pleasure loving city 'after some negotiations surrendered with all its stores foundries, and arsenal complete and on (Napier's History of the War in the Pennsula 1 95]

 A kind of fiddle with only two strings played on by a bow said to have been brought by the Moors into Spain

3 [See The Walt Poetical Works 1898 | 49 note 1]

Ah, Monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,

Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret,!

The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy

yet!

XLVIII

How carols now the lusty muleteer?

Of Love, Romance, Devotion is his lay,
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
No! as he speeds, he chants "Vivā el Rey!"EE
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,
And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy

XLIX

On you long level plain, at distance crowned ¹
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,

- 1 Not in the toils of Glory would ye sweat -[MS crased, D]
- I [The scene is laid on the heights of the Sierra Morena The travellers are looking across the "long level plain" of the Guadalquivir to the mountains of Ronda and Granada. with their "hill-forts perched everywhere like eagles' nests" (Ford's Handbook for Spain, 1 252) The French, under Dupont, entered the Morena, June 2, 1808 They stormed the bridge at Alcolea, June 7, and occupied Cordoba, but were defeated at Bailen, July 19, and forced to capitulate Hence the traces of war The "Dragon's nest" (line 7) is the ancient city of Jaen, which guards the skirts of the Sierras "like a watchful Cerberus" It was taken by the French, but recaptured by the Spanish, early in July, 1808 (History of the War in the Peninsula, 1 71-80)]

lost

Wide scattered hoof marks dint the wounded ground And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darkened vest Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest Here was the camp the witch flame and the host Here the bold peasant stormed the Dragon's nest Still does he mark it with triumphant boast And points to yonder cliffs which oft were won and

т

And whomsoe er along the path you meet

Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet
Woe to the man that walks in public view
Without of loyalty this token true
Sharp is the knife and sudden is the stroke
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue
If subtle poniards wrapt beneath the cloke
Could blunt the sabres edge, or clear the cannon's
smoke

LI

At every turn Morena's dusky height ¹
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load
And far as mortal eye can compass sight
The mountain howitzer the broken road

I [The Sierra Morena gets its name from the classical Montes Mariani not as Byron seems to imply from its dark and dusky aspect]

The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflowed,

The stationed bands, the never-vacant watch,

The magazine in rocky durance stowed,

The holstered steed beneath the shed of thatch,

The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,

The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,

LII.

Portend the deeds to come —but he whose nod

Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,

A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod,

A little moment deigneth to delay

Soon will his legions sweep through these their way,

The West must own the Scourger of the world "

Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,

When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurled, in

And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurled

LIII

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign?

No step between submission and a grave?

The rise of Rapine and the fall of Spain?

```
the never-changing watch —[MS D]

The South must own —[MS D]

When soars Gaul's eagle —[MS D]
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I [As time went on, Byron's sentiments with regard to Napoleon underwent a change, and he hesitates between sympathetic admiration and reluctant disapproval. At the moment his enthusiasm was roused by Spain's heroic resistance to the new Alaric, "the scourger of the world," and he expresses himself like Southey "or another" (vide post, Canto III, pp. 238, 239)]

And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain?
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal—
The Veteran's skill—Youth's fire—and Manhood's heart
of steel?

LIV

Is it for this the Spanish maid aroused

Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar

And all unsexed the Anlace 1 hath espoused

Sung the loud song and dared the deed of war?

And she whom once the semblance of a scar

Appalled an owlet s larum chilled with dread, 2

Now views the column scattering bay net jar 1

The falchion flash and o er the yet warm dead

Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread

LV

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale Oh! had you known her in her softer hour

the fulction is flash ———— [MS erased D]

The Time has been my senses would have cooled
To hear a night shriek

t [A short two edged knife or dagger formerly worn at the girdle (N Eng Diet art 'Anlace) The anlace of the Spanish heroines was the national weapon the phinal or cucliillo which was sometimes stuck in the sash (Hand book for Spain in 803)]
7 [Compare Macbeth act v sc 5 line 10—

Marked her black eye that mocks her coal-black vert,
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear.

Her Chief is slain—she fills his fatal post,

Her fellows flee—she checks their base career,

The Foe retires—she heads the sallying host

Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?

Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?

What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost?

Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,

Foiled by a woman's hand, before a battered wall?

LVII

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,

But formed for all the witching arts of love

Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,

And in the horrid phalany dare to move,

'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,

Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate

In softness as in firmness far above

Remoter females, famed for sickening prate,

Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great

T.VIII

The seal Love s dimpling finger hath impressed to Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch. Her lips whose kisses pout to leave their nest, Bid man be valiant ere he ment such. Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much. Hath Phoebits wooed in vain to spoil her cheek. Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch! Who round the North for paler dames would seek? How poor their forms appear! how languid wan and weal!!

LIX

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to laud Match me, ye harems of the land! where now

1 The seal Lores rosy finger has imprest
On her fair thin denotes how soft his touch
Her lips where kisses make oh pluous nest —[MS erased]

I [Writing to his mother (August II 1800) Byron compares the Spanish style of beauty to the disadvantage of the English Long black hair dark languishing eyes clear olive complexions and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishiman render a Spanish beauty irresistible (Letters 1808 i 2,9) Compare too the opening lines of The Girl of Cadi which gave place to the stanzas To Inc. at the close of this canto—

Oh never talk again to me Of northern climes and British ladies

But in Don Juan Canto XII stanzas lxxii -lxxii he makes the amende to the fair Briton—

She cannot step as doth an Arab barb Or Andalusian girl from mass returning

But though the soil may give you time and trouble Well cultivated it will render double]

I strike my strain, far distant, to applied
Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow,

Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow

To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,

With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to know,

There your wise Prophet's Paradise we find,

His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey, 113,11

Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,

Not in the fabled landscape of a lay, 11

But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,

In the wild pomp of mountain-majesty!

What marvel if I thus essay to sing?

The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by

Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,

Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her wing

- 1 Beauties that need not fear a broken vow —[MS crased]
 a lecher's vow —[MS]
- 11 Not in the landscape of a fabled lay -[MS D]
- I [The summit of Parnassus is not visible from Delphi or the neighbourhood Before he composed "these stanzas" (December 16), (see note 13B) at the foot of Parnassus, Byron had first surveyed its "snow-clad" majesty as he sailed towards Vostizza (on the southern shore of the Gulf of Corinth), which he reached on the 5th, and quitted on the 14th of December "The Echoes" (line 8) which were celebrated by the ancients (Justin, Hist, lib xxiv cap 6), are those made by the Phædriades, or "gleaming peaks," a "lofty precipitous escarpment of 1ed and grey limestone" at the head of the valley of the Pleistus, facing southwards—
 Travels in Albania, 1 188, 199, Geography of Greece, by H F Tozer, 1873, p 230]

LNI

Oft have I dreamed of Thee I whose glorious name
Who knows not knows not man's divinest lore
And now I view thee—tis alas with shame
That I in feeblest accents must adore
When I recount thy worshippers of yore
I tremble, and can only bend the knee
Nor raise my voice nor vainly dare to sour
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee I

LXII

Happier in this than mightiest Birds have been Whose Fate to distant homes confined their lot Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene Which others rave of though they know it not? Though here no more Apollo haunts his Grot And thou the Muses seat art now their grave,

I [Upon Parnassus going to the fountain of Delphi (Castri) in 1809 I saw a flight of twelve engles (Hobbouse said they were vultures—at least in conversation) and I seized the omen. On the day before I composed the lines to Parnassus [in Childe Harold] and on beholding the birds had a hope that Apollo had accepted in homage. I have at least, had the name and fame of a poet during the poetical period of life (from twenty to thirty). Whether it will last is another matter but I have been avoirty of the deity and the place and am grateful for what he has done in my behalf leaving the future in his hands as I left the past (B. Duary 18 1)].

Some gentle Spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the Cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er you melodious wave.

LXIII

Of thee hereafter. Ev'n amidst my strain

I turned aside to pay my homage here,
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain,
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear,
And hailed thee, not perchance without a tear
Now to my theme but from thy holy haunt
Let me some remnant, some memorial bear,"
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,
Noi let thy votary's hope be deemed an idle vaunt

LXIV

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount! when Greece was young,

See round thy giant base a brighter choir,¹
Noi e'er did Delphi, when her Priestess sung
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
Behold a train more fitting to inspire
The song of love, than Andalusia's maids.

¹ And walls with glassy steps o'er Aganippe's wave —[MS erased]
11 Let me some remnant of thy Spirit bear
Some glorious thought to my petition grant —[MS erased, D]

I ["Parnassus is distinguished from all other Greek mountains by its mighty mass. This, with its vast buttresses, almost fills up the rest of the country" (Geography of Giecee, by H. F. Tozer, 1873, p. 226)]

Nurst in the glowing lap of soft Desire

Ah I that to these were given such peaceful shades

As Greece can still bestow though Glory fly her glades

LXV

Fair is proud Seville, let her country boast

Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days, **
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,¹
Calls forth a sweeter though ignoble praise

Ah Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!

While boyish blood is mantling who can scape¹

The fascination of thy magic gaze?

A Cherub Hydra round us dost thou gape

And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape

LXVI

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time!

The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—
The Pleasures fled but sought as warm a clime,
And Venus constant to her native Sea

To nought else constant, hither deigned to flee
And fixed her shrine within these walls of white

¹ While boyish blood boils ga ly who can scape The lurks glures of thy exchanting ga e —[MS erased]

I [In his first letter from Spain (to F Hodgson August 6 1809) Byron evclaims Cadiz sweet Cadiz l—it is the first spot in the creation Cadiz is a complete Cyther. See too letter to Mrs Byron August 11 1809 (Letters 1898 1 234 239) [3]

Though not to one dome circumscribeth She Her worship, but, devoted to her rite, A thousand Altars rise, for ever blazing bright ¹

LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn ²
Peeps blushing on the Revel's laughing crew,
The Song is heard, the rosy Garland worn,
Devices quaint, and Frolics ever new,
Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu ³
He bids to sober joy that here sojourns
Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu ³
Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
And Love and Prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns ³

though in hen

Of true devotion monkish temples share

The hours misspent, and all in turns is Love or Prayer—

[MS crased]

or rule the hour in turns—[D]

I [It must not be supposed that the "thousand altars" of Cadiz correspond with and are in contrast to the "one dome" of Paphos The point is that where Venus fixes her shrine, at Paphos or at Cadiz, altars blaze and worshippers abound (compare *Eneid*, 1 415-417)—

"Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit Læta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabæo Ture calent aræ"]

2 [Compare Milton's Paradisc Lost, 1 -

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve "]

3 [It was seldom that Byron's memory played him false, but here a vague recollection of a Shakespearian phrase has beguiled him into a blunder. He is thinking of Hamlet's jibe on the corruption of manners, "The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe" (act v sc 1, line 150), and he forgets that a kibe is not a heel or a part of a heel, but a chilblain]

LXVIII

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest What hallows it upon this Christian shore? Lo ! it is sacred to a solemn Feast Hark! heard you not the forest monarch's roar? Crashing the lance he snuffs the spouting gore Of man and steed o erthrown beneath his horn The thronged arena shakes with shouts for more Yells the mad crowd o er entrails freshly torn Nor shrinks the female eye nor ev n affects to mourn

LXIX 1

The seventh day this-the Jubilee of man! London! right well thou know st the day of prayer Then thy spruce citizen washed artisan And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air Thy coach of hackney, whiskey one horse chair

" [A whiskey is a light carriage in which the traveller is whisked along]

^{1 [}As he intimates in the Preface to Childe Harold Byron had originally intended to introduce variations in his poem of a droll or satirical character Beattle Thomson Ariosto were sufficient authorities for these humorous episodes The stanzas on the Convention of Cintra (stanzas XXI -XXIII of the MS) and the four stanzas on Sir John Curr the concluding stanzas of the MS which were written in this lighter vein were suppressed at the instance of Dallas or Murray or Gifford From a passage in a letter to Dallas (August 1 it 18t1) it appears that Byron had almost made up his mind to leave out the two stanzas of a buffooning cast on London's Sunday (Letters 1898 1 335) But possibly owing to their freedom from any compromising personalities or because wiser counsels prevailed they were allowed to stand and continued (wrote Moore in 1837) to disfigure the poem]

And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl,'
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair,
Till the tited jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.'

177

Some o'er thy Thamis ion the ribboned fair,

Others along the safer turnpike fly,

Some Richmond-hill ascend, some send to Ware,

And many to the steep of Highgate hie

Ask ye, Bœotian Shades! the reason why?

"Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,"

1 And number gig —[MS]
11 And droughty man alights and roars for "Ron an Purl":—
[MS D]
for Puncl or Purl—[D]

111 Some o'er the Thames convoy

-[J/S D]

I [Hone's Everyday Book (1827, ii 80-87) gives a detailed account of the custom of "swearing on the horns' at Highgate "The horns, fixed on a pole of about five feet in length, were erected by placing the pole upright on the ground near the person to be sworn, who is requested to take off his hat," etc. The oath, or rather a small part of it, ran as follows "Take notice what I am saying unto you, for that is the first word of your oath—mind that! You must acknowledge me [the landlord] to be your adopted father, etc. You must not eat brown bread while you can get white, except you like the brown best. You must not drink small beer while you can get strong, except you like the small best. You must not kiss the maid while you can kiss the mistress, but sooner than lose a good chance you may kiss them both," etc. Drovers, who frequented the "Gate House" at the top of the hill, and who wished to keep the tayern to themselves, are said to have been responsible for the jude beginnings of this tedious foolery"]

2 A festive liquor so called Query why "Roman"? [Query if "Roman"? "'Purl Royal,' Canary wine with a dash of the tincture of wormwood" (Grose's Class Dict)]

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine Fair Cadiz rising o er the dark blue sea!

Grasped in the holy hand of Mystery

In whose dread name both men and muds are sworn and consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn

LXXI

Soon as the Matin bell proclaimeth ninc.

Thy Saint adorers count the Rosary

Much is the Virgin tensed to shrive them free

(Well do I ween the only virgin there)

From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be

Then to the crowded circus forth they fare

Young old high low at once the same diversion share

LVXII

The lists are oped the spacious area cleared

Thousands on thousands piled are seated round

1 [M Darmesteter quotes 1 strking passage from Gutter's Voyage en Lipagne (x)) in appreciation of Cadiz and Byron Laspect de Cadiv en vinant du large, est charmant A la voir ainsi etincelante de blancheur entre lazur de la mer et lazur du ciel on durat une immensicouronne de filigrane d'argent le dôme de la cathédrale peint en jaune semble une tiare de vermeil posée au milieu Les pots de fleurs les volutes et les tourelles qui terminent les maisons varient à l'infini la dentelure Byron a merveil leusement caractérisé la physionomie de Cadix en une seule touche

Brillante Cadix qui télèves vers le ciel du milieu du bleu foncé de la mer]

² [The actors in a bull fight consist of three or four classes the *chulos* or footmen the *banderull ros* or dart throwers

Long eie the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
Ne vacant space for lated wight is found
Here Dons, Grandees, but chiefly Dames abound,
Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound,
None through their cold disdain are doomed to dic,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery

LIXXIII

Hushed is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spui, and light-poised lance
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly-bending to the lists advance,

the picadores or horsemen, the matadores or espadas the executioners Each bull-fight, which lasts about twenty minutes, is divided into three stages or acts. In the first act the picadores receive the charge of the bull, defending themselves, but not, as a rule, attacking the foe with their lances or garrochas In the second act the chulos, who are not mounted, wave coloured cloaks or handkerchiefs in the bull's face, and endeavour to divert his fury from the picadores. in case they have been thrown or worsted in the encounter At the same time, the bander iller os are at pains to implant in either side of the bull's neck a number of barbed darts ornamented with cut paper, and, sometimes, charged with detonating powder It is do rigent to plant the barbs exactly on either side In the third and final act, the protagonist, the matador or cspada, is the sole performer His function is to entice the bull towards him by waving the mulcta or red flag, and, standing in front of the animal, to inflict the death-wound by plunging his sword between the left shoulder "The teams of mules now enter, glittering and the blade with flags and tinkling with bells, whose gay decorations contrast with the stern cruelty and blood, the dead bull is carried off at a rapid gallop, which always delights the populace"-Handbook for Spain, by Richard Ford, 1898, 1 67-76]

Ach are their scarfs their chargers featly prance f in the dangerous game they shine to-day The crowd's loud shout and ladies lovely glance Best prize of better acts! they bear away d all that kings or chiefs e er gain their toils repay

LXXIV

costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed

But all afoot the light limbed Matadore
Stands in the centre eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds, but not before
The ground with cautious tread is traversed o er
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed
His arms a dart he fights aloof nor more
Can Man achieve without the friendly steed—
is I too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed

LYXV .rice sounds the Clarion lo! the signal falls

The den expands and Expectation mute Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute And wildly staring spurns with sounding foot The sund nor blindly rushes on his foe Here there he points his threatening front to suit His first attack wide waving to and fro is angry tail red rolls his eye's dilated glow

LXXVI

Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear

Now is thy time, to perish, or display

The skill that yet may check his mad career!

With well-timed croupe! the nimble coursers veer,

On foams the Bull, but not unscathed he goes,

Streams from his flank the crimson torient clear

He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes,

Dart follows dart—lance, lance—loud bellowings speak
his woes

LXXVII

Again he comes, not dait nor lance avail,

Nor the wild plunging of the tortured hoise,

Though Man and Man's avenging aims assail,

Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force

One gallant steed is stretched a mangled coise,

Another, hideous sight! unseamed appears,

His gory chest unveils life's panting source,

Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears,

Staggering, but stemming all, his Lord unharmed he bears

^{1 &}quot;The croupe is a particular leap taught in the manège"—[MS] [Croupe, or croup, denotes the hind quarters of a horse Compare Scott's ballad of "Young Lochin ar'—

[&]quot;So light to the croupe the fair lady he swing"

Here it is used for "croupade," "a high curvet in which the hind legs are brought up under the belly of the horse" (N Eng Dict, art "Croupade"]

TYVIII

Foiled bleeding breathless furious to the last

Full in the centre stands the Bull at bay

Mid wounds and clinging darts and lances brast 1

And foes disabled in the brutal fray

And now the Matadores 2 around him play

Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand

Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—

Vain rage! the mantle quits the conyinge hand

Wraps his fierce eve—tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

YIXX.I

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline
Slowly he falls amidst triumphant cries
Without a groan without a struggle dies
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—

Pedibusque informe cadaver
Protrahitur Nequeunt expleri corda tuendo—]

^{1 ---} le lies alone the sand -{ MS eras d }

in The tophy corse is rea ed—disgisting price or The corse is reared—spartling the chariot flies—[MS M]

^{1 [} Brast for burst 15 found in Spenser (Faerie Queene
1 9 21 7) and 15 still current in Lancashire dialect See

fanc Gloss (E. D. S. brast.)]

One bull fight one matador. In describing the last of Byron confuses the chilos or cloak waving footmen who had already played their part with the single champion the matador who is about to administer the coup de grace!

^{3 [}Compare Virgil Enerd viii 64-

Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy, Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by

LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites

The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swellin

Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights

In vengeance, gloating on another's pain

What private feuds the troubled village stain!

Though now one phalanxed host should meet

Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,

To meditate 'gainst friend the secret blow,

For some slight cause of wrath, whence Life's war must flow!

LXXXI

But Jealousy has fled his bars, his bolts,

His withered Centinel, Duenna sage!

And all whereat the generous soul revolts, Which the stern dotard deemed he could enclage,

1 And all whereat the wandering soul revolts

IVhich that stern dotard dreamed he could encage —[AIS erased]

otella, I heard a young peasant threaten to stab a woman (an old one, to be sure, which mitigates the office), and was told, on expressing some small surprise, that this ethic was by no means uncommon "—[MS]

was by no means uncommon "—[MS]

2 [Byron's "orthodoxy" of the word "centinel Spenser's gested by the Spanish centinela, or, perhaps, by "centonell" (Faërie Queene, bk 1 c 1x st 41, line 8)]

Have passed to darkness with the vanished age
Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen
(Ere War uprose in his volcanic rige)
With braided tresses bounding o er the green
While on the gay dance shone Night's lover loving
Oueen?

LXXXII

Oh! many a time and oft, had Harold loved
Or dreamed he loved since Rapture is a dream
But now his wayward bosom was unmoved
For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream
And lately had he learned with truth to deem
Love has no gift so grateful as his wings
How fair how young how soft soe er he seem
Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs'
Some butter o er the flowers its bubbling venom flings'

HYXXXII

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind
Though now it moved him as it moves the wise
Not that Philosophy on such a mind
E er deigned to bend her chastely awful eyes
But Passion raves berself¹ to rest or flies
And Vice that digs her own voluptuous tomb

¹ Fill from the leart of Joy's delicious springs Some Bitter b ibbles 1 p a id ever on Roses stings -[MS]

ı [The Dallas Transcript reads at self—but the MS and earlier editions—herself—]

Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise '
Pleasure's palled Victim! life-abhorring Gloom
Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom!

*117771*1

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng,

But viewed them not with misanthropic hate.

Fain would he now have joined the dance, the song,

But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?

Nought that he saw his sadness could abate.

Yet once he struggled 'gainst the Demon's sway,

And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,

Poured forth his unpremeditated lay,

To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day

1 Had buried there his hopes, no more to rise
Drugged with dull pleasure! life abhoring Gloom
Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's wandering doom
[MS erased]

Had buried there -[MS D]

1 [Byron's belief or, 1ather, haunting dread, that he was predestined to evil is to be traced to the Calvinistic teaching of his boyhood (compare Childe Hai old, Canto III stanza la lines 8, 9, and Canto IV stanza valve line 6) Lady Byron regarded this creed of despair as the secret of her husband's character, and the source of his aberrations In a letter to H C Robinson, March 5, 1855, she writes, "Not merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenour of Lord Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest To that unhappy view of the relation of Calvinistic tenets the creature to the Creator, I have always ascribed the misery of his life Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be 'turned into a curse' to him Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or They must in a measure realize themselves worst of it is, I do believe,' he said I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of piedestination"]

TO INEZ 1

т

Nay smile not at my sullen brow Alas! I cannot smile again Yet Heaven avert that ever thou Shouldst weep and haply weep in vain

And dost thou ask what secret woe

I bear corroding Joy and Youth?

And wilt thou vainly seek to know

A pang ev n thou must full to soothe?

3

It is not love it is not hate

Nor low Ambition's honours lost

I Stanzas to be inserted after stanza 86th in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage instead of the song at present in

manuscript —[MS note to To Inez]
[The stanzas To Ine are dated January 25 1810 on which

dry Byron and Hobhouse visited Murithon Most likely they were addressed to Theresa Macar the Maid of Athens or some favourite of the moment and not to Florence (Mrs Spencer Smith) whom he had recently (Junuary 16) declared emerita to the tune of The spell is broke the charm is flown' A fortmight later (February 10) Hobhouse accompanied by the Albanian Vasilly and the Athenian Demetrius set out for the Negroponie Lord Byron was unexpectedly detained at Athens (Tracts in Albania 1 390) (For the stanizas to The Curl of Cadiwhich were suppressed in favour of those To Inc. see Poetical Works 1801 p. 14 and vol in of the present issue!)

That bids me loathe my present state, And fly from all I prized the most

4

It is that weariness which springs

From all I meet, or hear, or see

To me no pleasure Beauty brings,

Thine eyes have scarce a charm for mc

5

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom

The fabled Hebiew Wanderer bore,

That will not look beyond the tomb,

But cannot hope for rest before

6

What Exile from himself can flee? '
To zones though more and more remote,'
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of Life the Demon Thought?

7

Yet others 1apt in pleasure seem, And taste of all that I forsake,

To other zones howe'er remote
Still, still pursuing clings to me —[MS erased]

I [Compare Holace, Odes, II vi 19, 20—
"Patriæ quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?"]

2 [Compare Prior's Solomon, bk iii lines 85, 86— "In the remotest wood and lonely grot Certain to meet that worst of evils—thought"] Oh! may they still of transport dream And ne er-at least like me-awake !

8

Through many a clime tis mine to go With many a retrospection curst, And all my solace is to know Whate er betides. I ve known the worst

9

What is that worst? Nav do not ask-In pity from the search forbear Smile on-nor venture to unmask Man's heart and view the Hell that's there Jan ... 1810 -[1/3]

LXXXV

Adieu fair Cadiz! yea a long adieu! Who may forget how well thy walls have stood? When all were changing thou alone wert true First to be free and last to be subdued 1 And if amidst a scene a shock so rude Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye A Traitor only fell beneath the feud 7 Here all were noble save Nobility, None hugged a Conqueror's chain save fallen Chivalry!

I [Cadız was captured from the Moors by Alonso el Sabio ın 16 It narrowly escaped a siege January-February 1810 Soult commenced a serious bombardment May 16
181 but, three months later August 24, the siege was broken
up Stanza lxxxv is not in the original MS]

LXXXVI

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her Fate.'

They fight for Freedom who were never free,

A Kingless people for a nerveless state, 1

Her vassals combat when their Chieftains flee,

True to the veriest slaves of Treachery

Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,

Pride points the path that leads to Liberty

Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,

War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!" "!"

TXXXAII

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know 'Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife

1 Ye, who would more of Spain and Spainards know,
Sights, Saints, Antiques, Arts, Anicototes and War,
Go hie ye hence to Paternoster Row—
Are they not written in the Bole of Carr,2

I [Charles IV abdicated March 19, 1808, in favour of his son Ferdinand VII], and in the following May, Charles once more abdicated on his own behalf, and Ferdinand for himself and his heirs, in favour of Napoleon Thenceforward Charles was an eyile, and Ferdinand a prisoner at Valençay and Spain, so far as the Bourbons were concerned, remained "kingless," until motives of policy procured the release of the latter, who re-entered his kingdom March 22, 1814]

2 "Porphyry said that the prophecies of Daniel were written after their completion, and such may be my fate here, but it requires no second sight to foretell a tome, the first glimpse of the knight was enough"—[MS]

["I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's baiber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white" (letter to Hodgson, August 6, 1809, Letter s, 1898, 1 235, note)]

Whate er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe Can act is acting there against man's life

Green Erns Knight and Europes a idering star!
Then listen Leaders to the Man of Ink
Hear what he did and songh! and wrote afar
All those are cooped within one Quartos brish
This borrow steal—don him—and tell its what you it in!

There may you read out) spectacles on eyes How may Wellestey and embart for Span 1 As if therein they men it to colonise Ilmo may t oby; crossed the la "vii main I'd at hef boheld if e sud return aga: How many buildings are: eight agide How many bearles from this to yonder flu How 1 sany rel es each cathedral grace. At d of ere Gralda stands o : her gigantic base

There may you read (Oh Plabus sare Sir John! That these my words prophet c may not err)

I I presume Marquis and Mr and Pole and Sir A are returned by this time and eke the bewildered Frere whose conduct was named by the Committee of 1216.1

conduct was canvassed by the Commons —[MS]

[A motion which had been brought forward in the House of Commons February 24, 1800 to inquire into the causes

of the late campaign in Spain was defeated but the Government recalled J Hookham Frere British Minister to the Supreme Junta and nominated the Marquis Wellesley Ambassador Extraordinary to Seville Wellesley landed in Spain early in August but a duel which took place Sep tember _1 between Perceval and Canning led to changes in the ministry and with a view to taking office he left Cadix November to 1809 His brother Henry Wellesley (1773-1847 first Baron Cowley) succeeded him as Envoy Extraordinary If Mr stands for Henry Wellesley Pole may be William Wellesley Pole afterwards third Earl of Mornington

7 [The base of the Giralda the cathedral tower at Sewlle is a square of fifty feet. The pinnacle of the filigree belfry which surmounts the original Moorish tower. Is crowned with El Girardillo 1 bronze statue of La Fl. The Faith Although 14 feet high and weighing 2800 lbs. It turns with the slightest breeze.—Ford's Handbook for 1/2 un 1 174]

3 [lide inte p 78 note ?]

From flashing scimital to secret knife,
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need
So may he guard the sister and the wife,
So may he make each curst oppressor bleed
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed

All that was said, or sung, and lost, or won,
By vaunting Wellesley or by blundering File,
He that wrote half the "Needy Kinfe-Grinder,"
Thus Poesy the way to grandeur paves—"
Who would not such diplomatists prefer t
But cease, my Muse, thy speed some resp te craves,
Leave legates to the House, and armies to their graves

Vet here of Vulpes mention may be made, hi 2
Who for the Junta modelled sapient laws,
Taught them to govern ere they were obeyed
Certes fit teacher to command, because
His soul Sociation of Xantippe awas,
Blest with a Dame in Virtue's bosom nurst,—
With her let silent Admiration pause!—
True to her second husband and her first
On such unshaken fame let Satire do its worst

1 By shrwelled Wellesley —[MS crased]
11 None better known for doing things by halves
As many in our Senate did aver —[MS crased]
11 Yet surely Vulpes ments some applause —[MS crased]

I "The Needy Knife-grinder,' in the Anti-Jacobin, was a joint production of Messrs Frere and Canning

2 [Henry Richard Vassall Fox, second Lord Holland (1773–1840), accompanied Sir David Baird to Corunna, September, 1808, and made a prolonged tour in Spain, returning in the autumn of 1809. He suggested to the Junta of Seville to extend their functions as a committee of defence, and proposed a new constitution. His wife, Elizabeth Vassall, the daughter of a rich Jamaica planter, was first married (June 27, 1786) to Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart. Sir Godfrey divorced his wife July 3, 1797, and three days later she was married to Lord Holland. She had lived with him for some time previously, and before the divorce had borne him a son, Charles Richard Fox (1796–1873), who was acknowledged by Lord Holland.

LXXXVIII 1

Flows there a tear of Pity for the dead?

Look or the ravage of the reeking plain

Look on the hands with female slaughter red

Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain

Then to the vulture let each corse remain

Albeit unworthy of the prey birds maw,

Let their bleached bones and bloods unbleaching stain

Long mark the battle field with hideous awe

Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw t

Nor yet alas! the dreadful work is done

Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees
Fall n nations gaze on Spain if freed she frees
More than her fell Pizatros once enchained
Strange retribution 1 now Columbia s ease
Repairs the wrongs that Quito s sons sustained
While o er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrained

I [Stanzus INXVIII-NCIII which record the battles of Barossa (Murch 5 1811) and Albuera (May 16 1811) and the death of Byrons school friend Wingfield (May 14 1811) were written at Newstead in August 1811 and take the place of four omitted stanzas (q v subra)

place of four omitted stanzas (g v subre) 1011 and take the place of four omitted stanzas (g v subre) 1 [Francisco Pizarro (1480-1541) with his brothers Her nando Juan Gonzalo and his half brother Martin de Alcantara having revisited Spain set sail for Panama in 1530 During his progress southward from Panama he took the island of Puna which formed part of the province of Quito His defeat and treacherous capture of Atuahalpa

XC

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,

Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,

Not Albuera lavish of the dead,

Have won for Spain her well asserted right

When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight?

When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?

How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,

Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,

And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil'1

XCI

And thou, my friend!—since unavailing woe i 2 19 ii

Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—

And thou, my frund! since thus my selfis! voc to weaken in

Bursts from my heart, { however light my strain, { for ever light the —[D] }

Had the sword laid thee, with the mighty, low

Pride had forbade me of thy fall to plain —[MS D]

King of Quito, younger brother of Huascar the Supreme Inca, took place in 1532, near the town of Caramarca, in Peno (Mod Univ History, 1763, revin 295, seq) Spain's weakness during the Napoleonic invasion was the opportunity of her colonies Quito, the capital of Ecuador, rose in rebellion, August 10, 1810, and during the same year Mexico and La Plata began their long struggle for independence 1

and La Plata began their long struggle for independence I [During the American War of Independence (1775-83), and afterwards during the French Revolution, it was the custom to plant trees as "symbols of growing freedom." The French trees were decorated with "caps of Liberty." No such trees had ever been planted in Spain (See note by the Rev E C Everald Owen, Childe Harold, 1897, p. 158)]

2 [Compare the In Memoriam stanzas at the end of Beattie's Minstiel—

"And am I left to unavailing woe?"

II 63, line 2

Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low Pride might forbid e en Fiiendship to complain But thus unlaurelled to descend in vain By all forgotten save the lonely breast And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest! What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?

XCII

Oh known the earliest and esteemed the most!! I Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear! Though to my hopeless days for ever lost In dreams deny me not to see thee here! And Morn in secret shall renew the tear Of Consciousness awaking to her woes And Fancy hover o er thy bloodless hier Till my frail frame return to whence it rose And mourned and mourner he united in repose

XCIII

Here is one fytte 2 of Harold's pilgrimage Ye who of him may further seek to know

```
1 --- belowed the most -[MS D]
11 --- where o e so long was dear -[MS D]
11 And fancy follow to --- -[MS D]
```

I [With reference to this stanza Byron wrote to Dallas October -5 1811 (Letters 1898 ii 58 59) I send you a conclusion to the whole In a stanza towards the end of Canto I in the line

Oh known the earliest and beloved the most I shall alter the epithet to esteemed the most]

Fytte means part —[Note erased]

Shall find some tidings in a future page,

If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe

Is this too much? stern Critic! say not so

Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld

In other lands, where he was doomed to go

Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,

Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were

quelled.

NOTES

то

CHILDE HAROLDS PILGRIMAGE

CANTO I

.

Yes! sighed o er Delphi s long deserted shrine Stanza! line 6

THE little village of Castri stands partially on the site of Delphi Along the path of the mountain from Chrysso are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock —

One said the guide of a king who broke his neck hunt ing His majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement

A little above Castri is a cave supposed the Pythian of immense depth the upper part of it is pived and now a cowhouse

On the other side of Cistri stands a Greek monastery some way above which is the cleft in the rock with a range of caverns difficult of ascent and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain probably to the Corycian Cavern mentioned by Pausanias From this part descend the fountain and the 'Dews of Castalie'

[Byron and Hobhouse slept at Crissa December 15 and visited Delphi December 16 1809—Travels in Albania 1

199--09]

And rest ye at Our Lady's house of Woe

The convent of Our Lady of Punishment Nossa Senora de Pena on the summit of the rock. Below at some

distance, is the Cork Convent, where St Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view - [Note to First Edition] Since the publication of this poem, I have been informed [by W Scott, July 1, 1812] of the misapprehension of the term Nossa Schoia de Pena It was owing to the want of the tilde, or mark over the \tilde{n} , which alters the signification of the word with it, Peña signifies a rock, without it, Pena has the sense I adopted I do not think it necessary to alter the passage, as, though the common acceptation affixed to it is "Our Lady of the Rock," I may well assume the other sense from the severities practised there -[Note to Second Edition]

Throughout this purple land, where Law secures not life Stanza xxi line 9

It is a well-known fact that in the year 1809, the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen, but that Englishmen were daily butchered and so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have "adorned a tale" instead of telling one The crime of assassination is not confined to Portugal, in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished!

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened! Stanza xxiv line i

The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra He has, indeed, done wonders, he has perhaps changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessor

["The armistice, the negotiations, the convention, the execution of its provisions, were commenced, conducted, concluded, at the distance of thirty miles from Cintra with which place they had not the slightest connection political military or local. Yet Lord Byron has sung that the convention was signed in the Marquis of Marialina house at Cintra (Napiers History of the War in the Pennisula 161). The suspension of rims is dated. Head Quartiers of the British Army August 1808. The Definitive Convention for the Enacuation of Portugal by the British Army is dated. Head Quarters Lisbon August 30 1808. (See Wordsworth's pamplet Concerning the Relitions of Grati Britain, Spain and Portugal etc. 1809. App. pp. 199—01. For sentiments almost identical with those expressed in stanzis xxii, xxii see bid., p. 49 et fussion 1]

ς

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay Stanza xxix line i

The extent of Mafra is prodigious it contains a palace convent und most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld in point of decoration we did not hear them but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour. Mafra is termed the Escurial of Portural.

[Mafra was built by D João V The foundation stone was laid November 7 1717 and the church consecrated October 22 1730 (For descriptions of Mafra see Southey 8 Life and Correspondence 11 113 and Letters 1898 1

37)]

6

Well doth the Spanish hand the difference know 'Twixt him and Lusian slave the lowest of the low Stanza xxxiii lines 8 and 9

As I found the Portuguese so I have characterised them. That they are since improved at least in courage

ıs cvident

[The following Note on Spain and Portugal part of the original draft of Note 3 (p 86) was suppressed at the instance of Dallas We have heard wonders of the Portuguese lately and their gallantry. Pray Heaven it continue yet would it were bed time Hal and all were well! They must fight a great many hours by Shrewsbury clock before the number

of then slain equals that of our countrymen butchered by these kind creatures, now metamorphosed into 'Caçadores,' and what not I merely state a fact, not confined to Portugal, for in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished! The neglect of protection is disgraceful to our government and governors, for the murders are as notorious as the moon that shines upon them, and the apathy that overlooks them The Portuguese, it is to be hoped, are complimented with the 'Forlorn Hope,'-if the cowards are become brave (like the rest of their kind, in a corner), pray let them display it But there is a subscription for these θρασύδειλοι¹ (they need not be ashamed of the epithet once applied to the Spartans), and all the charitable patronymics, from ostentatious A to diffident Z, and £1 is od from 'An Admirer of Valour,' are in requisition for the lists at Lloyd's, and the honour of British benevolence Well! we have fought, and subscribed, and bestowed peerages, and buried the killed by our friends and foes, and, lo! all this is to be done over again! Like Lien Chi (in Goldsmith's Citizen of the World), as we 'grow older, we grow never the better' It would be pleasant to learn who will subscribe for us, in or about the year 1815, and what nation will send fifty thousand men, first to be decimated in the capital, and then decimated again (in the Irish fashion, nine out of ten), in the 'bed of honour, which, as Serjeant Kite says [in Farquhar's Reciuiting Officer, act 1 sc 1], is considerably larger and more commodious than 'the bed of Ware' Then they must have a poet to write the 'Vision of Don Perceval,' 2 and generously bestow the profits of the well and widely printed quarto, to rebuild the 'Backwynd' and the 'Canongate,' or furnish new kilts for the half-roasted Highlanders Lord Wellington, however, has enacted marvels, and so did his Oriental brother, whom I saw charioteering over the French flag, and heard clipping bad Spanish, after listening to the speech of a patriotic cobler of Cadiz, on the event of his own entry

I [Vide post, p 196, note 1]
2 [In a letter to J B S Morritt, April 26, 1811, Sir Walter Scott writes, "I meditate some wild stanzas referring to the Peninsula, if I can lick them into any shape, I hope to get something handsome from the booksellers for the Portuguese sufferers 'Silver and gold have I none, but that which I have I will give unto them' My lyrics are called The Vision of Don Roderick"—Lockhart's Mem of the Life of Sir W Scott, 1871, p 205]

into that city, and the exit of some five thousand bold Britons out of this best of all possible worlds [Pangloss in Candide] Sorely were we puzzled how to dispose of that same victory of Talayera and a victory it surely was somewhere for everybody claimed it The Spanish despatch and mob called it Cuesta's and made no great mention of the Viscount the French called it theirs (to my great discomfiture—for a French consul stopped my mouth in Greece with a pestilent Paris Gazette just as I had killed Sebastiani' in buckram and king Joseph 'in kendal green) -and we have not yet determined what to call it or whose for certes it was none of our own Howbeit Massenas retreat [May 1811] is a great comfort and as we have not been in the habit of pursuing for some years past no wonder we are a little awkward at first No doubt we shall improve or if not we have only to take to our old way of retrograding and there we are at home -Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron 18 4 pp 179-185]

7

When Cavas traitor sire first called the band That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore Stanza xxxy lines 3 and 4

Count Julian's daughter the Helen of Spain Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias and the descendants of his followers after some centuries completed their struggle by the conque t of Grenada

[Roderick the Goth violated Florinda or Caba or Cava daughter of Count Julian one of his principal leutenants In revenge for this outrage Julian allied himself with Musca the Caliphs leutenant in Africa and countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans commanded by Tarik from whom Jebel Tarik Tariks Rock that is Gibriliar is said to have been named. The issue was the defeat and death of Roderick and the Moorish occupation of Spain. A Spainard according to Cervantics may call his dog but not his daughter Florinda (See Vision of Don Roderick by Sir W Scott starax in vinote 5).

I [François Horace Bastien Sebastiani (177.—18-1) one of Napoleon's generals defeated the Spanish at Ciudad Real March 17 1809. In his official report he said that he had sabred more than 3000 Spaniard's in flight. At the battle of Talavera July 27 his corps suffered heavily but at Almonacid August 11 he was "gain victorious over the Spanish"]

8

No! as he speeds, he chants "Vivā el Rey!"

Stanza Alviii line 5

"Vivā el Rey Fernando!" Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in dispiaise of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them some of the airs are beautiful. Godoy, the Principe de la Paz, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guaids, till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alcudia, etc, etc. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the

ruin of their country

[Manuel de Godoy (1767-1851) received the title of Principe de la Pas, Prince of the Peace, in 1795, after the Treaty of Basle, which ceded more than half St Domingo to Fiance His tenure of power, as prime minister and director of the king's policy, coincided with the downfall of Spanish power, and before the commencement of the Peninsular War he was associated in the minds of the people with national corruption and national degradation He was, moreover, directly instrumental in the betrayal of Spain to France By the Treaty of Fontainebleau, October 27, 1807, Portugal was to be divided between the King of Etruria and Godoy as Prince of the Algarves, Portuguese America was to fall to the King of Spain, and to bring this about Napoleon's troops were to enter Spain and march directly to Lisbon The sole outcome of the treaty was the occupation of Portugal and subsequent invasion of Spain Before Byron had begun his pilgrimage, Godoy's public career had come to an end During the insurrection at Aranjuez, March 17-19, 1808, when Charles IV abdicated in favour of his son Ferdinand VII, Godoy was only preserved from the fury of the populace by a timely imprisonment In the following May, by which time Ferdinand himself was a prisoner in France, he was released at the instance of Murat, and ordered to accompany Chailes to Bayonne, for the express purpose of cajoling his master into a second abdication in favour of Napoleon The remainder of his long life was passed, first at Rome, and afterwards at Paris, in exile and dependence The execuation of Godoy, 'who was really a mild, good-natured man," must, in Napier's judgment, be attributed to Spanish venom and

Spanish prejudice The betrayal of Spain was he thinks the outcome of Ferdinand's intrigues no less than of Godoy's unpatriotic ambition Another and perhaps truer explana tion of popular odium is to be found in his supposed atheism and well known indifference to the rites of the Church which many years before had attracted the attention of the Holy Office The peasants cursed Godoy because the priests triumphed over his downfall (Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula 1 8 Southey's Peninsular War 1 85 note 9, -15 280)]

Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet Stanza 1 hnes 2 and 3

The red cockade with Fernando Septimo in the centre

The ball piled pyramid the ever blazing match Stanzılı line o

All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sigra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville

7 1

Foiled by a woman's hand before a battered wall Stanza lvi line o

Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heromes When the author was at Seville she walked daily on the Prado decorated with medals and orders by command of

the Junta

[The story as told by Southey (who seems to have derived his information from The Nairative of the Siege f Zarago a by Charles Richard Vaughan M B 1809) is that Augustina Zaragoza (sic) a handsome woman of the lower class about twenty two years of age a vivandiere in the course of her rounds came with provisions to a battery near the Portello sate The gunners had all been killed and as the citizens held back. Augustina sprang over the dead and dying snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman and fired off a twenty six pounder then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it

alive during the siege"

After the retreat of the French, "a pension was settled upon Augustina, and the daily pay of an artilleryman. She was also to wear a small shield of honour, embroidered upon the sleeve of her gown, with 'Zaragoza' inscribed upon it" (Southey's Peninsular War, 11 14, 34)

Napier, "neither wholly believing nor absolutely denying these exploits," which he does not condescend to give in detail, remarks "that for a long time afterwards, Spain swarmed with Zaragoza heroines, clothed in half-uniforms,

and theatrically loaded with weapons"

A picture of "The Defence of Saragossa," painted by Sir David Wilkie, which contained her portrait, was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1829, and was purchased by the king (Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula, 1 45, Life of Sir D Wilkie, by John W Mollett, 1881, p 83) Compare, too, The Age of Bronze, vii lines 53-56—

"the desperate wall
Of Saragossa, mightiest in her fall,
The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid
Waving her more than Amazonian blade"]

12

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impressed
Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch
Stanza kill lines 1 and 2

"Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem"

Aul Gel

[The quotation does not occur in Aulus Gellius, but is a fragment in iambic metre from the Papia papæ περί εγκαμίων of M Teientius Varro, cited by the grammarian Nomius Maicellus (De Comp Doct, 11 135, lines 19-23) Sigilla is a variant of the word in the text, laculla, a diminutive of lacuna, signifying a dimple in the chin Lacullum is not to be found in Facciolati (Vide Riese, Vario Satur Menipp Rel, 1865, p 164)]

13

Oh, thou Parnassus!

Stanza ly line I

These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Painassus, now called Λιακυρα (Liakura), Dec [16], 1809

14

Fair is proud Seville let her country boast
Her strength her wealth her site of ancient days
Stanza lxv lines 1 and 2

Seville was the Hispalis of the Romans

15

Ask ve Bœotian Shades the reason why?
Stanza lxx line 5

This was written at Thebes and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question not as the birthplace of Pindar but as the capital of Beedita where the first riddle was propounded and solved

where the first riddle was propounded and solved
[Byron reached Thebes December 2 1809 By the first
riddle he means of course the famous enigmu of Œdipus—
the prototype of Bœotian wit]

me prototype or Docottan wit 1

16

Some bitter o er the flowers its bubbling venom flings Stanza lxxxii line 9

Medio de fonte leporum Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipseis floribus angat Lucr iv 1133

17

A Traitor only fell beneath the feud Stanza lxxxv line 7

Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano the governor

of Cadiz in May 1808

[The Marquis of Solano commander in chief of the forces at Cadiz was murdered by the populace. The Supreme Junta of Seville had directed him to attack the French fleet anchored off Cadiz and Adhiral Purvis acting in concert with General Spencer had offered to co operate but Solano was unwilling to take his orders from a self constituted authority and hesitated to commit his country in war with a power whose strength he knew better than the temper of his countrymen. His abilities courage and unblcmished character have never been denied.—Napiers War in the Pennishla 1 o 21]

18

"War even to the knife!' Stanza lakavi line 9

"War to the knife" Palafox's answer to the French

general at the siege of Saragoza

[Towards the close of the first siege of Zaragoza, August 5, 1808, Marshal Lefebvre (1755-1820), under the impression that the city had fallen into his hands, "required Palafox to surrender in these words 'Quartel-general, Santa Engracia La Capitulation!' ['Head-quarters, St Engracia Capitulation'] The reply was, 'Quartelgeneral, Zai agoza Guerra al cuchillo' ['Head-quarters, War at the knife's point']" Subsequently, Žaragoza December, 1808, when Moncey (1754-1842) again called upon him to surrender, he appealed to the people of Madrid "The dogs," he said, "by whom he was beset scarcely left him time to clean his sword from their blood, but they still found their grave at Zaragoza" Southey notes that "all Palafox's proclamations had the high tone and something of the inflection of Spanish romance, suiting the character of those to whom it was directed" (Peninsular War, 11 25, in 152, Narrative of the Siege, by C R Vaughan, 1809, pp 22, 23) Napier, whose account of the first siege of Zaragoza is based on Caballero's Victories et Conquites des Français, and on the Journal of Lefebrie's Operations (MSS), does not record these romantic incidents. He attributes the raising of the siege to the "bad discipline of the French, and the system of terror established by the Spanish leaders" The inspirers and proclaimers of "wai even to the knife" were, he maintains, Tio or Goodman Jorge (Jorge Iboit) and Tio Murin, and not Palafox, who was ignorant of wai, and who, on more than one occasion was careful to provide for his own safety (History of the War in the Peninsula, 1 41-46)

19

And thou, my friend! etc

Stanza xci line i

The Honourable John Wingfield, of the Guards, who died of a fever at Coimbra (May 14, 1811) I had known him ten years, the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine In the short space of one month I have lost her who gave me being, and most of those who had made

that being tolerable. To me the lines of Young are no fiction-

Insatute archer I could not one suffice?

The shaft flew three and three my peace was slain and three ere three you moon had fill dher horn high Treu, its TieCr flant N, ht i (London is n.).

I should have ventured a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews Fellow of Downing College Cambridge were he not too much above all praise of mine His powers of mind shown in the attribment of creater honours against the ablest candidates than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge have sufficiently estab lished his fame on the spot where it was acquired while his softer qualities live in the recollection of friends who loved him too well to enty his superiority [fo an objection made by Dallas to this note Byron replied I was so sincere in my note on the late Charles Matthews and do feel myself so totally unable to do justice to his talents that the passage must stand for the very reason you bring against it Io him all the men I ever knew were pigmies. He was an intellectual giant. It is true I loved Wingfield better he was the earliest and the dearest and one of the few one could never repent of having loved but in ability-ah you did not know Matthews!"-Letters 1898 ii 8 [For you did not know Matthews!"—Letters 1898 ii 8 [For Charles Skinner Matthews and the Honourable John Wing field see Letters 1898 1 150 note, 180 note See too Childish Recollections Poems 1893 1 96 note]



CHILDE HAROLDS PILGRIMAGE

CANTO THE SECOND

VOL II

н

Cutt DI HAPOT D

Canto 2

Byron Joanning in Albania Begun Oct 31 1509

Concluded Canto 2 Smyrna

March 281, 1810 [1/5 D]

CANTO THE SECOND

1 1

Come blue eyed Maid of Heaven!—but I hou alas!

Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—

[Stanzas 1-xv form a kind of dramatic prologue to the Second Canto of the Pilgrimag The general meaning is clear enough but the unities are disregarded The scene shifts more than once, and there is a moral within a moral The poet begins by invoking Athena (Byron wrote Athenae) to look down on the rums of her holy and beautiful house and bewails her unreturning heroes of the sword and pen He then summons an Oriental a Son of the Morning Moslem or light Greek possibly a Cinis senaticus the discoverer or vendor of a sepulchral urn and with an adjuration to spare the sacred relic points to the Acropolis. the cemetery of dead divinities and then once more to the urn at his feet Vanity of vanities-all is vanity! and men may come and go but Death goes on for ever The scene changes, and he feigns to be present at the rifling of a barrow the tomb of the Athenian heroes on the plain of Marathon or one of the lonely tumuli on Sigeum and Rhoeteum the great and goodly tombs of Achilles and Patroclus (they twain in one golden urn) of Antilochus and of Telamonian Aiax Marathon he had already visited and marked the perpendicular cut which at Fauvels instigation had been recently driven into the large barrow and he had perhaps read of the real or pretended excava tion by Signor Ghormezano (1787) of a tumulus at the Sigean promontory The minds eve which had conjured up the shattered heaps images a skull of one who kept the world in awe and after moralizing in Hamlet's vein on Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was

And is, despite of Wai and wasting fire, The And years, that bade thy worship to expire

But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow at Its the dread sceptre and dominion dire.

Of men who never felt the sacred glow.

That thoughts of thee and thine on polished breasts bestow.

H

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,'
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that
were."

First in the race that led to Glory's goal,

They won, and passed away—is this the whole?

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!

- 1 Ancunt of days 1 august Athena ! where -[MS D]
- 11 Gone—mingled with the waste —[MS erased]

the humoious catastrophe of decay, the poet concludes with the Pieacher "that there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave" After this profession of unfaith, before he returns to Harold and his pilgrimage, he takes up his parable and curses Elgin and all his works

The passage as a whole suggests the essential difference between painting and poetry. As a composition, it recalls the frontispiece of a seventeenth-century classic. The pictured scene, with its superfluity of accessories, is grotesque enough, but the poetic scenery, inconsequent and yet vivid as a dream, awakens, and fulfills the imagination (11 avels in Albania, by Lord Broughton, 1858, 1 380, ii 128, 129, 138, The Odyssey, Niv 74, sq. See, too, Byron's letters to his mother, April 17, and to H. Drury, May 3, 1810. Letters 1898, 1 262)

The Warner's weapon and the Sophist's stole.

Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower.

Dim with the mist of years gray flits the shade of power.

117

Son of the Morning rise t approach you here.

Come—but molest not you defenceless Urn

Look on this spot—a Nation's sepulchire t

Abode of Gods whose shrines no longer burn

Even Gods must yield—kelizions take their turn

Twas Joves—tis Mahomet's—and other Creeds

Will rise with other years till Man shall learn

Vainly his incense soars his victim bleeds

Poor child of Doubt and Death whose hope is built on

ı١

Bound to the Earth he lifts his eye to Heaven –
Is t not enough Unhappy Thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given
That being thou wouldst be again and go

```
1 - gray fits the Ghost of Por er - [MS D er vial]
11 - those alters cease to lurn - [D]
11 - whose Full is built on reds - [MS D erasel]
```

I [Stole apart from its restricted use as an ecclesiastical vestment is used by Spenser and other poets as an equivalent for any long, and loosely flowing robe but is perhaps unceuritely applied to the short cloak (tribon) the habit of Socrates when he lived and after his death the distinctive dress of the cynics]

Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so 1
On Earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future Joy and Woe?'
Regard and weigh you dust before it flies
That little urn saith more than thousand Homilies

v.

Or burst the vanished Hero's lofty mound,

Far on the solitary shore he sleeps 3.11

He fell, and falling nations mourned around,

But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,

Nor wailike worshipper his vigil keeps

Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell 11 2

Remove you skull from out the scattered heaps

Is that a Temple where a God may dwell?

Why ev'n the Worm at last disdains her shattered cell 1

VΙ

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and poitals foul
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The Dome of Thought, the Palace of the Soul

1 Still wilt thou harp -[MS D erased]

"Reason thus with life If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing That none but fools would keep"]

¹¹ Though 'twas a God, as graver records tell -[MS erased]

I [Compare Shakespeare, Measure for Measure, act msc 1, lines 5-7-

^{2 [}The demigods Erechtheus and Theseus "appeared" at Marathon, and fought side by side with Miltiades (Grote's History of Greece, iv 284)]

Behold through each lack lustre eveless hole The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit 1 And Passion's host that never brooked control Can all Saint Sage or Sophist ever writ People this lonely tower this tenement refit?

VII

Well didst thou speak Athena's wisest son !2 All that we know is nothing can be known Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun? Each hath its pang but feeble sufferers groan With brain born dreams of Evil all their own Pursue what Chance or Tate proclaimeth best Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron

There no forced banquet claims the sated guest But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome Rest

VIII 3

Yet if as holiest men have deemed there be 1 A land of Souls beyond that sable shore

- 1 Frown not upon me clurl sh Priest! that I Look not for Life alere I fe nay never le
- I [Compare Shakespeare Hamlet act v sc 1 passim] " Socrates affirmed that true self knowledge was to know that we know nothing and in his own case he denied any

other knowledge but this confession of ignorance was certainly not meant to be a sceptical denial of all knowledge The idea of knowledge was to him a boundless field in the face of which he could not but be ignorant (Socrates and the Socrate Schools by Dr E Zeller London 1868 p 10)]
3. [Stanzas viii and ix are not in the MS

The expunged lines (see zar 1) carried the Lucretian

To shame the Doctrine of the Sadducee And Sophists, madly vain of dubious lorc, How sweet it were in concert to adore With those who made our mortal labours light! To hear each voice we feared to hear no more! Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight, The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the Right!

11 1

There, Thou !-- whose Love and Life together fled, Have left me here to love and live in vain-

> I am no specier at the phantass, Thou pitiest me, alas! I erry thee, Thou bold Discoveres is an inknown ser Of happy Isles and happ er I er an's there,

tenets of the preceding stanza to their logical conclusion The end is silence, not a reunion with superior souls. But Dallas objected, and it may well be that, in the presence of death, Byron could not "guard his unbelief," or refrain from a renewed questioning of the "Giand Perhaps" Stanza for stanza, the new version is an improvement on the original (See Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron, 1824, p 169 See, too, letters to Hodgson, September 3 and September 13.

1811 Letters, 1898, n 18, 34)

I [Byton forwarded this stanza in a letter to Dillas, dated October 14, 1811, and was careful to add, "I think it proper to state to you, that this stanza alludes to an event which has taken place since my arrival here, and not to the death of any male friend" (Letters, 1898, 11 57) The reference is not to Edleston, as Dallas might have guessed, and as Wright (see Poetical Works, 1891, p 17) believed Again, in a letter to Dallas, dated October 31, 1811 (tbtd, 11 65), he sends "a few stanzas," presumably the lines "To Thyrza," which are dated October 11, 1811, and says that "they refer to the death of one to whose name you are a stranger, and, consequently, cannot be interested (sic) They relate to the same person whom I have mentioned in Canto 2nd, and at

Twined with my heart and can I deem thee dead When busy Memory flashes on my brain?

Well—I will dream that we may meet again And woo the vision to my vacant breast If aught of young Remembrance then remain Be as it may Futurity's behest!

For me twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest!

1

Here let me sit upon this massy stone
The marble column's yet unshaken base
Here son of Saturn' was thy favourite throne
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling place
It may not be nor ev'n can Fancy's eye

I ask thee so to prove a Sudducee
Still dream of Parad se thou know is not here*
Whit his this bity Sin wall in or let the share \{\top\} \text{[US D erased]}
Whateler bende\{\text{Fut rity s lehest}}
Hoveer may le\{\text{Or empt the no sore to sik in sullen yest \top\} \text{[US D]}

Put look upon a seer e that once was fair -{Era et }
Z on holy h ll | lef tho i wo ildst fair y fair -{Frased}

† 1 those which the del of est to rear it infer a in [Frased]

Y thought too well to bid thine error g brother share [D crased]

the conclusion of the premail to follows from this second

the conclusion of the poem It follows from this second statement that we have Byrons authority for connecting stanza ix with stanzas xcv vcvi and inferentially his authority for connecting stanzas ix xcv vcvi with the group of Thyrza poems And there our knowledge ends We must leave the mystery where Byron willed that it should be left All that we know is nothing can be known]

1 The Sadducees did not believe in the Resurrection —

2 [See letter to Dallas October 14 1811]

Restore what Time hath laboured to deface
Yet these proud Pillars claim no passing sigh,
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

11

But who, of all the plunderers of yon Fane 1
On high—where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee
The latest relic of her ancient reign—
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he? 1
Blush, Caledonia 1 such thy son could be 1
England 1 I joy no child he was of thine
Thy free-born men should spare what once was free.
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these alters o'er the long-reluctant brine 51

XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast, 11 2

To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared 61

- 1 The last, the worst dull Robber, who was left
 Blush Scotland such a slave tly son could be—
 England! I joy no child he was of thire
 Thy freeborn men revere what once was free,
 Nor tear the Sculpture from its saddening shrine,
 Nor bear the spoil away athwart the weeping Brine—[MS D crased]
 11 This be the wittel Picts ignoide boast—[MS D]
 To rive what Goth and Tuil, and Time lath spared
- 1 [For note on the "Elgin Marbles," see Introduction to the Curse of Miner va Poetical Works, 1898, 1 453-456]
 2 ["On the plaster wall of the Chapel of Pandrosos adjoining the Erechtheum, these words have been very deeply cut—

Cold and accursed as his native coast -[MS D crase!]

'Quod non fecerunt Goti, Hoc fecerunt Scoti'"

(Travels in Albania, 1858, 1 299) M Darmesteter quotes the original "mot sur les Barberini" ("Quod non fecere

Cold as the crags upon his native coast
His mind as barren and his heart as hard
Is he whose head conceived whose hand prepared
Aught to displace Athenæs poor remains
Her Sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard
Yet felt some portion of their Mother's pains?
And never knew till then the weight of Despot's chains

IIIZ

What shall it e er be said by British tongue Albion was happy in Athena's tears?

1 What! shall it eer be said by Brit sh tongue
Albon t as happy, while Athean movered?
Though in il y name the slave her bosom wrining
Alb on! I would not see thee th's ador sed
With gains thy genero's spirit sloudh have scorned
From Alan'd it neusthed by some monitrous seon
Live Attlia the Him. was surely horned?
Who wrowch the yava e amid works d sine
Oh that Minerias societient thy keen add nomic—[MS D grazed]

What! shall st der be said by British bowne
Alloon was happy in Albena s tears!
If ouch in it y name the slave her boson woring
Let it not whothet in place Europe's ears
The Saw our Q een the fre Britan is a case
The last poor blunder of a bled in lea of
That it e hose exercise ad let mame endour
Thore do hose remain at suth a Harry's I and

Burbar Fecere Barbernn) It may be added that Scotch men are named among the volunteers who joined the Hano vernan mercenaries in the Venetian invasion of Greece in 1886 (See The Curse of Minerae Poetical Works 1898 1 453 note 1 Finlay 8 Hist of Greece v 189)]

I Attila was horned if we may trust contemporary legends and the etchings of his visage in Layater —[MS]

Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wring,
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's cars.

The Ocean Queen, the free Britannia, hears
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land
Yes, she, whose generous aid her name endears,
Tore down those remnants with a Harpy's hand,
Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand;

After stanza xm the MS inserts the two following states.

Come then, ye class of I i we co of each death.

Dark Hamilton's and suller Alie deet.,

Come pifer all tie P legans loves to see,

All that yet consecrates the fare a seen.

Als better were it ye had seen better.

Not ye, not Elgin, not that lesser a little victim sad of vase collecting sphere.

House-furnisher with also entering a latter c's site.

Than ye should bear one stone from averaged Ather c's site.

I [William Richard Hamilton (1777-1859) was the son of Anthony Hamilton, Archdeacon of Colchester, etc., and grandson of Richard Terrick, Bishop of London In 1799, when Lord Elgin was appointed Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, Hamilton accompanied him as private secretary After the battle of Ramassich (Alexandria, March 20, 1801), and the subsequent evacuation of Egypt by the French (August 30, 1801), Hamilton, who had been sent on a diplomatic mission, was successful in recapturing the Rosetta Stone, which, in violation of a specified agreement, had been placed on board a French man-of-war. He was afterwards employed by Elgin as agent plenipotentiary in the purchase, . removal, and deportation of marbles He held office (1809-22) as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and as Minister at the Court of Naples (1822-25) From 1838 to 1858 he was a Trustee of the British Museum He published, in 1809, Egyptiaca, or Some Account of the Ancient and Modern State of Egypt, and, in 1811, his Memor andum on the Subject of the Earl of Elgin's Pursuits in Greece (For Hamilton, see English Bards, etc., line 509 Poetical Works, 1898, i 336, note 2)]

2 Thomas Hope, Esqi, if I mistake not, the man who publishes quartos on furniture and costume

[Thomas Hope (1770-1831) (see Hints from Horace,

XIV

Where was thine Ægis Pallas! that appalled i Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way ? 8 R. Where Peleus son? whom Hell in vain enthralled His shade from Hades upon that dread day Bursting to light in terrible array 1 What | could not Pluto spare the Chief once more To scare a second robber from his prey? Idly he wandered on the Stygian shore Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before

Nυ

Cold is the heart fair Greece! that looks on Their Nor feels as Lovers o er the dust they loved

O will the gentle Dilettanti cre-Now delerate the task to digging Gell That mugl ty I mner of a bird's eve view How like to Nature let his volumes tell Who can with h m tl e folio s limit s cell With all th Author saw or sad he sa u? Who can topo, rapl ize or delie so well? No boaster he nor impudent and raw His pencil pen and spade al ke anthout a flan -[D e as d] Where was thene Ares Godde s - - IMS D erasel]

line 7 Poetical Works 1898 1 390 note 1) published in 1805 a folio volume entitled Household Turniture and Internal Decoration It was severely handled in the Edin

burgh Review (No xx) for July 1807]

I It is rumoured Gell is coming out to dig in Olympia I wish him more success than he had at Athens According to Lusieri's account he began digging most furiously without a firmann but before the resurrection of a single sauce pan the Painter countermined and the Way wode countermanded and sent him back to bookmaking -[MS D]
[See English Bards etc lines 1033 10,4 Poetical Works

1898 1 379 note 1]

Dull is the eye that will not weep to see

Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed

By British hands, which it had best behaved?

To guard those relies ne'er to be restored.—

Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,

And once again thy hapless bosom gored,

And snatched thy shrinking Gods to Northern climes

abhorred!

MI

But where is Harold? shall I then forget

To urge the gloomy Wanderer o'er the wave?

Little recked he of all that Men regret,

No loved-one now in feigned lament could rave,

No friend the parting hand extended gave,

Ere the cold Stranger passed to other climes

Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave

But Harold felt not as in other times,

And left without a sigh the land of War and Crimes

WII

He that has sailed upon the dark blue sea Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair sight,

$[M] = \{ which it had well behovel + [MS D] \}$

I [The Athenians believed, or feigned to believe, that the marbles themselves shrieked out in shaine and agony at their removal from their ancient shrines]

2 [Byron is speaking of his departure from Spain, but he is thinking of his departure from Malta, and his half-hearted amour with Mrs Spencer Smith]

When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be
The white sail set the gallant Frigate tight—
Masts spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious Main expanding o er the bow
The Convoy spread like wild swans in their flight
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now—
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow

HIVY

And oh the little warlike world within!

The well reeved guns the netted canopy **.

The hoarse command, the busy humming din

When at a word the tops are manned on high

Hark to the Boatswain's call the cheering cry!

While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides

Or schoolboy Midshipman that standing by

Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides

And well the docile crew that skilful Urchin guides *

XIX

White is the glassy deck without a stain

Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks

Look on that part which sacred doth remain a

For the lone Chieftain who majestic stalks

Silent and feared by all—not oft he talks

With aught beneath him if he would preserve

^{1 -} that r rurch n gu de -[1/5]
11 Sare on that fart - -[1/5 e as d]

That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks

Conquest and Fame but Britons rarely swerve

From law, however stern, which tends their strength to
nerve'

11

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling galc!

Till the broad Sun withdraws his lessening ray

Then must the Pennant-bearer slacken sail,

That lagging barks may make their lazy way!

Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,

To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!

What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,

Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,

The flapping sail hauled down to halt for logs like these!

IXY

The Moon is up, by Heaven, a lovely eve!

Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand,

Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe "

Such be our fate when we return to land!

1 From Discipline's stern law —[MS]

keen law —[MS D]

their melting girls believe —[MS]

I An additional "misery to human life!"—lying-to at sunset for a large convoy, till the steinmost pass ahead Mem—fine frigate, fair wind likely to change before morning, but enough at present for ten knots!—[MS D]

Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand ¹
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love
A circle there of merry listeners stand
Or to some well known measure featly move
Thoughtless as if on shore they still were free to rove

XXII

Firough Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!

Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays 12

Disclosing rock and slope and forest brown 3

¹ Meantime some ri de musician s restless ha id Ply's the brisk instrument that sailors love —[MS D erased]

n Trough well known straits lehold the steepy shore —
[MS era ed]

t [Compare Coloridge's reflections in his diary for April 19 1804 on entering the Straits of Gibraltar. When I first sat down, with Europe on my left and Africa on my right both distinctly visible. I felt a quickening of the movements in the blood but still felt in as "pleasure of amusement rather than of thought and elevation" and at the same time and gradually winning on the other the nameless silent forms of nature were working in me like a tender thought in a man who is hailed merrily by some acquaintance in his work and answers it in the same tone. (Anima Poetae 189, pp. 79-71)

The moon is in the southern sky as the vessel passes through the Straits consequently the coast of Spain is in light that of Africa in shadow (Childe Harold edited by H F Tozer 1885 p 23-)]

^{3 [}Campbell in GerFride of Wyoming Canto I stanza ii line 6 speaks of forests brown but as Mr Tozer points out brown is Byrons usual epithet for lindscape seen in moonlight (Compare Canto II stanza lex line 3 Parisina 1 10 and Stegg of Coruth, ii 1)

Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase,
But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,
From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down

MILKE

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel

We once have loved, though Love is at an end

The Heart, lone mourner of its baffled real,'

Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend

Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,

When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?

Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,

Death hath but little left him to destroy!

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a

boy?"

VIXY

Thus bending o'ei the vessel's laving side

To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,

The Soul forgets hei schemes of Hope and Pride,

And flies unconscious o'er each backward year,

```
1 Bleeds the lone heart, once boundless in its zeal —[D]
And friendless now, yet dreams it had a friend —[MS]

or, Far from affection's chilled or changing zeal —[MS]
Divided far by fortune, wave or steel
Though friendless now we once have had a friend —

[MS D crased]

11 Ah! happy years! I would I were once more a boy —[MS]

11 To gaze on Dian's wan reflected sphere —[MS D]

12 her dreams of hope and pride —[MS D erased]
```

None are so desolate but something dear i Dearer than self, possesses or possessed A thought and claims the homage of a tear A flashing pang! of which the weary breast Would still albeit in vain the heavy heart divest

XXV I I

To sit on rocks-to muse o er flood and fell-To slowly trace the forest's shady scene

1 None are so wretched but that - [MS D] u T t b [tres tres bien] but a hy insert here -- [MS tenal]

I In this stanza M Darmesteter detects laccent Wordsworthen prior to any doses" as prescribed by Shelley and quotes as a possible model the following lines from Beattie's Minstrel -

And oft the craggy cliff he lov d to climb When all in mist the world below was lost What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast And view th enormous waste of vapour tost In billows lengthening to th horizon round Now scoop d in gulfs with mountains now emboss d! And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound Flocks herds and waterfalls along the hoar profound

In felicity of expression the copy if it be a copy surpasses the original but in the scope and originality of the image it is vastly inferior. Nor are these lines with the possible exception of line 3-

"Where things that own not Man's dominion dwell"

at all Wordsworthian They fail in that imaginative pre cision which the Lake poets regarded as essential and they lack the glamour and passion without which their canons of art would have profited nothing Six years later when Byron came within sound of Wordsworth's voice he struck a new chord-a response not an echo Here the motive is rhetorical, not immediately poetical]

Desolate —[MS pencil]

Where things that own not Man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been,
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,
This is not Solitude—'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores

XXVI

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the World's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,
Minions of Splendour shrinking from distress!

None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered—followed—sought, and sucd,
This is to be alone. This, This is Solitude!"

XXVII 2

More blest the life of godly Eremite, Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,

and foaming linns to lean —[MS D erased]
This is to live alone—This, This is solitude —[MS D]

I [There are none to bless us, for when we are in distress the great, the rich, the gay, shrink from us, and when we are popular and prosperous those who court us care nothing for us apart from our success Neither do they bless us, or we them]

^{2 [}The MS. of stanza xxvii, is on the fly-leaf of a bound

Watching at eve upon the Giant Height
Which looks o er waves so blue skies so serene
That he who there at such an hour hath been
Will wistful linger on that hallowed spot
Then slowly tear him from the witching scene
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot
Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot

XXVIII

Pass we the long unvarying course the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind,
Pass we the calm—the gile—the change—the tack
And each well known caprice of wave and wind
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find
Cooped in their winged sea girt citadel

volume of proof sheets entitled Additions to Childe Harold It was first published in the seventh edition 1814.]

It may be taken for granted that Byron had seen what he describes. There is however no record of any visit to Mount Athos either in his letters from the Γast or in Hobhouses journals.

The actual mount the giant height [63,0 feet] rears itself in solutary magnificence an insulated cone of white limestone. When it is seen from a distance the pennisula [60 which the southern portion rises to a height of \$\infty\$00 feet [5] is below the horizon and the peak rises quite solitary from the sea. Of this effect Byron may have had actual eveerience but Hobhouse in describing the prospect from Cape Jamssary is careful to record that Athos itself is said to be sometimes visible in the utmost distance (cure 90 miles) but it was not discernible during our stay on the spot (Murray's Handbook for Greece p 833 Childe Harold edited by H F Tozer p \$\text{-33}\$ Travels in Albania 1858 in 103 Compare too the fragment entitled the Monk of Albas first published in the Hon Roden Noels Life of Lord Byron 1890 []

The foul the fair the contrary—the kind

As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,

Till on some jocund morn lo, Land! and All is well!

IIIZ

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles, in a

The sister tenants of the middle deep,

There for the weary still a Haven smiles,

Though the fair Goddess long hath ceased to weep,

And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep

For him who dared piefer a mortal bride

Here, too, his boy essayed the dreadful leap

Stern Mentor uiged from high to yonder tide

While thus of both bereft, the Nymph Queen doubly sighed 1

IZZ

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone

But trust not this, too easy Youth, beware!

A mortal Sovereign holds her dangerous throne,

And thou may'st find a new Calypso there

Sweet Florence! 2 could another ever share

This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine

2 [For Mrs Spencer Smith, see Letters, 1898, 1 244, 245, note Mooie (Life, pp 94, 95) contrasts stanzas with their parade of secret indifference and plea of "a

I ["Le sage Mentoi, poussant Télémaque, qui était assis sur le boid du 10cher, le précipite dans le mer et s'y jette avec lui Calypso inconsolable, rentra dans sa grotte, qu'elle remplit de ses huilements"—Fénelon's Télémaque, vi, Paris, 1837, iii 43]

But checked by every tie I may not date

Fo cast a worthless offering at thy shrine

Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine

IXX

Fhus Harold deemed as on that Lady's eye
He looked and met its beam without a thought
Save Admiration glancing harmless by
Love kept aloof albeit not far remote
Who knew his Votary often lost and caught
But knew him as his Worshipper no more
And ne er again the Boy his bosom sought
Since now he vainly urged him to adore
Well deemed the little God his ancient sway was o er

11XXY

Fair Florence found in sooth with some amaze

One who, twas said still sighed to all he saw

Withstand unmoved the lustre of her gaze

Which others hailed with real or mimic awe

Their hope their doom, their punishment their law

All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims

thoughts in Albania (Lines composed during a Thunder Storm etc.) and decides the coldness was real the sentiment assumed. He forgets the flight of time. The lines were written in October 1809 within a month of his departure from Calypsos siles and the Child Harold stannas belong to the early spring of 1810. Ou sont les neiges d'antan? Moreover he speaks by the card. Writing at Athens January 16 1810 he tells us. The spell is broke the charm is.

flown "]

loveless heart with the tenderness and warmth of his after

And much she marvelled that a youth so raw Not felt, nor feigned at least, the oft-told flames, Which though sometimes they frown, yet larely anger dames

HIXXX

Little knew she that seeming marble heart, Now masked in silence or withheld by Pride, Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art, And spread its snaies licentious fai and wide, 1 Not from the base pursuit had turned aside, As long as aught was worthy to pursue But Haiold on such aits no more relied, And had he doted on those eyes so blue, Yet never would be join the lover's whining crew

XXXIV

Not much he kens, I ween, of Woman's breast, Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs,

I [More than one commentator gravely "sets against" this line—Byron's statement to Dallas (Con of Lord Byron, Paris, 1824, iii 91), "I am not a Joseph or a Scipio, but I can safely affirm that never in my life I seduced any woman" Compare Memons of Count Carlo Gozzi, 1890, 11 12, "Never have I employed the iniquitous art of seduction Languishing in soft and thrilling sentiments, I demanded from a woman a sympathy and inclination of like nature with my If she fell I should have remembered how she made for me the greatest of all sacrifices . I should have worshipped her like a deity I could have spent my life's blood in consoling her, and without swearing eternal constancy, I should have been most stable on my side in loving such a mistress "

What careth she for hearts when once possessed?

Do proper homage to thine Idol's eyes
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit though told in moving tropes
Disguise ev'n tenderness if thou art wise
Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes
Pique her and soothe in turn—soon Passion crowns thy
hopes

VXXV

Tis an old lesson.—Fime approves it true

And those who know it best deplore it most

When all is won that all desire to woo

The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost

Youth wasted.—Minds degraded.—Honour lost.—

These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!

If kindly cruel early Hope is crost

Still to the last it rankles a disease

Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to please

Away! nor let me loster in my song

For we have many a mountain path to tread

- 1 Brisk Impudence [US]
 11 Youth wasted w etches born [US erased]
- I [Compare Lucretius ii 11_1-4-Adde quod absumunt viris percuntque labore

Labitur interea res et Babylonica fiunt Languent officia atque ægrotat fima vacillans]

And many a varied shore to sail along, By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led-Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head Imagined in its little schemes of thought, " Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,1 To teach Man what he might be, or he ought If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught

114X/I

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still! Though always changing, in her aspect mild. From her bare bosom let me take my fill, Her never-weaned, though not her favoured child in Oh! she is fairest in her features wild, Where nothing polished dares pollute her path To me by day or night she ever smiled, Though I have marked her when none other hath, And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wiath 2

- 1 Climes strange withal as ever mortal head -[MS]
- 11 Suspected in its little pride of tho ight -[MS crased]
- in Her not unconscious though her weakly child her sudest child -[MS erased]
- I ["Were counselled or advised' The passive "were ared" seems to lack authority (See N Eng Dict, art "Aread")]
- 2 [Compare the description of the thunderstorm in the Alps (Canto III stanzas xc11-xcv1, pp 273-275), and Manfred, act 11 sc 2-
 - "My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe The difficult an of the iced mountain-top-

In them my early strength exulted, or

XXXVIII

Land of Albania 1 where Iskander rose 1

Theme of the young and beacon of the wise

To follow through the night the moving moon The stars and their development or catch The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim

Beattie, who describes the experiences of his own boyhood in the person of I dwin in The Minstrel had already made a like protestation-

> In sooth he was a strange and wayward youth Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene In darkness and in storm he found delight Not less than when on ocean wave serene The Southern sun diffus d his dazzling sheen Luen sad vicissitude amus d his soul

Kirke White too who was almost Byron's contemporary and who e verses he professed to admire-

Would run a visionary boy When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky

This love of Nature in her wilder aspects which was perfectly genuine and indeed meritorious was felt to be out of the common a note of the poetic temperament worth recording but unlikely to pass without questioning and remonstrance I

I [Alexander's mother Olympias was an Epiriote She had a place in the original draft of Tennyson's Palace of Art

(Life of Lord Tennyson 1 119)-

One was Olympias the floating snake Roll d round her ankles, round her waist knotted etc

Plutarch (Vitæ Lipsiæ 1814 vi 170) is responsible for the legend Ωφθη δέ πο και δρά ων μωμένης της Ολ μπ δου ταμ ετω σωμ τ Now one day when Olympias lay abed beside her body a dragon was espied stretched out at full length (Compare too Dryden's Alexander's Feast stanza u 11

[Mr Tozer (Childe Harold p 236) takes this line to mean whom the young love to talk of and the wise to follow as an example and points to Alexander's foresight as a conqueror and the extension of commerce and civili zation which followed his victories But surely the antithesis

And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled focs Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprize Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes"! On thee, thou rugged Nurse of savage men! The Cross descends, thy Minarets arise, And the pale Crescent sparkles in the glen, Through many a cypress-grove within each city's ken.

11111

Childe Harold sailed, and passed the barren spot,1 Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave, "1

lies between Alexander the ideal of the young, and Alexander the deterrent example of the old The phrase, "beacon of the wise," if Hector in Troilus and Cressida (act ii sc 2, line 16) is an authority, is proverbial

> The wound of peace is surety, Surety secure, but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst"

The beauty, the brilliance, the glory of Alexander kindle the enthusiasm of the young, but the murder of Clytus and the early death which he brought upon himself are held up by the wise as beacon-lights to save others from shipwreck]

I [Byron and Hobhouse sailed for Malta in the brig-ofwar Spider on Tuesday, September 19, 1809 (Byron, in a letter to his mother, November 12, says September 21), and anchored off Patras on the night of Sunday, the 21th Tuesday, the 26th, they were under way at 12 noon, and on the evening of that day they saw the sun set over Mesalonghi The next morning, September 27, they were in the channel between Ithaca and the mainland, with Ithaca, then in the hands of the French, to the left "We were close to it," says Hobhouse, "and saw a few shrubs on a brown heathy land, two little towns in the hills scattered among trees"

The travellers made "but little progress this day," and, apparently, having redoubled Cape St Andreas, the southern

And onward viewed the mount not yet forgot the Lover's refuge and the Lesbians grave Dark Sappho 1 could not Verse immortal save That breast imbued with such immortal fire? Could she not live who life eternal gave? If life eternal may await the lyre

That only Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire

ľ

Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve Childe Harold hailed Leucadia's cape afar

extremity of Ithaca they suited (September 8) through the channel between Ithaca and Cephalona passed the hill of Ætios on which stood the so called Castle of Ulysses? whence I enclope my have overlooked the wave and caught sight of the Lover's refuge in the distance Towards the close of the same day they doubled Cape Ducato (Leucadias cape the scene of Supphos leap) and suing under the ancient mount the site of the Temple of Apollo anchored off Prevesa at seven in the evening. I octry and prose are not always in accord. If its Byron says it was an autumns eve when they hailed Leucidias eape far if the evening star shone over therock when they approached it they must have sailed fast to reach Prevesa some thirty miles to the north by seven o clock. But de minims the Muse is as disregardful as the Law. And perhaps after all it was Hobbouse who misread his lo, book. (Travotts in Albania 1 4 5. Mutray's Handbook for Greece pp. 40 46)?

I [The meaning of this passage is not quite so obvious as it seems. He has in his mind the words. He saved others Himself He cannot save and applying this to Sappho asks.

Why did she who conferred immortality on herself by her verse prove herself mortal? Without Fame and without verse the cause and keeper of Fame there is no heaven no immortality for the sons of men. But what security is there for the eternity of verse and Fame? Quis custodiet custodiet?

A spot he longed to see, nor cared to leave Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war, Actium—Lepanto—fatal Trafalgar, 131 Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight (Born beneath some remote inglorious star) 1 In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight, But loathed the biavo's trade, and laughed at martial wight '

NI.

But when he saw the Evening star above Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe, And hailed the last resort of fruitless love, 41 He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow And as the stately vessel glided slow 2 Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount, He watched the billows' melancholy flow, And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont," More placed seemed his eye, and smooth his palled front

XLII

Morn dawns, and with it stern Albania's hills, Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,3

- and looked askance on Mars -[MS crased] n And roused him more from thought than he was wont While Pleasure almost seemed to smooth his palled front -[MS D] While Pleasure almost smiled along -[MS erased]
- I [For By10n's "star" similes, see Canto III stanza lxxxviii line 9]

² [Compare the line in Tennyson's song, Break, break, break, "And the stately ships go on"]
³ [By "Suli's rocks" Byron means the mountainous

Robed half in mist bedewed with snowy rills
Arrayed in many a dun and purple streak
Arise and as the clouds along them break
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer
Here roams the wolf—the eagle whets his beak—
Birds—beasts of prey—and wilder men appear
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year

шлу

Now Harold felt himself at length alone

And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu

Now he adventured on a shore unknown 1

Which all admire but many dread to view

His breast was armed gainst fate his wants were few

Peril he sought not but ne er shrank to meet

The scene was savage but the scene was new

This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet

Beat back keen Winter's blast and welcomed Summer's

VLIV

Here the red Cross for still the Cross is here Though sadly scoffed at by the circumcised

district in the south of the Epirus The district of Suli formed itself into a small republic at the close of the last century and offered a formidable resistance to Ah Pacha Pindus inland peak. Monte Metsovo which forms part of the ridge which divides Epirus from Thessaly is not visible from the sea coast]

I [Shore unknown (See Byron's note to stanza xxxviii

.... 5 /

Forgets that Pride to pumpered priesthood dear, Churchman and Votary alike despised. Foul Superstition! howsou'er disguised, Idol-Saint-Virgin-Prophet-Crescent - Cross-For whatsoever symbol thou art prized, Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss ! Who from true Worship's gold can separate thy dross?

NIV

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost A world for Woman, lovely, harmless thing ! 1 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host Did many a Roman chief and Asian King To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring Look where the second Casar's traphies rose '-' ' Now, like the hands that reared them, withering Imperial Anarchs, doubling human woes to Gop! was thy globe ordained for such to win and lose ?

I [Compare Byron's Stanzas witten on passing the Am-

lovely harmful thing -[115 ferci] n Imperial wretches, doublir g humar evers ! God I was thy globe ere made -[315 casec]

bracian Gulph]
2 [Nicopolis, "the city of victory," which Augustus, "the second Cæsar," built to commemorate Actium, is some five miles to the north of Prevesa Byron and Hobbouse visited the ruins on the 30th of September, and again on the 12th of November (see Byron's letter to Mrs Byron, November 12, 1809 Letters, 1898, 1 251)]

VI.VI

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime Ev n to the centre of Illyna s vales Childe Harold passed o er many a mount sublime Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales Are rarely seen nor can fair Tempe boast A charm they know not loved Parnassus fails Though classic ground and consecrated most To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast

HVIY

And left the primal city of the land And onwards did his further journey take 1 To greet Albania's Chief, whose dread command sn Is lawless law for with a bloody hand He sways a nation turbulent and bold Yet here and there some daring mountain band Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold Hurl their defiance far nor yield unless to gold 9

He passed bleak Pindus Acherusia s lake 7

XI.VIII

Monastic Zitza! from thy shady brow 20.E. Thou small but favoured spot of holy ground !

11 .10V

I [The travellers left Prevesa on October 1 and arrived at Janina on October 5 They left Janina on October 11 and reached Zitza at nightfall (Byron at 3 a m October 12) They left Zitza on October 13 and arrived at Tepeleni on October 19]

• [On the evening of October 11 as the party was

Where'er we gaze—around—above—below, What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found ' Rock, niver, forest, mountain, all abound, And bluest skies that harmonise the whole Beneath, the distant Torrent's rushing sound Tells where the volumed Cataract doth roll Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul

VIIV

Amidst the grove that crowns you tufted hill Which, were it not for many a mountain night Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still, Might well itself be deemed of dignity, The Convent's white walls glisten fair on high Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he," ' Nor niggard of his cheer, 1 the passer by Is welcome still, nor heedless will be flee From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see

approaching Zitza, Hobhouse and the Albiman, Vasilly, rode on, leaving "Lord Byron and the baggage behind ' It was getting dark, and just as the luckier Hobhouse contrived to make his way to the village, the rain began to fall in torrents Before long, "the thunder roared as it seemed without any intermission, for the echoes of one peal had not ceased to roll in the mountains before another crash burst over our heads" Byron, dragoman, and baggage were not three miles from Zitza when the storm began, and they lost their way After many wanderings and adventures they were finally conducted by ten men with pine torches to the hut, but by that time it was three o'clock in the morning Hence the "Stanzas composed during a Thunderstorm '-Hobhouse's Travels in Albania, 1 69-71.] I ["The prior of the monastery, a humble, meek-mannered т.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest

Fresh is the green beneath those aged trices

Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast '

From Heaven itself he may inhale the breeze

The plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize

Pure pleasure while he can, the scorching ray

Here pierceth not impregnate with disease

Then let his length the lottering pilgrim lay

And gaze untired the Morn—the Noon—the Eve away

1.1

Dusky and huge enlarging on the sight
Nature's volcaine Amphitheatre * **
Chimera's Alps extend from left to right
Beneath a living valley seems to stir
Flocks play, trees wave streams flow the mountain fir
Nodding above, behold black Acheron **
Once consecrated to the sepulchre
Pluto *! if this be Hell I look upon
Close shamed Elysium's gates my shade shall seck for

Close shamed Elysum's gates my shide shall seck for none

1 Here unnds if winds there be still fan 1 treast — [MS D erased] 11 Keep Heasen for better souls my shade shall seek for not e — [MS erased]

man entertained us in a warm chamber with grapes and a pleasant white wine We were so well pleased with every thing about us that we agreed to lodge with him —Hob house s 11 toels in 416ant 1 7,3

111.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view,

Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,

Veiled by the screen of hills—here men are few,

Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot

But, peering down each precipice, the goat i

Browseth, and, pensive o'er his scattered flock,

The little shepherd in his white capote

Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,

Or in his cave awaits the Tempest's short-lived shock i

1111

Oh! where, Dodona!! is thine agéd Grove.

Prophetic Fount, and Oracle divine?

1 But frequent is the lamb, the hat the cold— And watching pensive with his browning feel —[MS entred] 11 Counting the hours beneath you shies unering stock— [MS encred]

I [The site of Dodona, a spot "at the foot of Mount Iomaros" (Mount Olytsika) in the valley of Icharacovista, was finally determined, in 1876, by excavations carried out. at his own expense, by M. Constantin Carapanos, a native of Arta In his monograph, Dodone et ses Riines (Paris, 1878, 4to), M Carapanos gives a detailed description of the theatre, the twofold Temenos (I L'Enceinte du Temple II Téménos, pp 13-28), including the Lemple of Zeus and a sanctuary of Aphrodite, and of the numerous ex ruto offerings and inscriptions on lead which were brought to light during the excavations, and helped to identify the ruins accompanying folio volume of plates contains (Planches, 1, 11) a map of the valley of Tcharacovista, and a lithograph of Mount Tomaros, "d'un aspect majestueux et pittoresque un roc nu sillonné par le lit de nombreux torrents? (p 8) Behind Dodona, on the summit of the many-named

(p 8) Behind Dodona, on the summit of the many-named chain of hills which confronts Mount Tomaros, are "bouquets de chêne," sprung it may be from the offspring of the προσήγοσοι δρύες (Asch, Prom, 833), the "talking oaks,

What valley echoed the response of Jove? What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine? All, all forgotten-and shall Man repine That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke? 1 Cease, Fool! the fate of Gods may well be thine Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak? When nations tongues and worlds must sink beneath the stroke!

I.IV

Epirus bounds recede and mountains fail Tired of up-gazing still the wearied eye

which declared the will of Zeus For the prophetic fount (line ?) Servius commenting on Virgil Eneid in 41-66 seems to be the authority Circa hoc templum quercus immunis fuisse dicitur ex cujus radicibus fons manebat qui suo murmure instinctu Deorum diversis oracula reddebat (Virgilii Opera Leovardiæ 1717 1 548)

Byron and Hobhouse on one of their excursions from Januar explored and admired the ruins of the amphi theatre" but knew not that here and nowhere else was

Dodona (Tra els in Albania i 53-56)]
I [The sentiment that man whose breath is in his nos trils should consider the impermanence of all that is stable and durable before he cries out upon his own mortality may have been drawn immediately from the famous letter of con solution sent by Sulpitius Severus to Licero which Byron quotes in a note to Canto IV stanza aliv or in the first instance from Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata xv 20-

> Giace l'alta Cartago appena i segni Dell alte sue rumi il lido serba Muojono le città muojono i regni Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba L l'uom d'esser mortal par cue si sdegni!

Compare too Addison's Reflections in Westminster Abbey Spectator No 6]

2 [The six days journey from Zitza to Tepelem is com pressed into a single stanza The vale (line 3) may be that of

Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale As ever Spring yelad in grassy dye 1 Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie, Where some bold river breaks the long expanse, And woods along the banks are waving high, Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance, Or with the moonbeam sleep in Midnight's solemn trance

IV

The Sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit," 1 And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by, "" The shades of wonted night were gathering yet, When, down the steep banks winding warrly, Childe Haiold saw, like meteors in the sky,2 The glittering minaiets of Tepalen, Whose walls o'erlook the stream, and drawing nigh, He heard the busy hum of warrior-men Swelling the breeze that sighed along the lengthening glen

the Kalama, through which the travellers passed (October 13) soon after leaving Zitza, or, more probably, the plain of Deropoli ("well-cultivated, divided by rails and low hedges and having a river flowing through it to the south "), which they crossed (October 15) on their way from Delvinaki the

frontier village of Illyiia, to Libokhovo]

I ["Yclad," used as a pretente, not a participle (compare Coleridge's "I wis" [Chi istabel, part 1 line 92]), is a Byronism-"archaisme incorrect," says M Darmestetei

2 ["During the fast of the Ramazan, the gallery of each minaret is decorated with a circlet of small lamps. When seen from a distance, each minaret presents a point of light, 'like meteors in the sky,' and in a large city, where they

T.V.T

He passed the sacred Haram's silent tower

And underneath the wide o erarching gate

Surveyed the dwelling of this Chief of power

Where all around proclaimed his high estate

Amidst no common pomp the Despot sate

While busy preparation shook the court

Slaves eunuchs soldiers guests and santons 1 wait

Within a palace and without, a fort

Here men of every clime appear to make resort

LVII

Richly caparisoned a ready row

Of arméd horse and many a warlike store

Circled the wide extending court below

Above strange groups adorned the corridore

And oft times through the area s echoing door

Some high capped Tartar spurred his steed away

The Turk—the Greek—the Albanian—and the Moor

Here mingled in their many hied array

While the deep war drums sound announced the close

of day

1 — grests and assals wait -[MS era ed]

1 While the deep Toesn's so id — -[AIS Declared]

The numerous they resemble a swarm of fireficts —H F

Tozer (Compare The Giaour 1 449 45 —
When Rhamazın 5 last sun was set
And flashing from each minaret
Millions of lamps proclaimed the feast
Of Bairam through the boundless East)]

I [A kind of dervish or recluse regarded as a sunt —Cent Dict art Santon]

IVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his I nee,

With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,

And gold-embroidered garments, fair to see,

The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon,

The Delhi with his cap of terror on,

And crooked glaive—the lively, supple Greek

And swarthy Nubra's mutilated son

The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,

Master of all around, too potent to be meck,

LIN

Are mixed conspicuous—some recline in groups,
Scanning the motley scene that varies round.

There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are found.

I "We were disturbed during the night by the perpetual carousal which seemed to be kept up in the gallery, and by the drum, and the voice of the 'muezzinn,' or chanter, calling the Turks to prayers from the minaret of the mosek attached to the palace. This chanter was a boy, and he sang out his hymn is a sort of loud melancholy recitative. He was a long time repeating the Eraun The first exclamation was repeated four times, the remaining words twice, and the long and piercing note in which he concluded his confession of faith, by twice crying out the word 'hou!' ['At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"' Giaour, 1 734] still rings in my ears '-Hobhouse's Travels in Albania, 1 95 D'Ohsonn gives the Eraun at full length "Most high God! [four times repeated] I acknowledge that there is no other God except God! I acknowledge that there is no other God except God! I acknowledge that Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer! Come to prayer! Come to the temple of salvation! Come to the temple of salvation! Great God! great God! There is no God except God!"-Oruntal Antiquities (Philadelphia, 1788), p 341]

Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate Hark! from the Mosque the nightly solemn sound The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret There is no god but God !--to prayer--lo! God is great

L١

Just at this season Ramazani s fast 1 Through the long day its penance did maintain But when the lingering twilight hour was past Revel and feast assumed the rule again Now all was bustle, and the menial train Prepared and spread the plenteous board within. The vacant Gallery now seemed made in vain But from the chambers came the mingling din As page and slave anon were passing out and in

2 The feast was spread within the courtyard part furthest from the dwelling and when the revelry began the immense large gallery or corridor which ran along the front of the palace and was open on one side to the court Opening into the gallery were the doors of was deserted several apartments and as the servents passed in and out the travellers standing in the courtyard could hear the sound

of voices - Travels in Albania 1 93]

I The Ramazan or Turkish Lent which as it occurs in each of the thirteen months in succession fell this year in Although during this month the strictest October abstinence even from tobacco and coffee is observed in the daytime yet with the setting of the sun the feasting com mences — Fravels in Albania 1 66 The Ramadan or Rhamazan is the ninth month of the Mohammedan year As the Mohammedans reckon by lunar time it begins each year eleven days earlier than in the preceding year so that in thirty three years it occurs successively in all the seasons -Imp Dictionars

$L \setminus I$

Here woman's voice is never heard—apart,

And scarce permitted, guarded, veiled, to move,

She yields to one her person and her heart,

Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove

For, not unhappy in her Master's love,

And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,

Blest cares! all other feelings far above!

Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears

Who never quits the breast—no meaner passion shares.

LXII

In maible-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
Ali reclined, a man of war and woes
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that agéd venerable face,
The deeds that link beneath, and stain him with disgrace

¹ even for health to move —[AIS]
She saves for one —[MS erased]
11 For boyish minions of inhallowed love
The shameless torch of wild desire is lit,
Caressed, preferred even to woman's self above,
Whose forms for Nature's gentler errors fit
All frailties mote excuse save that which they commit —
[MS D crased]

I [For an account of Ali Pasha (1741-1822), see Letters, 1898, 1 246, note]
2 [In a letter to his mother, November 12, 1809, Byron

LXIII

It is not that you heary lengthening beard Ill suits the passions which belong to Youth Love conquers Age-so Hafiz bath averr'd So sings the Teian and he sings in sooth !-But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth Beseeming all men ill but most the man

Delights to mis gle with the l ps of south -[MS D erused] 11 But its those neer forcotten acts of rit! - MS D1

He [Ali] said he was certain I was a man of birth because I had small cars curling hair and little white hands He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in

Turkey and said he looked on me as his son Indeed he treated me like a child sending me almonds and sugared sherbet fruit and sweetmeats twenty times a day Many years after in the first letter On Bowles' Strictures February 7 18_1 he introduces a reminiscence of Ali I never judge from manners for I once had my pocket picked by the persons I ever saw was Ali Pasha (Life p 689)]
I [Anacreon sometimes bewalls but more often defies old

age (Vide Carmina liv xi xxxiv)

The paraphrase Tean Muse recurs in the song The

Isles of Greece Don Juan Canto III]

In the first edition the reading (see ar 11) is But crimes those neer forgotten crimes of ruth The mistake was pointed out in the Quarterly Persew (March 1812

No 13 vol vu p 193)

But in Spenser ruth" means sorrow as well as pity and three weeks after Childe Hareld was published Ali com mitted a terrible crime the outcome of an early grief. On March 7 181 in revenge for wrongs done to his mother and sister nearly thirty years before he caused 670 Gard hikiots to be massacred in the khan of Valiare and followed up the act of treachery by sacking plundering and burning the town of Gardiki and in direct violation of the Mohammedan law carrying off and reducing to slavery the women and children - Finlay's Hist of Greece (edited by Rev H F Tozer 1877) vi 67 68]

In years, have marked him with a tiger's tooth,
Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began 1.1

LXIV

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye "

The Pilgim iested here his weary feet,
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,

Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise
And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet.

But Peace abhorieth artificial joys,
And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroys

- 1 Those who in blood begin in blood conclude their span —
 [MS erased]
- n Childe Harold with that chief held colloging
 Yet what they spake it boots not to repeat,
 Converse may little charm strange ear or eye,
 Albeit he rested on that spacious seat,
 Of Moslem luxury the choice retreat —[MS D erased]
 Four days he rested on that worthy seat —[MS crased]
- I [This was prophetic "On the 5th of February, 1822, a meeting took place between Ali and Mohammed Pasha When Mohammed rose to depart, the two viziers, being of equal rank, moved together towards the door —As they parted Ali bowed low to his visitor, and Mohammed, seizing the moment when the watchful eye of the old man was turned away, drew his hanjar, and plunged it in Ali's heart —He walked on calmly to the gallery, and said to the attendants, 'Ali of Tepalen is dead' —The head of Ali was exposed at the gate of the serai"—Finlay's Hist of Giecce, 1877, vi 94, 95]

LV

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of War endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure.
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed
Unshaken rushing on where er their Chief may lead

LXVI

Childe Harold saw them in their Chiefran's tower
Thronging to War in splendour and success
And after viewed them, when within their power
Himself awhile the victim of distress
I hat saddening hour when bad men hother press
But these did shelter him beneath their roof
When less barbarians would have cheered him less
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—7
In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the

LXVII

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark Full on the coast of Suli s shaggy shore ¹

t [The travellers left Janina on November 3 and reached Prevesa November 7 At midday November 9 they set sail When all around was desolate and dark,
To land was perilous, to sojourn more,
Yet for awhile the mariners forbore,
Dubrous to trust where Treachery might lunk
At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore
That those who loathe alike the Frank and Tunk
Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work

LXVIII

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretched the welcome hand,

Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp

Kinder than polished slaves though not so bland,

And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,

for Patras in a galliot of Ali's, "a vessel of about fifty tons burden, with three short masts and a large lateen sail" Instead of doubling Cape Ducato, they were driven out to sea northward, and, finally, at one o clock in the morning, anchored off the Poit of Phanaii on the Suliote coast Towards the evening of the next day (November 10) they landed in "the marshy bay" (stanza laviii line 2) and rode to Volondorako, where they slept "Herethey were well received by the Albanian primate of the place and by the Vizier's soldiers quartered there" Instead of re-embarking in the galliot, they returned to Prevesa by land (November 11) As the country to the north of the Gulf of Arta was up in arms, and bodies of robbeis were abroad, they procured an escort of thirty-seven Albanians, hired another galliot, and on Monday, the 13th, sailed across the entrance of the gulf as far as the fortress of Vonitsa, where they anchored for the night By four o'clock in the afternoon of November 14 they reached Utraikey or Lutraki, "situated in a deep bay surrounded with rocks at the south-east corner of the Gulf of Arta" The courtyard of a barrack on the shore is the scene of the song and dance (stanzas lav-lau) Here, in the original MS, the pilgrimage abruptly ends, and in the remaining stanzas the Childe moralizes on the fallen fortunes and vanished heroism of Greece - Travels in Albania, 1 157-165]

And filled the bowl and trimmed the cheerful lamp
And spread their fare though homely all they had
Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp
To rest the weary and to soothe the sad

Fo rest the weary and to soothe the sad

Doth lesson happier men and shames at least the had

L/IX

It came to pass that when he did address
Himself to quit at length this mountain land
Combined marauders half way barred egress
And wasted far and near with glaive and brand
And therefore did he take a trusty band
Fo traverse Acamanias forest wide
In war well seasoned and with labours tanned
Till he did greet white Achelous tide
And from his further bank Ætolias wolds espied 1

LXX

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove And weary waves retire to gleam at rest

I [The route from Utrailey to Gouria (November 15-18) lay through thick woods of oal, with occasional peeps of the open cultivated district of Ætolia on the further side of the Aspropotamo white Achelous tide The Albanian guard was not dismissed until the travellers reached Mesolonghi (November _1)]
[With this description Mr Tozer compares Virgil Æneld

[[]With this description Mr. Tozer compares Virgil Æncid 1 159-16, and Fasso's imitation in Gerus Lib canto w stimus 4 43. The following lines from Hoole's translation (Ferusalem Delivered bl., vi. lines 310-311-317-318) may be

How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,

Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,

As winds come lightly whispering from the West,

Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serenc—

Here Harold was received a welcome guest,

Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,

For many a joy could be from Night's soft presence glean

IXXI

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,
The feast was done, the red wine circling fast, 271
And he that unawares had there ygazed
With gaping wonderment had stared aghast
For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,
The native revels of the troop began,
Each Palikar his sabre from him cast, 291
And bounding hand in hand, man linked to man,
Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled
clan 1

[&]quot;Amidst these isles a lone recess is found,
Where circling shores the subject flood resound
Within the waves repose in peace serene
Black forests nod above, a silvan scene!"]

I ["In the evening the gates were secured, and preparations were made for feeding our Albanians A goat was killed and roasted whole, and four fires were kindled in the yard, round which the soldiers scated themselves in parties. After eating and drinking, the greater part of them assembled round the largest of the fires, and, whilst ourselves and the elders of the party were seated on the ground, danced round the blaze to their own songs, in the manner before described, but with

LXXII

Childe Harold at a little distance stood

And viewed but not displeased the revelue

Nor hated harmless mirth however rude

In sooth it was no vulgar sight to see

Their barbarous yet their not indecent glee

And as the flames along their faces gleamed

Their gestures nimble dark eyes flashing free,

The long wild locks that to their girdles streamed

While thus in concert they this lay half sang half

screamed —1 354

astonishing energy All their songs were relations of some robbing exploits. One of them began thus. When we set out from Parga there were sixty of us? then came the burden of the verse-

Robbers all at Parga †
Robbers all at Parga †
Κλ φτε ς ποτ Πάργ †
Κλ φτ ις πο Πάργα †

And as they roared out this stave they whirled round the fire dropped and rebounded from their knees and again whirled round as 1 octoris was again repeated — Travels in Albana 1 166 16, 1

in Atomia 1 to 10) It Is a some some some and albaman war song At Salakhora on the Gulf of Arta (nune miles north east of Prevesa) which be reached on October 1 the Albaman guard at the custom house entertained the travellers by

guard at the custom house entertained the travelers by singing some songs. 'The music is extremely monotonous and nasal and the shrill scream of their voices was increased by each putting his hand behind his ear and cheek to give more force to the sound. — Travels in Albania 1.8

Long afterwards in 1816 one evening on the Lake of Geneva Byron entertained Shelley Mary and Claire with an Albanian song They seem to have felt that such melodies 'unheard are sweeter Hence perhaps his petit nom Albè that is the Albaneser —Life of Shelle; by Edward Dowden 1806 p 309]

1

TAMBOURGI 11 Tambourgi 1 thy larum afar 1 711 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war. All the Sons of the mountains arise at the note, Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote'

2

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote, In his snowy camese 2 and his shaggy capote? To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock, And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock

3

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive in The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live? Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego? What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

> thy tocsin afar -[MS D erased] 11 Shall the sons of Chimara

I [Tambourgi, "drummei," a Turkish word, formed by affixing the termination -gi, which signifies "one who discharges any occupation," to the French tambour (II F Torer, Childe Harold, p 246)]

2 [The camese is the fustancila or white kilt of the Toska,

a branch of the Albanian, or Shkipetar, race Spenser has the forms "camis," "camus" The Arabic quantity occurs in the Koran, but is thought to be an adaptation of the Latin camisia, camisa—Finlay's Hist of Greece, vi 39, N Eng Dict, art "Camis" (For "capote," vide post, p 181)]

3 [The Suliotes, after a piotracted and often successful

resistance, were finally reduced by Alı, in December, 1803

.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race

For a time they abandon the cave and the chase

But those scarfs of blood red shall be redder before

The sabre is sheathed and the battle is our

5

Then the Pirates of Pargu that dwell by the waves And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar And track to his covert the captive on shore

6

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply

My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy,

Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair ^L

And many a maid from her mother shall tear

7

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth '
Her caresses shall lull me her music shall soothe "".
Let her bring from the chamber her many toned lyre
And sing us a song on the fall of her Sire

They are adjured to forget their natural desire for vengeance and to unite with the Albanians against their common foe the Russians l

¹ Stall 1 : the 30 ing 1 in to is - - [MS D]
11 - the mad a id the 3 outh - [MS]

in The rearesses shall lull us their vo ces shall soothe —

[MS D erased]

8

Remember the moment when Previsa fell, 1 2 1

The shricks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell,

The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,

The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we spared

9

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fcar,
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier
Since the days of our Prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw

10

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,²
Let the yellow-haired ³ Giaours ⁴ view his horse-tail ⁵
with dread,

I [So, too, at Salakhora (October 1) "One of the songs was on the taking of Prevesa, an exploit of which the Albanians are vastly proud, and there was scarcely one of them in which the name of Ah Pasha was not roared out and dwelt upon with peculiar energy"—Travels in Albania, 1 29 Prevesa, which, with other Venetian possessions, had fallen

Prevesa, which, with other Venetian possessions, had fallen to the French in 1797, was taken in the Sultan's name by Ali, in October, 1798 The troops in the garrison (300 French, 460 Greeks) encountered and were overwhelmed by 5000 Albanians, on the plain of Nicopolis The victors entered and sacked the town 1

- 2 [Ali's eldest son, Mukhtar, the Pasha of Berat, had been sent against the Russians, who, in 1809, invaded the trans-Danubian provinces of the Ottoman Empire]
 - 3 Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians
 - 4 Infidel
 - 5 The insignia of a Pacha.

When his Delhis ¹ come dashing in blood o er the banks How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

11

Selictar! 2 unsheathe then our chief's Scimitar Tambourgi! thy larum gives promise of War Ye Mountains that see us descend to the shore Shall year us as Victors or view us no more!

Fair Greece 1 sad relic of departed Worth 133

LXXIII

Immortal, though no more, though fallen great!

Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth

And long accustomed bondage uncreate?

Not such thy sons who whilome did await,

The helpless warriors of a willing doom

In bleak Thermopylæs sepulchral strait—

Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume

Leap from Eurotas banks and call thee from the tomb?

¹ Tambou gi! thy tocs n - [MS D erased]

I [The literal meaning of Delhi or Deli is says M Darmesteter fou [properly madmen (D Herbelot)] a title bestowed on Turkish warriors honoris causa Byron suggests forlorn hope as an equivalent but there is a wide difference between the blood drunkenness of the Turk and the foolishness of Bruish chivalry]

Sword bearer
3 [Compare The Isles of Greece stanza 7 (Don Juan,
Canto III)—

Earth! render back from out thy heart A remnant of our Spartan dead! Of the three hundred grant but three To make a new Thermopylæ!

LYXIA

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow 31

Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,

Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now

Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?

Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,

But every carle can lord it o'er thy land,

Nor use thy sons, but idly rail in vain,

Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,

From birth till death enslaved, in word, in deed,

unmanned'

$I \lambda \lambda V$

In all save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!"
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heirtage
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page

The meaning is, "When shall another Lysander spring from Laconia ('Eurotas' banks') and revive the heroism of the ancient Spaitans?"]

¹ A fawning feeble race, untaught, enslaved, unmanned —
[MS crased]
11 fair Liberty —[MS crased, D]

LXXVI

Hereditary Bondsmen! know ye not

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?

By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?!

Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!

True—they may lay your proud despoilers low
But not for you will Freedom's Altars flame
Shades of the Helots! triumph o er your foe!

Greece! change thy lords thy state is still the same
Thy clorious day is o'er but not thine years of shame

LXXVII

The caty won for Allah from the Giaour

The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest

And the Serai's impenetrable tower

Receive the fiery Frank her former guest as

Or Wahab's rebel brood who dared divest

The Prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil as

May wind their path of blood along the West

But ne er will Freedom seek this fated soil

But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil

I [Compare Fike Age of Bron e vi lines 39-46]
2 [The Wahabees who took their name from the Arab sheik Mohammed ben Abd el Wahab arose in the province of Nedj in Central Arabia about 1760. Half socialists half puritais they insisted on fulfilling to the letter the precepts of the koran. In 1803-4, they attacked and ravaged Mecca and Medinah and in 1803 they invaded Syria and took Damascus. During Byron's residence in the East they were at the height of their power and seemed to threaten the very evistence of the Turkish empire.]

LNXVIII

Yet mark their mirth—ere Lenten days begin,
That penance which their holy rites prepare
To shrive from Man his weight of mortal sin,
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer.
But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
To take of pleasaunce each his secret share.
In motley tobe to dance at masking ball,
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival

12212

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,
Oh Stamboul! once the Empress of their reign?
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain
(Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!)
Gay were her ministrels once, for free her throng,
All felt the common joy they now must feign,
Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
As wooed the eye, and thrilled the Bosphorus along

I [Byron spent two months in Constantinople (Stamboul $t \in \epsilon is \tau h \nu \pi \delta \lambda \iota \nu$)—from May 14 to July 14, 1810 The "Lenten days," which were ushered in by a carnival, were those of the second "great" Lent of the Greek Church, that of St Peter and St Paul, which begins on the first Monday after Trinity, and ends on the 29th of June]



LXXXII

But, midst the thiong in merry masquerade,

Luik there no hearts that throb with secret pain,

Even through the closest searment 1 half betrayed?

To such the gentle murmurs of the main

Seem to 1e-echo all they mourn in vain,

To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd

Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain

How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,

And long to change the 10be of 1evel for the shroud!

LXXXIII

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,

If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast

Not such as plate of Wai, but skulk in Peace,

The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,

Yet with smooth smile his Tyrant can accost,

And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword

Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee

most

Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record ² Of hero Siles, who shame thy now degenerate horde!

I [It has been assumed that "seaiment" is an incorrect form of "cerement," the cloth dipped "in melting wax, in which dead bodies were enfolded when embalmed" (Hamlet, act 1 sc 4), but the sense of the passage seems rather to point to "cerecloth," "searcloth," a plaster to cover up a wound The "robe of revel" does but half conceal the sore and aching heart]

LYXXIV

When riseth Lacedemon's Hardshood
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again
When Athens children are with hearts endued
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men
Then may at thou be restored, but not till then
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state
An hour may lay it in the dust and when
Can Man its shattered splendour renovate
Recall its virtues back and vanquish Time and Tate?

LXXXV

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe

Land of lost Gods and godlike men art thou!

Fhy vales of evergreen thy hills of snow?

Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now

Thy fanes thy temples to thy surface bow

Commingling slowly with heroic earth,

Broke by the share of every rustic plough

So perish monuments of mortal birth

So perish all in turn save well recorded Worth?

- 1 When Athens of Idren are with arts end ed -[MS D]
- 2 [For the accentuation of the word compare Chaucer The Sompnour's Tale (Canterbury Tales line 7631)—

And dronkennesse is eke a foul record Of any man and namely of a lord]

3 [Compare Ecclus viv 8 9 There be of them that have left a name behind them that their praises might be reported And some there be which have no memorial who are perished as though they had never been]

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column 1 mourns Above its prostrate brethren of the cave, 321 Save where Tritonia's 2 airy shrine adorns Colonna's cliff,3 and gleams along the wave, Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave, Where the gray stones and unmolested grass Ages, but not Oblivion, feebly brave, While strangers, only, not regardless pass, Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas 1"

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild, Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,

I [The "solitary column" may be that on the shore of the harbour of Colonna, in the island of Kythnos (Thermia), or

one of the detached columns of the Olympeion]

2 [Tritonia, or Tritogenia, one of Athena's names of uncertain origin Hofmann's Lexicon Universale, Tooke's Pantheon, and Smith's Classical Dictionary are much in the same tale Lucan (*Pharsalia*, lib in lines 350-354) derives the epithet from Lake Triton, or Tritonis, on the Mediterianean coast of Libya-

- "Hanc et Pallas amat patrio quæ vertice nata Terrarum primum Libyen (nam provima cœlo est. Ut probat ipse calor) tetigit, stagnique quictà Vultus vidit aquâ, posuitque in margine plantas, Et se dilectâ Tritonida dixit ab undâ "]
- 3 [Hobhouse dates the first visit to Cape Colonna, January 24, 1810]

Thine olive tipe as when Minerva 1 smiled And still his homed wealth Hymettus yields There the blithe Bee his fragrant fortress builds The free born wanderer of thy mountain air Apollo still thy long long summer gilds Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare i Art Glory Freedom fail but Nature still is fair

LXXXXIII 3

Where er we tread tis haunted holy ground No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould But one vast realm of Wonder spreads around And all the Muses tales seem truly told Till the sense aches with gazing to behold The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon Each hill and dale each deepening glen and wold Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone Age shakes Athenes tower, but spares gray Marathon 4

1 --- Pentele's marbles glare -[MS D erased]

I [Athené's dower of the olive induced the gods to appoint her as the protector and name giver of Athens Poseidon who had proffered a horse was a rejected candidate (See note by Rev E C Owen Childe Harold 1897 p 175)]
? [The wild thyme is in great abundance but there are

only two stands of bee hives on the mountains and very little
of the real honey of Hymettus is to be now procured at
Athens A small pot of it was shown to me as a rarity (Travels in Albania 1 341) There is now a little way out of Athens a honey farm where the honey from Hymettus is prepared for sale (Handbook for Greece p 500)]

3 [Stanzas | Executin = xc are not in the MS but were first

included in the seventh edition 1814]

4 [Byron and Hobhouse after visiting Colonna slept at Keratea and proceeded to Marathon on January 25 return ing to Athens on the following day]

And scarce regret the region of his birth,

When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,

Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died 1

∠CIII

Let such approach this consecrated Land,
And pass in peace along the magic waste
But spare its relics—let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already how defaced!
Not for such purpose were these altars placed
Revere the remnants Nations once revered
So may our Country's name be undisgraced,
So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was reared,
By every honest joy of Love and Life endeared!

\CIV

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
Hast soothed thine Idlesse with inglorious lays.
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
Of louder Minstrels in these later days
To such resign the strife for fading Bays
Ill may such contest now the spirit move
Which heeds nor keen Reproach nor partial Praise,'
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve
And none are left to please when none are left to love

¹ Which heeds not stern reproach —[D]
I [The original MS closes with this stanza.]

XCV

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!

Whom Youth and Youth's affections bound to me.

Who did for me what none beside have done.

Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.

What is my Being! thou hast ceased to be!

Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home.

Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—

Would they had never been, or were to come!

Would he had ne er returned to find fresh cause to roam!

XCVI

Oh! ever loving lovely and beloved!

How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past
And clings to thoughts now better far removed!

But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last!

All thou couldst have of mine stern Death! thou hast
The Parent Triend and now the more than Triend
Ne er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast?

And grief with grief continuing still to blend
Hath snatched the little joy that Life had yet to lend

1 Would I had noter returnet ———[D]
11 But Time the Comforter stall come at last —[MS erased]
1 To Mr Dallas
1 The he refers to Wanderer and anything is better than IIII always I
1 Yours

[4th Revise B M]

[Compare Young s Night Thoughts (The Complunt Night) Vide ante p 9,]

VOL II

NOVII

Then must I plunge again into the crowd, And follow all that Peace disdains to seek? Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud, False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek, To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak, Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer, To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique Smiles form the channel of a future tear, Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer

XCVIII

What is the worst of woes that wait on Age? What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow? To view each loved one blotted from Life's page, And be alone on earth, as I am now Before the Chastener humbly let me bow, O'er Hearts divided and o'er Hopes destroyed Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow, Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoyed, And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloyed

"If Mr D wishes me to adopt the former line so be it I prefer the other I confess, it has less egotism—the first sounds affected

"Yours,

[Dallas assented, and directed the printer to let the Roll stand 1

[Note.—The MS closes with stanza \cii Stanzas xciii -

¹ Though Time not yet hath ting'd my locks with snow,1 Yet hath he reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd -[D] "To Mr Dallas



NOTES

TO

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

CANTO II

ľ

Despite of War and wasting fire Stanza i line 4

PARI of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege

[In 1684 when the Venetian Armada threatened Athens the Turks removed the Temple of Victory and made use of the materials for the construction of a bastion. In the autumn of 1687 when the city was besieged by the Venetians under Francesco Morosini (1618–1694. Doge of Venice 1688) mortars were planted. near the north east corner of the

rock, which threw their shells at a high angle with a low charge into the Acropolis — On the 5th of September 1.4 nection bomb blew up a small powder migazine in the Propilea and on the following evening another fell in the Parthenon where the Turks had deposited — a considerable quantity of powder — A terrific explosion took place the central

where the Turks had deposited a considerable quantity of powder A termic explosion took place the central columns of the peristyle the walls of the cella and the immense architeraves and cornices they supported were scattered around the remains of the temple. The Iropylea had been partly destroyed in 1656 by the explosion of a magazine which was struck by lightning —Finlay's History of Greece 1887; 185,]

But worse than steel and flame and ages slow Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire Stanza 1 lines 6 7

We can all feel or imagine the regret with which the ruins of cities once the capitals of empires are beheld the reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend his country appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is This theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of oratois, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry "The wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babylon," were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of war, incidental to the bravest, but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters 2 contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenor of each succeeding firman! Sylla could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerves burn Athens, but it iemained for the paltry antiquatian, and his despicable agents, to render her contemptible as himself and his pursuits The Parthenon, before its destruction, in part, by fire during the Venetian siege, had been a temple, a church, and a mosque³ In each point of view it is an object of regard it changed its worshippers, but still it was a place of worship thrice sacred to devotion its violation is a triple sacrifice But-

> "Man, proud man, Diest in a little brief authority, Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven As make the angels weep "

[Shakespeare, Measure for Measure, act 11 sc 2, lines 117-122

I ["Owls and serpents" are taken from Isa XIII 21, 22, "foxes" from Lam v 18, "Zion is desolate, the foxes walk upon it ']

^{2 [}For Herr Gropius, vide post, note 6] 3 [The Parthenon was converted into a church in the sixth century by Justinian, and dedicated to the Divine Wisdom About 1460 the church was turned into a mosque After the siege in 1687 the Turks elected a smaller mosque within the original enclosure "The only relic of the mosque dedicated by Mohammed the Conqueror (1430-1481) is the base of the at the south-west corner of the Cella" (Handbook for Greece, p 319)]

•

Far on the solitary shore he sleeps
Stanza v line

It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead the greater Ajax in particular was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease and he was indeed neglected who had not annual games near his tomb or festivals in honour of his memory by his countrymen as Achilles. Brasidas etc. and at last even Antinious whose death was as keroic as his ble was infamous.

4

Here son of Saturn ' was thy fixounte throne Stanza v. line 3

The Temple of Jupiter Olympius of which sixteen columns entirely of marble yet survice originally there were one hundred and fifty. These columns however are by many

supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon

[The Olympicion or Temple of Zeus Olympius on the south east of the Acropolis some five hundred yards from the foot of the rock was begun by Pisistratos and completed seven hundred years later by Hadrian It was one of the three or four largest temples of antiquity. The cella had been originally enclosed by a double row of twenty columns at the sides and a triple row of eight columns at each front making a hundred and four columns in all but in 1810 only sixteen lofty Corinthian columns were standing. Mr Tozer points out that base is accurate because Corinthian columns have bases which Doric columns have not and notes that the word unshaken implies that the column lasts had fallen but the base remains —Childe Harold 1888 p 8 8

5

And bear these altars o er the long reluctant brine Stanza at line 9

The ship was wrecked in the Archipeligo [The Menter which Ligin had chartered to convey to Ingland a cargo consisting of twelve chests of untiquities was wrecked off the Island of Cergo in 1803. His secretary W.R. Hamilton set divers to work, and rescued four chests but the remander were not recovered till 1805.]

6

To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared
Stanza xii line 2

At this moment (January 3, 1810), besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot vessel is in the Pyræus to receive every portable relic Thus, as I heard a young Greek observe, in common with many of his countrymen-for, lost as they are, they jet feel on this occasionthus may Lord Elgin boast of having ruined Athens Italian painter of the first eminence, named Lusieri, 1 is the agent of devastation, and like the Greek finder 2 of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder Between this artist and the French Consul Fauvel,3 who wishes to rescue the remains for his own government, there is now a violent dispute concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which—I wish they were both broken upon it!—has been locked up by the Consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the Waywode Lord Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signor Lusieri During a residence of ten years in Athens, he never had the curiosity to proceed

I ["Don Battista Lusieri, better known as Don Irta," was born at Naples He followed Sir William Hamilton "to Constantinople, in 1799, whence he removed to Athens" "It may be said of Lusieri, as of Claude Lorraine, 'If he be not the foet, he is the historian of nature'"—Travels, etc., by E D Clarke, 1810–1823, Part II sect in p 469, note See, too, Poetical Works, 1898, 1 455]

2 ["Mirandum in modum (canes venaticos diceres) ita odorabantur omnia et pervestigabant, ut, ubi quidque esset, aliqua i atione invenirent" (Cicero, In Veriem, Act II lib iv 13) Verres had two finders Tlepolemus a worker in wax, and Hiero a painter (See Introduction to The Curse of Minerva

Poems, 1898, 1 455)]

3 [M Fauvel was born in Burgundy, circ 1754 In 1787 he was attached to the suite of the Count Choiseul-Gouffier, French Ambassador at Constantinople, and is said to have prepared designs and illustrations for his patron's Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce, vol 1 1787, vol 11 1809 He settled at Athens, and was made vice-consul by the French Government In his old age, after more than forty years' service at Athens, he removed finally to Smyrna, where he was appointed consul-general—Biographie des Contemporains (Rabbe), 1834, art "(N) Fauvel"]

as far as Sunium (now Cape Colonna), till he accompanied us in our second excursion. However his works as far as

I in all Attica if we except Athens itself and Marathon there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonia. To the intiquary and artist sixteen columns are in inexhaustible source of observation and design to the philosopher the supposed scene of some of latios conversations will not be unwelcome and the traceller will be stuck with the beauty of the prospect over lates that crown the A gean deep but for an Inglishman Colonia has yet an additional interest as the actual spot of I alconer's fishipwised. Italia and I atto are forgo ten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell.

Here in the dead of night, by Lonna's steep. The seaman's ery was heard along the deep."

This temple of Minerya may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made and one voluce to Cape Colonna the view from either side by land was less striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainotes concealed in the caverus beneath. We were told afterwards by one of their prisoners subsequintly ransomed that they were deterred from attracking us by the appear ance of my two Albanians conjecturing very signationsly but falsely, that we had a complete guard of these armout at hand they remained stationary and thus saved our party which was too small to have opposed any effectual

i. \ les at the dead of m ht et. [Peasures of H fe lines 149 150.]

[This must have taken place in 1811 after Hobbiouse returned to Finland —Tra els in Albania 1 373 note]
† [William Falconer (173 -1769) second in ite of a vessel

f [William Falconer (173-1769) second in the of a vessel in the Leavint trade was wrecked between Alexandria and Venice. Only three of the crew survived. His poem Ihe Shiptweed, was published in 176. It was dedicated to the Duke of York and through his intervention he was rated as a midshipman in the Royal Nay. Father a sunthor or naval officer he came to be on intimate terms with John Murray the first, who thought highly of his abilities and officered him (October 16 1768) a partnership in his new bookselling, business in Fleet Street. In September 1769 he emburked for India as pursar of the Autora fingate which touched at the Cape but never reached her destination. See Memoir by J S Clarke. The Shiptwick 1864 pp viii—duly

they go, are most beautiful but they are almost all unfinished While he and his patrons confine themselves to tasting medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox-hunting, maiden-speechifying, barouche-driving, or any such pastime, but when they carry away three or four shiploads of the most valuable and massy relics that time and barbarism have left to the most injured and most celebrated of cities when they destroy, in a vain attempt to tear down, those works which have been the admiration of ages, I know no motive which can excuse, no name which can designate, the perpetrators of this dastardly devastation the least of the crimes laid to the charge of Verres, that he had plundered Sicily, in the manner since imitated at Athens The most unblushing impudence could hardly go farther than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis, while the wanton and useless defacement of the whole range of the basso-relievos, in one compartment of the temple, will never permit that name to be pronounced by an observer without execration

On this occasion I speak impartially I am not a collector or admirer of collections, consequently no rival, but I have some early prepossession in favour of Greece, and do not think the honour of England advanced by plunder, whether

of India or Attica

Another noble Lord [Aberdeen] has done better, because he has done less but some others, more or less noble, yet "all honourable men," have done best, because, after a deal of excavation and execration, bribery to the Waywode, mining and countermining, they have done nothing at all We had such ink-shed, and wine-shed, which almost ended

resistance Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pilates, there

"The hireling artist plants his paltry desk And makes degraded nature picturesque" See Hodgson's *Lady Fanc Grey*, etc * [1809, p 214]

But there Nature, with the aid of Art, has done that for herself I was fortunate enough to engage a very superior German artist, and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes, by the arrival of his performances

[[]The quotation is from Hodgson's "Lines on a Ruined Abbey in a Romantic Country," vide ante, Canto I, p 20, note]

in bloodshed 12 Lord E s prig —see Jonathan Wild for the definition of priggism 2—quartelled with another Graphus 2 by name (1 very good name too for his business) and muttered something about satisfaction in a verbal answer to a note of the poor I russian this was stated at

1 [It was however during our stay in the place to be lamented that a war more than civil was raying on the subject of Lord Eigns pursuits in Greece and had enlisted all the French settlers and the principal Greeks on one side or the other of the controversy. The factions of Athens were renewed —Travels in Albama etc. 1 [33]

This word in the cant language signifies thiering -

Fielding's History of Jonathan Wild 1 3 note

3 This Sr Gropius was employed by a noble Lord for the sole purpose of sketching in which he excels but I am sorry to say that he has through the abused sanction of that most respectable name been treading at humble distance in the steps of Sr Lusieri - A shipful of his trophics was detrined and I believe confiscated at Constantinople in 1810. I am most happy to be now enabled to state that this was not in his bond that he was employed solely as a painter and that his noble patron disavows all connection with him except as an artist. If the error in the first and second edition of this poem has given the noble Lord a moment's pain I am very sorry for it Sr Gropius has assumed for years the name of his agent and though I cannot much condemn myself for sharing in the mistake of so many I am happy in being one of the first to be undeceived. Indeed I have as much pleasure in contradicting this as I felt regret in stating it --[Note to Third Edition]

[According to Bryants Diet of Painters and other bio graphical dictionaries Karl Wilhelm Gropius (whom Lamar time in his Voyage en Orient) identifies with the Gropius injustement accuse par lord Byron dans see notes from

injustement accuse par lord Byron dans ses notes more dantes sur Athènes") was born at Brinswick in 1793 travelled in Italy and Greece making numerous l'indscape and architectural sletches and finally ettled at Berlin in 187 where he opened a diorama modelled on that of Daguerre in connection with a permanent exhibition of painting He was considered the first wit in Berlin where he died in 1870 In 1817 when Byron wrote his note to the third edition of Childe Harvald, Cropius must have been barely of age and the statement 'that he has for years assumed the name of his (a noble Lords) agent is somewhat perplexing!

table to Gropius, who laughed, but could eat no dinner afterwards The rivals were not reconciled when I left Greece I have reason to remember their squabble, for they wanted to make me their arbitrator

7

Her Sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard, Yet felt some portion of their Mother's pains Stanza vii lines 7 and 8

I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Di Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines —"When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure with one of the triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Disdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, $T \epsilon \lambda o s$!—I was present" The Disdar alluded to was the father of the present Disdar

[Disdar, oi Dizdai, ie castle-holder—the warden of a castle or fort (N Eng Dict, art "Dizdar") The story is told at greater length in Travels in Various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa, by Edward Daniel Clarke, LL D,

1810-14, Part II sect. 11 p 483]

S

Where was thme Ægis, Pallas! that appalled Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way? Stanza viv lines 1 and 2

According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer—See Chandler

[Zosimus, Historiæ, lib v cap 6, Corp Scr Byz, 1837, p 253 As a matter of fact, Alaric, King of the Visigoths, occupied Athens in AD 395 without resistance, and carried off the movable treasures of the city, though he did not destroy buildings or works of art—Note by Rev E C Owen, Childe Harold, 1898, p 162]

Q

The netted canopy

To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action

10

But not in silence pass Calapso's isles Stanza xxix line i

Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso [Strabo (Paris 18₂3) lib 1 cip 11 ₂₇ and lib vii cap 11 ₅₀ casys that Apollodorus blamed the poet Calimrachus who was a grammarian and ought to have known better for his contention that Guidus te Gozo was Calypsos isle Ogygia (Odystes 1 to) was

a sea girt isle

Where is the navel of the sea a woodland isle

It was surely as a poet, not as a grammarian that Calli
machus was at fault !

.

Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee thou russed Nurse of savage men!
Stanza xxxviii lines 5 and 6

Albania comprises part of Macedonia Illyria Chaonia and Epirus Iskander is the Turkish word for Alexander and the celebrated Scanderbega (Lord Alexander) is alluded to in the third and fourth lines of the thirty-cighth stanza i

I (George Castriota (1404 1467) (Scanderbe, or Scinder Bes) the youngest son of an Albanian chieftum was sent with his four brothers as hostage to the Sultan Amurath II a lifer his father's death in 1437 he carried on a protracted warfare with the Iurks and finally established the independence of Albania were such as to make his personal strength and address were such as to make his prowess in the field resemble that of a kinght of romance. He died at Lissa in the Gulf of Venice and when the island was taken by Mohammed II the Furks are said to have dug up his bones and hung them round their necks either as charms against wounds or amulets to transfer his courage to themselves (Hofmanns Lexicon Universale Gortons Biographics and Castrion Universale Gortons Biographics and Castrion Universale Gortons Biographics and Castrion Statement and Castrion Castrion

do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella in Macedon, but Mr Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus

to the list, in speaking of his exploits

Of Albania Gibbon remarks that a country "within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America" Circumstances, of little consequence to mention, led Mr Hobhouse and myself into that country before we visited any other part of the Ottoman dominions, and with the exception of Major Leake,1 then officially resident at Joannina, no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior, as that gentleman very lately assured me Alı Pacha was at that time (October, 1809) carrying on war against Ibrahim Pacha, whom he had driven to Berat, a strong fortiess, which he was then besieging on our arrival at Joannina we were invited to Tepaleni, his highness's birthplace, and favourite Serai, only one day's distance from Berat, at this juncture the Vizier had made it his headquarters After some stay in the capital, we accordingly followed, but though furnished with every accommodation, and escorted by one of the Vizier's secretaries, we were nine days (on account of the rains) in accomplishing a journey which, on our retuin, baiely occupied four. On our route we passed two cities, Argyrocastro and Libochabo, apparently little inferior to Yanina in size, and no pencil or pen can ever do justice to the scenery in the vicinity of Zitza and Delvinachi, the frontier village of Epirus and Albania Proper

On Albania and its inhabitants I am unwilling to descant, because this will be done so much better by my fellow-traveller, in a work which may probably precede this in publication, that I as little wish to follow as I would to anticipate him². But some few observations are necessary to the text. The Arnaouts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white, the spare, active form, their dialect, Celtic in its sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbours as the Albanese, the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians,

I [William Martin Leake (1777–1860), traveller and numismatist, published (inter alia) Researches in Greece, in 1814 He was "officially resident" in Albania, February, 1809—March, 1810]

^{2 [}A Journey through Albania during the Years 1809-10, London, 1812]

or the Turks as Moslems and in fact they are a mixture of both and sometimes neither Their habits are predatoryall are armed and the red shawled Arnaouts the Montene grins Chimariots and Gegdes are treacherous 1 the others differ somewhat in garb and essentially in character As far as my own experience goes I can speak favourably was attended by two an Inndel and a Mussulman to Con stantinople and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation and more faithful in peril or indefatigable in service are rarely to be found. The Infidel was named Basilius the Moslem Dervish Tahiri the former a man of middle age and the latter about my own was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend us and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous and onward to Messalonghi in Ætolia There I took him into my own service and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure

Hobbouse for England I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea these men saved my life by frightening away my physician whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli s prescriptions. I attributed my recovery. I had left my last remuning English servant at Athens. my dragoman way as all as myself and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to confirstion. They had a nature of adventures, for the

When in 1810 after the departure of my friend Mr

dragoman was as ill as myself and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization. They had a variety of adventures for the Moslem Dervish being a remarkably handsome man was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens insomuch that four of the principal Turks paid me a visit of remon strance at the Convent on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath—whom he had lawfully bought how ever—a thing quite contrary to etiquette. Basil also was extremely gallant amongst his own persursion and had the greatest veneration for the church mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen whom he cuffed upon occasion in a most heterodox manner. Yet he never passed a church

¹ I largiel so muci as to 1 du e a riolent perspirati n to which I attribute my present 1 d vidual ty -[D]

I [The inhabitants of Albama of the Shippetar race consist of two distinct branches the Gueghs who belong to the north and are for the most part Catholics and the Tosks of the south who are generally Mussulmans (Finlays History of Greece 1 n.)

without crossing himself, and I remember the risk he ran in entering St Sophia, in Stambol, because it had once been a place of his worship. On remonstrating with him on his inconsistent proceedings, he invariably answered, "Our church is holy, our priests are thieves " and then he crossed himself as usual, and boxed the ears of the first "papas" who refused to assist in any required operation, as was always found to be necessary where a priest had any influence with the Cogia Bashi¹ of his village. Indeed, a more abandoned race of miscreants cannot exist than the lower orders of the Greek clergy

When preparations were made for my i eturn, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay Basili took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found, at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti,2 father to the ci-devant Anglo-consul of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid me a visit Dervish took the money in his hand, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground, and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forchead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly From that moment to the hour of my embarkation, he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer, "M' apeivei," "He leaves me" Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for anything less than the loss of a para (about the fourth of a faithing), melted, the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visitors—and I verily believe that even Sterne's "foolish fat scullion" would have left her "fishkettle" to sympathize with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian 3

For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a female relation "to a milliner's," I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection. That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected, when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate, but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity,

[The mayor of the village, in Greek, προεστός]

^{2 [}The father of the Consulina Teodora Macri, and grand-father of the "Maid of Athens"]

^{3 [}Tristram Shandy, 1775, 1v 44] 4 [See Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron, 1824, p 64]

improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amor gst them One day on our journey over Parnassus an Englishman in my service gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage which he unluckily mistook for a blow he spoke not but sat down leaning his head upon his hands foreseeing the conse quences we endeavoured to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer - I ha e been a robber am a soldier no captain ever struck me you are my master I have eaten your brend but by that bread 1 (a usual onth) had it been otherwise I would have stabbed the dog your servant and gone to the mountains So the affair ended but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him. Dervish excelled in the dance of his country conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic be that as it may it is manly and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Romaika 1 the dull round about of the Greeks of which our Athenian party had so many specimens

The Albamans in general (I do not mean the culturators of the earth in the prosinces who have also that appellation but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance and the most beautiful women I ever beheld in stature and in features we saw levelling the road broken down by the torrents between Delvinichi and Libochabo. Their manner of walling is truly theatrical but this strut is probably the effect of the capote or cloak, depending from one shoulder Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavality amongst the Cegdes I never saw a good Arnaout horseman my own preferred the English saddles which however they could never keep. But on foot

they are not to be subdued by fatigue

1

And passed the burren spot Where sad I enclope o erlooked the wave Stanza xxxix, lines 1 and

Ithaca

1 [Compare The II all line 1 5-

O say shall dull Pomarka's heavy sound Poems 1898 : 49

II JOV

N

13

Actium-Lepanto-fatal Trafalgai Stanza al line 5

Actium and Irafalgar need no further mention battle of Lepanto [October 7, 1571] equally bloods and considerable, but less known, was fought in the Gulf of Patras

Here the author of Don Quivote lost his left hand

["His [Cervantes'] galley the Marquesa, was in the thick of the fight, and before it was over he had received three gun-shot wounds, two in the breast and one on the left hand or arm" In consequence of his wound "he was seven months in hospital before he was discharged. He came out with his left hand permanently disabled, he had lost the use of it, as Mercury told him in the 'Viaje del Parnase,' for the greater glory of the right'-Don Quivote, A I ranslation by John Ormsby, 1885, Introduction, 1 13]

1.1

And hailed the last resort of fruitless love Stanza xli line 3

Leucadia, now Santa Maura From the promontory (the

Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself

[Strabo (lib \ cap 2, ed Paris, 1853, p 388) gives Menander as an authority for the legend that Sappho was the first to take the "Lover's Leap" from the promontors of Leucate Writers, he adds, better versed in antiquities (ἀρχαιολογικώτεροι), prefer the claims of one Cephalus Another legend, which he gives as a fact, perhaps gave birth to the later and more poetical fiction. The Leucadians, he says, once a year, on Apollo's day, were wont to hurl a criminal from the rock into the sea by way of expiation and pro-Birds of all kinds were attached to the victim to break his fall, and, if he reached the sea uninjured, there was a fleet of little boats ready to carry him to other shores is possible that dim memories of human sacrifice lingered in the islands, that in course of time victims were transformed into "lovers," and it is certain that poets and commentators "prone to lie," are responsible for names and incidents]

1,

Many a Roman chief and Asian King Stanza vlv line 4

It is said that on the day previous to the battle of Actium

Antony had thirteen kings at his levee

[Plutarch in his Antonius gives the names of six auxiliary kings who fought under his banners and mention six other kings who did not attend in person but sent supplies. Shake speare (Anthony and Cleopata a act ii so 6 lines 68-75) quoting Plutarch almost verbatim enumerates ten kings who were assembled in Anthony strain—

Bocchus the king of Libya Archelaus Of Cappadocia Philadelphos king Of Paphlagonia the Thracian king Adillas king Malchus of Arabia king of Pont Herod of Jewry Mithridates king Of Comagene Polemon and Amintas The kings of Mede and Lycaonia, With a more larger list of sceptres

Other authorities for the events of the campaign and battle of Actium (Dion Cassius Appain and Orosius) are silent as to kings but Florus (print) says that the wind tossed waters vomited back to the shore gold and purple the spoils of the Arabians and Sabæans and a thousand other peoples of Asia]

16

Look where the second Caesar's trophies rose Stanza viv. line 6

Nicopolis whose ruins are most extensive is at some distance from Actium where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments These ruins are large masses of brickwork the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar as large as the bricks themselves and equally durable

17

Acherusi i s lake

Stanza vlvii line i

According to Pouqueville the lake of Yanina but I ouqueville is always out

[The lake of Yanina (Janina or Joannina) was the ancient Pambotis At the mouth of the gorge [of Suh] where it suddenly comes to an end, was the marsh, the Palus Acherusia, in the neighbourhood of which was the Oracle

— Geography of Greece, by H. F. Torcr, 1873, p. 121]

18

To greet Albania's Chief Stanza Alvu line ;

The celebrated Ali Pacha Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's Iravels note on Ali Pasha (1741-1822), see Letters, 1898, 1 216 1

19

Yet here and there some daring mount un-b ind Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold Stanza Avn lines 7, 8, and 9

Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years, the castle at last was taken by bribery this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece

[Ali Pasha assumed the government of Janina in 1788, but it was not till December 12, 1803, that the Suliotes, who were betrayed by their leaders, Botzaris and Koutsonika and others, finally surrendered - Imlay's Ilistory of Greece,

1877, vi 45-50]

20

Monastic Zitza! etc

Stanza Alvin line i

The convent and village of Zit/a are four hours' journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the Pachalick In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and, not far from Zitza, forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest the palm Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Raphti, are very inferior, as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople, but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made

:

Here dwells the culoyer

5 an a alix line 6

The Greek monks are so called.

[Calorer is derived from the late Creek makers "good in old age through the Italian cil its Hence the accent on the last spllable - \ I me Dic]

Natures volcanie Amphitheutre.

Stanra li line

The Chimanot mountains appear to have been soleanic [B]. "Chimaras Alps Byron probably meant the Cc raunita Mourtains which are woody to the top but disclore some wide chains of red rock. [Tre et in all Alexana 1] to the north of Jannina—not the Aeroceraunian (Chimano) Mountains which run from north to south west along the coast of Mysia—The walls of rock (which do not appear to be soleanic) rise in tiers on every side like the seats and walls of in amphitheutre [H F I o er]. The next distance may have suggested in imphithea re—but he is speaking of the panorama which enlarged on his view and uses the word not graphically but metaphorically of the entire—circle of the hills.]

3

Behold black Acheron

Stanza li line 6

Now called halamis

4.

In his white capote

Stanza In Ime 7

Albanese cloak.

[The capote (seminine of capot masculine diminutive of cape cape) was a long shaggy clock or overcost with a hood worn by soldiers etc.—N Lng Dict art. 'Capote.]

25

The Sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit Stanza ly line I

Anciently Mount Tomarus ["Mount Tomerit, or Tomohr," says Mr Torer, "hes north-east of Tepalen, and therefore the sun could not set behind it" (Childe Harold, 1885, p 272) But, writing to Drury, May 3, 1810, Byron says that "he penetrated as far as Mount Tomarit" Probably by "Tomarit" he does not mean Mount Tomohr, which lies to the north-east of Berat, but Mount Olytsika, ancient Tomaros (vide ante, p 132, note 1), which lies to the west of Janina, between the valley of I characovista and the sea "Elle domine," writes M Carapanos, "toutes les autres montagnes qui l'entourent' "Laos," Mr Tozer thinks, "is a mere blunder for Aous, the Viosa (or Voioussa), which joins the Derapuli a few miles south of Tepaleni, and flows under the walls of the city" (Dodone et ses Rumes, 1878, p 8) (For the Aous and approach to Tepeleni, see Travels in Albania, 1 91)]

26

And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by Stanza ly line 2

The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it, and, immediately above Tepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster, at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller. In the summer it must be much narrower It certainly is the finest river in the Levant, neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty

27

And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof Stanza Ivi line 8

Alluding to the wreckers of Coinwall

28

The red wine circling fast Stanza lan line 2

The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and, indeed, very few of the others

g

Each I alikar his sabre from him c ist Stanza live 1

Palikar shortened when addressed to a single person from Πελικ μι [τελλητόρ] a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese, who speak Romaic it means properly a lad"

٠.

While thus in concert, etc Stings line o

As a specimen lof the Albunan or Arnout dialect of the Illyric I here insert two of their most popular choral songs which are generally chanted in dancing by men or women and criminately. The first words are merely a kind of chorus without meaning like some in our own and all other languages

- Bo Bo Bo Bo Bo Bo
 Naciarura popuso
 Naciarura na civin
 Ha pen derini ti hin
 Ha pe uden escrotini
- Tr vin tr mar servetini

 4. Caliriote me surme
 Ea ha pe pse dua tive
- , Buo Bo Bo Bo Bo
- Gi egem spirta esimiro
 6 Caliriote vu le funde
 Lde vete tunde tunde
- 7 Caliriote me surme Ti mi put e poi mi le
- 8 Se ti puta citi mora Si mi ri ni veti udo gia

- I lo, Lo I come I come
 - I come I run open the door that I may enter
- open the door by halves that I may take my turban
- 4 Calinotes with the dark eves open the gate that I may enter
 - , Lo Io I hear thee my
 - 6 An Arnaout girl in costly parb walks with grace ful pride
 - 7 Calified maid of the dark
 - eyes give men kiss

 If I have kissed thee
 what hast thou grained?
 My soul is consumed
 with fire

¹ The Albanese particularly the women are frequently termed California for what reason I inquired in vain

- 9 Va le ni il che cadale Celo more, more celo 10 Plu hari ti tiretc
 - Plu huron cia pra seti
- 9 Dance lightly, more gently, and gently still
- to Make not so much dust to destroy your embroidered hose

The last stanza would puzzle a commentator the men have certainly buskins of the most beautiful texture, but the ladies (to whom the above is supposed to be addressed) have nothing under their little yellow boots and slippers but a well-turned and sometimes very white ankle. The Arnaout girls are much handsomer than the Greeks, and their dress is far more picturesque. They preserve their shape much longer also, from being always in the open air. It is to be observed, that the Arnaout is not a written language, the words of this song, therefore, as well as the one which follows, are spelt according to their pronunciation. They are copied by one who speaks and understands the dialect perfectly, and who is a native of Athens.

- Ndı sefda tınde ulavossa Vettımı uprı vı lofsa
- 2 Ah vaisisso mi piivi lofse Si mi rini mi la vosse
- 3 Uti tasa 10ba stua Sitti eve tulati dua
- 4 Roba stinoi i ssidua Qu mi sini vetti dua
- 5 Qurmini dua civileni Roba ti siarmi tildi eni
- 6 Utara pisa vaisisso ine simi rin ti hapti
 Eti mi bire a piste si gui dendroi tiltati
- 7 Udı vura udorını udırı cıcova cıltı mora Udorını taltı hollna u ede caımonı mora

- I I am wounded by thy love, and have loved but to scorch myself
- 2 Thou hast consumed me!
 Ah, maid! thou hast
 struck me to the heart
- 3 I have said I wish no dowry, but thine eyes and eyelashes
- 4 The accursed dowry I want not, but thee only
- Give me thy charms, and let the portion feed the flames
- 6 I have loved thee, maid, with a sincere soul, but thou hast left me like a withered tree
- 7 If I have placed my hand on thy bosom, what have I gained pmy hand is withdrawn, but retains the flame

I believe the two last stanzas, as they are in a different measure, ought to belong to another ballad. An idea something similar to the thought in the last lines was expressed by Socrates, whose arm having come in contact with one of his fr role. Critobulus or Cleobulus the philosopher complained of a shooting pain as far as his shoulder for some days after and therefore very properly resolved to teach his disciples in future without touching them.

٦,1

Fambourgi! Tambourgi! thy larum afar Song stanza i line i

These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanese songs as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romaic and Italian

,

Remember the moment when I revisa fell Son, stanza 8 line, i It was taken by form from the French [October 1798]

•

Fair Greece 1 and relic of departed Worth 1 etc Stanza Ixxiii line 1

Some thoughts on this subject vill be found in the subjoined papers pp 187- of

54

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phylics brow Thou sat st with Thrusybulus and his train Stanza lxxiv lines 1 and

Phyle which commands a beautiful view of Athens has still considerable remains it was seized by Thrasybulus previous to the expulsion of the Thirty

[By ron and Hobhouse caught their first glance of Athens from this spot December 5 1809 (See By ron s note) The ruins says Hobhouse are now called Bigla Castro or The Watchtower 1

35

Receive the fiery Frank her former guest Stanza lxxvii line 4

When taken by the Latins and retained for several years See Gibbon [From a D 1 04 to 1 61] 36

The Prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil
Stanza lexvii line 6

Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing [Vide supra, p 151]

37

Thy vales of evergreen thy hills of snow Stanza lxxxv line 3

On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer, but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter

[This feature of Greek scenery, in spring may, now and again be witnessed in our own country in autumn—a blue lake, bordered with summer greenery in the foreground, with a rear-guard of "hills of snow" glittering in the October sunshine]

38

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave
Stanza laxavi lines i and 2

Of Mount Pentelicus from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave, formed by the quarries still remains and will till the end of time

[Mendeli is the ancient Pentelicus "The white lines marking the projecting veins' of marble are visible from Athens (Guog, aphy of Gueca, by H F Tozer, 1873 p 129)]

39

When Marathon became a magic word
Stanza laxar line 7.

Siste Viator — heroa calcas! was the epitaph on the famous Count Merci, —what then must be our feelings

I [François Mercy de Lorraine, who fought against the Protestants in the Thirty Years War, was mortally wounded at the battle of Nordlingen August 3, 1615]

when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon? The principal barrow has recently been opened by hautel few or no relies as tases etc) were found by the excavator The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres about nine hundred pounds! Alas!- Expende -quot libras in duce summo-invenies! -was the dust of Miltiades worth no more? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by ceight

PAPERS REFERRED TO BY NOTE 33

Before I say anything about a city of which every body traveller or not has thought it necessary to say some thing I will request Miss Owenson when she next borrows an Athenian heroine for her four volumes to have the good ness to marry her to somebody more of a gentleman than a

Disdar Aga (who by the by is not an Aga) the most

I Byron and Hobhouse visited Marathon January 25 1810 The unconsidered trifle of the plain must have been offered to Byron during his second residence at Athens ın 1811]

 Expende Annibalem—quot libras etc (Juvenal x 147) is the motto of the Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte which was written April 10 1814.- Journal 1814 Life p 3 5]

3 [Compart letter to Hodgson September , 1811 Lett rs 1898 11 45]

4 [Miss Owenson (Sydney Lady Morgan) 1783-1859 published her IVoman or Ida of Athens in 4 vols in 1819 Writing to Murray February o 1818 Byron alludes to the cruel work" which an article (attributed to Croker but pro bably written by Hookham Frere) had made with her France in the Quarterly Peview (vol xvii p 60) and in a note to The Fao Foscar: act in sc 1 he points out that his de scription of Venice as an Ocean Rome had been antici pated by Lady Morgan in her fearless and excellent work upon Italy The play was completed July 9 18 1 but the work containing the phrase Rome of the Ocean had not been received till August 16 (see too his letter to Murray August , 18 1) His conviction of the excellence of Lady Morgan's work was, perhaps strengthened by her outspoken eulogium]

impolite of petty officers, the greatest patron of larceny 1 Athens ever saw (except Lord E), and the unworthy occupant of the Acropolis, on a handsome annual stipend of 150 piastres (eight pounds sterling), out of which he has only to pay his garrison, the most ill-regulated corps in the illregulated Ottoman Empire I speak it tenderly, seeing I was once the cause of the husband of "Ida of Athens" nearly suffering the bastinado, and because the said "Disdar" is a turbulent husband, and beats his wife, so that I exhort and beseech Miss Owenson to sue for a separate maintenance in behalf of "Ida" Having premised thus much, on a matter of such import to the readers of romances, I may now leave Ida to mention her birthplace

Setting aside the magic of the name, and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favourite of all who have eyes for art or nature The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring, during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback rain is extremely rare, snow never lies in the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity. In Spain, Portugal, and every part of the East which I visited, except Ionia and Attica, I perceived no such superiority of climate to our own, and at Constantinople, where I passed May, June, and part of July (1810), you might "damn the climate,

and complain of spleen," five days out of seven ²

The air of the Morea is heavy and unwholesome, but the moment you pass the isthmus in the direction of Megara the change is strikingly perceptible. But I fear Hesiod will still be found correct in his description of a Bœotian winter 3

We found at Livadia an "esprit fort" in a Greek bishop, of all free-thinkers! This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a "coglioneria" It was impossible to think better of him for this, but, for a Bœotian, he was brisk with all his absurdity. This phenomenon (with the exception indeed of Thebes, the remains of Chæronea, the

I [For the Disdar's extortions, see Travels in Albania, 1 244

f"The poor when once abroad, Grow sick, and damn the climate like a lord" Pope, Imit of Horace, Ep. 1, lines 159, 160]

^{3 [}Works and Days, v 493, et seq, Hesiod Caim, C Goettlingius (1843), p 215] 4 Nonsense, humbug

plain of I latea Orchomenus, Livadia and its nominal cave of Trophonius) was the only remarkable thing we saw before

we passed Mount Cith eron

The fountain of Direc turns a mill at least my companion (who resolving to be at once cleanly and classical bathed in it) pronounced it to be the fountin of Direc and any body who thinks it worth while may contradict him. At Castri we drank of half a dozen streamlets some not of the purest before we decided to our satisfaction which was the true Castalian and even that had a villanous twang probably from the snow though it did not throw us into an epic fever the poor Dr. Chandler?

From Fort I hale of which large remains still exist the plain of Athens I entelicus Hymettus the Agean and the Acropolis burst upon the eye at once in my opinion a more florious prospect than even Cintra or Istambol. Not the siew from the Troad with Ida the Hellespont and the more distant Mount Athos can equal it though so superior.

in extent.

I heard much of the benuty of Arcadia but excepting the view from the Monastery of Megaspelion (which is inferior to Zitza in a command of country) and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolitza to Argos Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name

Sternitur et dulces moriens reminiscitur Arbos"
Aneid x 78

Vir.61 could have put this into the mouth of none but an Argue, and (with reverence be it spoken) it does not deserve the epithet. And if the I olynices of Statius. In medius audit due litera campis (Thebaulos 1 335) did actually hear both shores in crossing the isthmus of Corinth he had better ears than have ever been worn in such a journey since

Attens sign celebrated topographer is still the most polished city of Greece 3 lerhaps it may of Greece but not of the Greeks for Joannian in Epirus is universilly allowed amongst themselves to be superior in the wealth refinement learning and dialect of its inhibitants. The

in Albania 1 233 Handbook for Greece p 703)

? [Iravels in Greece ch lxvii]

3 [Gells Itinerary of Greece (1810) 1 reface p vi]

I [Hobhouse pronounced it to be the Fountino of Ares the I araporti Spring which serves to swell the scrinty waters of the Direc The Direc flows on the west the Ismenus which forms the fountain to the east of Thebes The water was tepid, as I found by bithing in it [Tratels]

Athenians are remarkable for their cunning, and the lower orders are not improperly characterised in that proverb, which classes them with the "Jews of Salonica, and the Turks of the Negropont"

Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Ragusans, etc., there was never a difference of opinion in their estimate of the Greek character, though on all other topics they disputed with great acrimony

M Fauvel, the French Consul, who has passed thirty years principally at Athens, and to whose talents as an artist, and manners as a gentleman, none who have known him can refuse their testimony, has frequently declared in my hearing, that the Greeks do not deserve to be emancipated, reasoning on the grounds of their "national and individual depravity!" while he forgot that such depravity is to be attributed to causes which can only be removed by the measure he reprobates

M Roque, a French merchant of respectability long settled in Athens, asserted with the most amusing gravity, "Sir, they are the same canaille that existed in the days of Themistocles!" an alarming remark to the "Laudaton temporis acti" The ancients banished Themistocles, the moderns cheat Monsieur Roque, thus great men have ever

been treated!

In short, all the Franks who are fixtures, and most of the Englishmen, Germans, Danes, etc, of passage, came over by degrees to their opinion, on much the same grounds that a Turk in England would condemn the nation by wholesale, because he was wronged by his lacquey, and overcharged by his washerwoman

Certainly it was not a little staggering when the Sieurs Fauvel and Lusieri, the two greatest demagogues of the day, who divide between them the power of Pericles and the popularity of Cleon, and puzzle the poor Waywode with perpetual differences, agreed in the utter condemnation, "nulla virtute redemptum" (Juvenal, lib 1 Sat iv line 2), of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular For my own humble opinion, I am loth to hazard it, knowing as I do, that there be now in MS no less than five tours of the first magnitude, and of the most threatening aspect, all in typographical array, by persons of wit and honour, and regular common-place books but, if I may say this, without offence, it seems to me rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost everybody has

I [For M Roque, see Itinéi aire de Paris à Jérusalem Euvres Chateaubriand, Paris, 1837, 11 258-266]

declared that the Greeks, because they are very bad will never be better

Eton and Sonnini have led us astray by their panegyrics and projects but on the other hand De Pauw and Thornton have debased the Greeks beyond their demerits

The Greeks will never be independent they will never be sovereigns as heretofore and God forbid they ever should! but they may be subjects without being slaves Our colonies are not independent but they are free and indu trious and such may Greece be hereafter

At present like the Catholics of Ireland and the Iews throughout the world and such other cudgelled and hetero dox people they suffer all the moral and physical ills that can afflict humanity Their life is a struggle against truth they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness that when they occasionally meet with it they look upon it with suspicion as a dog often beaten snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him ungrateful notoriously abominably ungrateful! -this is the general cry Now in the name of Nemesis! for what are they to be grateful? Where is the human being that ever conferred a benefit on Greek or Greeks? They are to be grateful to the Turks for their fetters and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels. They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their ruins and to the antiquary who carries them away to the traveller whose jamissary flogs them and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them. This is the amount of their obligations to foreigners

² [Cornelius de Pauw (17,9-1,99) Dutch historian published in 1787 Recherches philosophiques sur les Grecs Byson reflects upon his paradoxes and superficiality in Note II infra Thomas Thornton published in 1807 2 work entitled Present State of Turkes (see Note II infi a)]

^{1 [}William Eton published (1798-1809) A Survey of the Turkish Empire in which he advocated the cause of Greel independence Sonnini de Manoncourt (1751-181) another ardent phil Hellenist published his Voyage en Grice et en Turquie in 1801]

H

FRANCISCAN CONVENT, ATHENS, Fanuary 23, 1811 1

Amongst the remnants of the barbarous policy of the earlier ages, are the traces of bondage which yet exist in different countries, whose inhabitants, however divided in religion and manners, almost all agree in oppression

The English have at last compassionated their negroes, and under a less bigoted government, may probably one day release their Catholic brethren, but the interposition of foreigners alone can emancipate the Greeks, who, otherwise, appear to have as small a chance of redemption from the Turks, as the Jews have from mankind in general

Of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough, at least the younger men of Europe devote much of their time to the study of the Greek writers and history, which would be more usefully spent in mastering their own Of the moderns, we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve, and while every man of any pretensions to learning is tiring out his youth, and often his age, in the study of the language and of the harangues of the Athenian demagogues in favour of freedom, the real or supposed descendants of these sturdy republicans are left to the actual tyranny of their masters, although a very slight effort is required to strike off their

To talk, as the Greeks themselves do, of their rising again to their pristing superiority, would be ridiculous as the rest of the world must resume its barbarism, after reasserting the sovereignty of Greece but there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the Franks, to their becoming an useful dependency, or even a free state, with a proper guarantee, under correction, however, be it spoken, for many and well-informed men doubt the practicability even of this

The Greeks have never lost their hope, though they are now more divided in opinion on the subject of their probable

I [The MSS of Hints from Horace and The Curse of Minerva are dated, "Athens, Capuchin Convent, March 12 and March 17, 1811" Proof B of Hints from Horace 18 dated, "Athens, Franciscan Convent, March 12, 1811" Writing to Hodgson, November 14, 1810, he says, "I am Writing to Hodgson, November 14, 1810, he says, living alone in the Franciscan monastery with one 'friar' (a Capuchin of course) and one 'frier' (a bandy-legged Turkish cook)' (Letters, 1898, 1 307)]

deliverers Religion recommends the Russians but they have twice been deceived and abandoned by that power and the dreadful lesson they received after the Muscovite desertion in the Morea has never been forgotten. The French they distilk, although the subjugation of the rest of Europe will probably, be attended by the deliverance of continental Greece. The islanders look to the English for succour as they have very lately possessed themselves of the Ionian republic Corfu excepted. But whoever appear with arms in their hands will be welcome and when that day arrives Heaven have mercy on the Ottomans they cannot expect it from the Guaours.

But instead of considering what they have been and speculating on what they may be let us look at them as

they are

And here it is impossible to reconcile the contrariety of opinions some particularly the merchants decrying the Greeks in the strongest language others generally travellers turning periods in their eulogy and publishing very curious speculations grafted on their former state which can have no more effect on their present lot, than the existence of the Incas on the future fortunes of Peru

One very ingenious person terms them the natural allies of Englishmen "another no less ingenious will not allow them to be the allies of anybody and denies their very descent from the ancients a third more ingenious than either builds a Creek empire on a Rus ian foundation and realises (on paper) all the chimeras of Catharine II As to the question of their descent what can it import whether the Mainotes are the lineal Laconians or not? or the present Athenians as indigenous as the bees of Hymettus or as the

I [The Ionian Islands with the exception of Corfu and Paxos fell into the hands of the English in 1809 1810 Paxos was captured in 1814 but Corfu which had been blockaded by Napoleon was not surrendered till the restora

tion of the Bourbons in 1815]

2 [The Mannotes or Mannates who take their name from Manna near Cape Tenaron wer, the Highlanders of the Morea remarkable for their love of violence and plunder but also for their frankness and independence Pedants have termed the Mannates descendants of the ancient Spartans but they must be either descended from the Helots or from the Perioliol. To an older genealogy they can have no pretension —Finlay's History of Greece 1877 v 113 vi 6]

grasshoppers, to which they once likened themselves? What Englishman cares if he be of a Danish, Saxon, Norman, or Trojan blood? or who, except a Welshman, is afflicted with

a desire of being descended from Caractacus?

The poor Greeks do not so much abound in the good things of this world, as to render even their claims to antiquity an object of envy, it is very cruel, then, in Mr. Thornton to disturb them in the possession of all that time has left them, viz their pedigree, of which they are the more tenacious, as it is all they can call their own. It would be worth while to publish together, and compare, the works of Messis Thornton and De Pauw, Eton and Sonnini, paradox on one side, and prejudice on the other. Mr. Thornton conceives himself to have claims to public confidence from a fourteen years' residence at Pera, perhaps he may on the subject of the Turks, but this can give him no more insight into the real state of Greece and her inhabitants, than as many years spent in Wapping into that of the Western Highlands

The Greeks of Constantinople live in Fanal, 1 and if Mr Thornton did not oftener cross the Golden Horn than his brother merchants are accustomed to do, I should place no great reliance on his information. I actually heard one of these gentlemen boast of their little general intercourse with the city, and assert of himself, with an air of triumph, that he had been but four times at Constantinople in as many years

As to Mr Thornton's voyages in the Black Sea with Greek vessels, they gave him the same idea of Greece as a cruise to Berwick in a Scotch smack would of Johnny Groat's house. Upon what grounds then does he arrogate the right of condemning by wholesale a body of men of whom he can know little? It is rather a curious circumstance that Mr Thornton, who so lavishly dispraises Pouqueville on every occasion of mentioning the Turks, has yet recourse to him as authority on the Greeks, and terms him an impartial observer. Now, Dr Pouqueville is as little entitled to that appellation as Mr Thornton to confer it on him

The fact is, we are deplorably in want of information on the subject of the Greeks, and in particular their literature, nor is there any probability of our being better acquainted, till our intercourse becomes more intimate, or their independence

I [The Fanal, or Phanár, is to the left, Pera to the right, of the Golden Horn "The water of the Golden Horn, which flows between the city and the suburbs, is a line of separation seldom transgressed by the Frank residents"—Travels in Albania, ii 208]

confirmed The relations of passing travellers are as little to be depended on as the invectives of angry factors but till something more can be attained we must be content with

the little to be acquired from similar sources 1

However defective these may be they are preferable to the parodoxes of men who have read superficially of the ancients and seen nothing of the moderns such as De Pauw who when he asserts that the British breed of horses is ruined by Newmarket and that the Spartans 4 were

I A word en passant with Mr Thornton and Dr Pouqueville who have been guilty between them of sadly clipping the Sultan's Turkish *

Dr Pouqueville tells a long story of a Moslem who swallowed corrosive sublimate in such quantities that he acquired the name of Suleyman Yeyen ie quoth the Doctor Suleyman the eater of corrosive sublimate

Aha thinks Mr Thornton (angry with the Doctor for the fiftieth time) have I caught you? †-Then in a note twice the thickness of the Doctor's anecdote he questions the Doctor's proficiency in the Turkish tongue and his veracity in his own — For observes Mr Thornton (after inflicting on us the tough participle of a Turkish verb) it means nothing more than Suleyman the eater and quite cashiers the supplementary sublimate Now both are right and both are wrong If Mr Thornton when he next resides fourteen years in the factory will consult his Turkish dictionary or ask any of his Stamboline acquaint ance he will discover that Suleyman yeyen put together discreetly mean the Swallower of sublimate without any Suleyman in the case Suleyma signifying corresiv sublimate and not being a proper name on this occasion although it be an orthodox name enough with the addition of " After Mr Thornton's frequent hints of profound Orientalism he might have found this out before he sang

such pæans over Dr Pouqueville

After this I think Travellers versus Factors shall be our motto though the above Mr Thornton has condemned hoc genus omne for mistake and misrepresentation Ne Sutor ultra crepidam No merchant beyond his NB For the benefit of Mr Thornton Sutor is not a proper name

Aecherches Philosophiques sur les Grecs 1787 1 155

[For Pouqueville's story of the thérialis or opium enters see Voyage en Morée 1805 il 126] † [Thornton's Present State of Turkey it 17.]

cowards in the field, betrays an equal knowledge of English horses and Spartan men His "philosophical observations" have a much better claim to the title of "poetical" It could not be expected that he who so liberally condemns some of the most celebrated institutions of the ancient, should have mercy on the modern Greeks, and it fortunately happens, that the absurdity of his hypothesis on their forefathers refutes his sentence on themselves

Let us trust, then, that, in spite of the prophecies of Dc Pauw, and the doubts of Mr Thornton, there is a reasonable hope of the redemption of a race of men, who, whatever may be the errors of their religion and policy, have been amply

punished by three centuries and a half of captivity

III 2

ATHENS, FRANCISCAN CONVLNT, March 17, 1811.

"I must have some talk with this learned Theban '3

Some time after my ieturn from Constantinople to this city I received the thirty-first number of the Edinburgh Review 4 as a great favour, and certainly at this distance an acceptable one, from the captain of an English frigate off Salamis In that number, Art 3, containing the review of a French translation of Strabo, there are introduced some remarks on the modern Greeks and their literature, with a

I [De Pauw (Rech Phil sur les Grees, 1788, 11 293), in repeating Plato's statement (Laches, 191), that the Lacedæmomans at Platæa first fled from the Persians, and then, when the Persians were broken, turned upon them and won the battle, misapplies to them the term θρασύδειλοι (Arist, Eth Nic, 111 9 7)—men, that is, who affect the hero, but play the poltroon]

2 [Attached as a note to line 562 of Hints from Horaci (MS M)]

3 ["I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban" Shakespeare, King Lear, act in sc 4, line 150]

4 [For April, 1810 vol avi pp 55, sq]
5 [Diamant or Adamantius Coray (1748–1833), scholar and phil-Hellenist, declared his views on the future of the Greeks in the preface to a translation of Beccaria Bonesani's treatise, Der Delitti e delle Pene (1764), which was published in Paris ın 1802 He began to publish his Bibliothèque Hellenique, in 17 vols, in 1805 He was of Chian parentage, but was

born at Smyrna Κοραη Αυτοβιογραφια, Athens, 1891]

short account of Corny a co-translator in the French version On those remarks I mean to ground a few obser vations and the spot where I now write will I hope be sufficient excuse for introducing them in a work in some degree connected with the subject. Corry the most cele brated of living Greeks at least among the Franks was born at Scio (in the I eview Smyrna is stated I have reason to think incorrectly) and besides the translation of Beccaria and other works mentioned by the Reviewer has published a lexicon in Romaic and French if I may trust the assurance of some Danish travellers lately arrived from Paris but the latest we have seen here in French and Greek is that of Gregory Zolikogloou 1 Corny has recently been involved in an unpleasant controversy with M Gul 2 a Larisian commentator and editor of some translations from the Greek poets in consequence of the Institute having awarded him the prize for his version of Hippocrates II of voltrage etc to the disparagement and consequently displeasure of the said To his exertions literary and patriotic great praise is undoubtedly due but a part of that praise ought not to be withheld from the two brothers Zosimado (merchants settled in Leghorn) who sent him to Paris and maintained him for the express purpose of elucidating the ancient and

1 I have in my possession an excellent lexicon τρέγλωσσ which I received in exchange from S G— Esq for a small gem my antiquarian friends have never forgotten it or forgiven me

[Λ ξικόν τρίγλωσσον της Γαλλικης Ιταλ ης και Ρωμ κης δ αλίκτου κτλ. 3 vols, Vienna 1790 B3 Georgie Vendoti (Bentotes or Bendotes) of Johnna The book was in Hob

house's possession in 1854

In Gail's pamphlet against Coray he talks of throwing the insolent Hellenist out of the windows On this a French critic exclaims. Ah my God'throw an Hellenist out of the window! What scribege! It certainly would be a serious business for those authors who dwell in the attice. But I have quoted the prisange merely to prove the similarity of style among the contror cristlists of all polished countries. London or Edinburgh could hardly parallel this Parisian ebullition.

[Jean Baptiste Gail (1755-18 9) Professor of Greek in the Collége de France published in 1810 a quarto volume entitled Téclamations de F B Gail et observations sur l'opinion en virtu de laquelle le juri-propose de d'erner un prix d M Coray à l'exclusion de la chasse de A nophon du

Thucydide etc grec latin français etc ?

adding to the modern, researches of his countrymen Coray, however, is not considered by his countrymen equal to some who lived in the two last centuries, more particularly Doiotheus of Mitylene, whose Hellenic writings are so much esteemed by the Greeks, that Meletius 2 terms him "Μετά τδν Οουκυδίδην και Ξενοφώντα άριστος 'Ελλήνων" (p 224, Ecclesiastical History, iv)

Panagiotes Kodrikas, the translator of Fontenelle, and Kamarases, who translated Ocellus Lucanus on the Universe into French, Christodoulus, and more particularly Psalida,5 whom I have conversed with in Joannina, are also in high repute among their literati. The last-mentioned has published in Romaic and Latin a work on True Happiness, dedicated to Catherine II But Polyzois, 6 who

I [Dorotheus of Mitylene (fl. sixteenth century), Archbishop of Monembasia (Anglice "Malmsey), on the south-east coast of Laconia, was the author of a Universal History (Biblio) 'Ιστορικόν, κτλ), edited by A Tzigaras, Venice, 1637, 4to]
2 [Meletius of Janina (1661-1714) was Archbishop of

Athens, 1703-14 His principal work is Ancient and Modern Geography, Venice, 1728, fol He also wrote an Ecclesiastical History, in four vols, Vienna, 1783-95]

3 [Panagios (Panagiotes) Kodrikas, Professor of Greek at Paris, published at Vienna, in 1794, a Greek translation of Fontenelle's Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes John Camarases, a Constantinopolitan, translated into French the apocryphal treatise, De Universi Natura, attributed to Ocellus Lucanus, a Pythagorean philosopher, who is said to have flourished in Lucania in the fifth century B C]

4 [Christodoulos, an Acarnanian, published a work, Περι Φιλοσόφου, Φιλοσοφίας, Φυσικών, Μεταφυσικών, κτλ, at Vienna,

ın 1786]

5 [Athanasius Psalidas published, at Vienna, in 1791, a sceptical work entitled, True Felicity ('Αληθης Εὐδαιμονία)
"Very leained, and full of quotations, but written in false taste "-MS M He was a schoolmaster at Janina, where Byron and Hobhouse made his acquaintance-"the only person," says Hobhouse, "I ever saw who had what might be called a library, and that a very small one ' (Travels in Albania, etc., 1 508)]

6 [Hobhouse mentions a patriotic poet named Polyzois, "the new Tyrtæus," and gives, as a specimen of his work, "a war-song of the Greeks in Egypt, fighting in the cause of Freedom"-Travels in Albania, etc., 1 507, 11

6, 7]

is stated by the Reviewer to be the only modern evcept Corav who has distinguished hinnself by a Inowledge of Hellenic if he be the Polyzois Lampanitziotes of Yanna who has published a number of editions in Romaic was neither more nor less than an itnerant vender of books with the contents of which he had no concern beyond his name on the title page placed there to secure his property in the publication and he was moreover a man utterly destitute of scholastic acquirements. As the name however is not uncommon some other Folyzois may have edited the Epistles of Arstszenetus.

It is to be regretted that the system of continental blockade has closed the few channels through which the Creeks received their publications particularly Venice and Trieste Even the common grammars for children are become too dear for the lower orders Amongst their original works the Geography of Meletius Archbishop of Athens and a multi tude of theological quartos and poetical pamphlets are to be met with their grammars and lexicons of two three and four languages are numerous and excellent Their poetry is in rhyme The most singular piece I have lately seen is a satire in dialogue between a Russian English and French traveller and the Waywode of Wallachia (or Blackbey as they term him) an archbishop a merchant 1 and Cogin Bachi (or primate) in succession to all of whom under the Turks the writer attributes their present degeneracy Their songs are sometimes pretty and pathetic but their tunes generally unpleasing to the ear of a Frank the best is the π 7 s τω Ελλήνω by the unfortunate Riga But from a catalogue of more than sixty authors now before me only fifteen can be found who have touched on any theme except theology

I am intrusted with a commission by a Greek of Athens named Marmarotouri to make arrangements if possible for printing in London a translation of Barthelems Anacharius in Romaic as he has no other opportunity unless he dispatches the MS to Vienna by the Black Sea and Danube

^{1 [}By Blackbey is meant Bey of Vlack, te Wallachia (See a Translation of this satire in dialogue — Remarks on the Romaic etc Poetical Works 1891 p 793)] 2 [Constantine Rhigas (born 1753) the author of the

^{2 [}Constantine Rhigas (born 1753) the author of the original of Byron's Sons of the Greeks arise was handed over to the Turks by the Au trians and shot at Belgrade in 1793 by the orders of Ali Pucha]

There is a slip of the pen and it can only be a slip of the pen in p 58 No ,1 of the Fdinburgh Review where these words occur. We are told that when the capital of the East yielded to Solyman.—It may be presumed that this last word will in a future edition be altered to Mahomet II! The ladies of Constantinople it seems at that period spoke a dualect which would not have disgraced the lips of an Atheman." I do not know how that might be but am sorry to say that the ladies in general and the Athemians in particular are much altered being far from choice either

I In a former number of the Edunburgh Penue. 1808 it is observed Lord Byron passed some of his early years in Scotland where he might have learned that pibroch does not mean a bagpipe any more than duet means a fidlle Query—Was it in Scotland that the young gentlemen of the Edinburgh Review learned that Solyman means Mahomet II any more than criticism means infallibility?—but thus it is

Cædimus inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis Persius Sat iv 4°

The mistake seemed so completely a lapse of the pen (from the great simularity of the two words and the total absence of error from the former pages of the literary leviathan) that I should have passed it over as in the text had I not perceived in the Edinburgh Review much facetious exultation on all such detections particularly a recent one where words and syllables are subjects of disquisition and transposition and the above-mentioned parallel passage in my own case irre sixthly propelled me to hint how much easier it is to be critical than correct. The gentlemen having enjoyed many a trumph on such victories will hardly begrudge me a slight ovation for the present.

[At the end of the review of Childe Harold February 181. (viv. 476) the editor inserted a ponderous retort to this harmless and good natured chaff. To those strictures the noble author we feel no inclination to trouble our readers with any reply we shall merely observe that if we viewed with astonishment the immeasurable furly with which the immor poet received the innocent pleasantry and moderate castigation of our remarks on his first publication we now feel nothing but pity for the strange irritability of temperament which can still cherish a private resentment for such a cause or wish to perpetuate memory of personalities as outrageous as to have been injurious only to their authors!

in their dialect or expressions, as the whole Attic race are barbarous to a proverb —

" ^Ω 'Αθῆναι, πρώτη χώρα, Τί γαϊδάρους τρέφεις τώρα," ¹

In Gibbon, vol \times p 161, is the following sentence —"The vulgar dialect of the city was gross and barbarous, though the compositions of the church and palace sometimes affected to copy the purity of the Attic models" Whatever may be asserted on the subject, it is difficult to conceive that the "ladies of Constantinople," in the reign of the last Cæsar, spoke a purer dialect than Anna Comnena wrote, three centuries before and those royal pages are not esteemed the best models of composition, although the princess $\gamma \lambda \omega \tau \tau \omega \epsilon \ell \chi \epsilon \nu$ 'Akpibû's 'Attikiçovar' In the Fanal, and in Yanina, the best Greek is spoken in the latter there is a flourishing school under the direction of Psalida

There is now in Athens a pupil of Psalida's, who is making a tour of observation through Greece he is intelligent, and better educated than a fellow-commoner of most colleges I mention this as a proof that the spirit of inquiry is not

dormant among the Greeks

The Reviewer mentions Mi Wright, the author of the beautiful poem Horæ Ionicæ, as qualified to give details of these nominal Romans and degenerate Greeks, and also of their language but Mr Wright, though a good poet and an able man, has made a mistake where he states the Albanian dialect of the Romaic to approximate nearest to the Hellenic, for the Albanians speak a Romaic as notoriously corrupt as the Scotch of Aberdeenshire, or the Italian of Naples Yanina, (where, next to the Fanal, the Greek is purest,) although the capital of Ali Pacha's dominions, is not in Albania, but Epirus, and beyond Delvinachi in Albania Proper up to Argyrocastro and Tepaleen (beyond which I did not advance) they speak worse Greek than even the Athenians I was attended for a year and a half by two of these singular mountaineers, whose mother tongue is

2 [Anna Comnena (1083-1148), daughter of Alexis I, wrote the Alexiad, a history of her father's reign]

3 [Zonaras (Annales, B 240), lib viii cap 26, A 4 Venice, 1729]

4 [See English Bards, etc., line 877 Poems, 1898, 1 366 note 1]

I ["O Athens, first of all lands, why in these latter days dost thou nourish asses?"]

Illyric and I never heard them or their countrymen (whom I have seen not only at home but to the amount of twenty thousand in the army of Vely Pacha 1) praised for their Greek but often laughed at for their provincial barbarisms

I have in my possession about twenty five letters amongst which some from the Bey of Corinth written to me by Notaras the Copia Bachi and others by the dragoman of the Caimacam? of the Morea (which last governs in Vely Pachas absence) are said to be favourable specimens of their epistolary style I also received some at Constanti nople from private persons written in a most hyperbolical.

style but in the true antique character

The Reviewer proceeds after some remarks on the tongue in its past and present state to a paradox (page 59) on the great mischief the knowledge of his own language has done to Coray who it seems is less likely to understand the ancient Greek because he is perfect master of the modern! This observation follows a paragraph recommending in explicit terms the study of the Romaic as a powerful auxiliary not only to the traveller and foreign merchant but also to the classical scholar in short to every body except the only person who can be thoroughly acquainted with its uses and by a parity of reasoning our own language is conjectured to be probably more attainable by foreigners than by ourselves! Now I am inclined to think that a Dutch Tyro in our tongue (albeit himself of Saxon blood) would be sadly perplexed with Sir Tristram 2 or any other given Auchinleck MS with or without a grammar or glossary and to most apprehensions it seems evident that none but a native can acquire a competent far less complete knowledge of our obsolete idioms. We may give the critic credit for his ingenuity but no more believe him than we do Smollett's Lismahago who maintains that the purest English is spoken in Edinburgh That Coray may err is very possible but if he does the fault is in the man rather than in his mother tongue which is as it ought to be of the greatest aid to the native student -Here the Reviewer

I [For Vely Pacha the son of Ah Pacha Vizier of the Morea set *Letters* 1898 1 48 note I]
7 [The Caimacam was the deputy or heutenant of the

7 [The Caimacam was the deputy or heutenant of the grand Vizier]

3 [Scott published Sir Tristrem a Metrical Romance of the Thirteenth Century by Thomas of Ercildon in 1804.]
4 [Captain Lismahago a paradoxical and pedantic Scotch man the favoured suitor of Miss Tabitha Bramble in

Smollett's Expedition of Humphry Clinker

proceeds to business on Strabo's translators, and here I close

my remarks

Sir W Drummond, Mr Hamilton, Lord Aberdeen, Dr Clarke, Captain Leake, Mr Gell, Mr Walpolc, and many others now in England, have all the requisites to furnish details of this fallen people. The few observations I have offered I should have left where I made them, had not the article in question, and above all the spot where I read it, induced me to advert to those pages, which the advantage of my present situation enabled me to clear, or at least to make the attempt

I have endeavoured to waive the personal feelings which rise in despite of me in touching upon any part of the Edinburgh Review, not from a wish to conciliate the favour of its writers, or to cancel the remembrance of a syllable I have formerly published, but simply from a sense of the impropriety of mixing up private resentments with a disquisition of the present kind, and more particularly at this

distance of time and place

ADDITIONAL NOTE ON THE TURKS

The difficulties of travelling in Turkey have been much exaggerated, or rather have considerably diminished, of late

I [Sn William Drummond (1780?—1828) published, interalia, A Review of the Government of Athens and Sparta, in 1795, and Herculanensia, an Archaelogical and Philological Dissertation containing a Manuscript found at Herculaneum, in conjunction with the Rev Robert Walpole (see letter to Harness, December 8, 1811 See Letters, 1898, 11 79, note 3)

For Aberdeen and Hamilton, see English Bards, etc, line 509 Poetical Works, 1898, 1 336, note 2, and Childe Harold, Canto II supplementary stanzas, ibid, 11 108

Edward Daniel Clarke, LLD (1769-1822), published Travels in Various Countries, 1810-1823 (vide ante, p 172, note 7)

For Leake, vide ante, p 174, note 1

For Gell, see English Bards, etc, line 1034, note 1

Poetical Works, 1898, 1 379

The Rev Robert Walpole (1781-1856), in addition to his share in *Herculanensia*, completed the sixth volume of Clarke's *Travels*, which appeared in 1823

years The Mussulmans have been beaten into a kind of

sullen civility very comfortable to voyagers

It is hazardous to say much on the subject of Turks and Turkey since it is possible to live amongst them twenty years without acquiring information at least from themselves. As far as my own slight experience carried me I have no complaint to make but am indebted for many civilities (I might almost say for friendship) and much hospitality to Ali Pacha his son Vely Pacha of the Morea and several others of high rank in the provinces. Suleyman Aga, late Governor of Athens and now of Thebes was a bon sizuant and as social a being as ever sit cross legged at a tray or a table. During the carnival when our English party were mas querading both himself and his successor were more happy to receive masks." than any dowager in Grosvenor square!

to receive masks "than any dowager in Grosvenor square" on one occasion of his supping at the convent his friend and visitor the Cadi of Thebes was carried from table perfectly qualified for any club in Christendom while the

worth, Waywode himself triumphed in his fall

In all money transactions with the Moslems I ever found the strictest honour the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them there are none of those dirty peculations under the name of interest difference of exchange commission etc etc uniformly found in applying to a Greek consult to cash bills even on the first houses in I era

With regard to presents an established custom in the East you will rarely find yourself a loser as one worth acceptance is generally returned by another of similar value

-a horse or a shawl

In the capital and at court the citrens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity but there does not exist a more honourable friendly and high spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga or Moslem country gentleman. It is not meant here to desig nate the governors of towns but those Agas who by a kind of feudal tenure possess lands and houses, of more or less extent in Greece and Asia Minor.

The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilisation A Moslem in walking the streets of our country towns would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey Regimentals are the best travelling dress

2 [The judge of a town or village—the Spanish alcalde — N Eng Dict art Cadi]

^{1 [}Compare English Bards etc., line 655 note - Poetical Works 1898 1 349]

The best accounts of the religion and different sects of Islamism may be found in D'Ohsson's I French, of their manners, etc., perhaps in Thornton's English. The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised Equal at least to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are not they are not treacherous, they are not cowardly, they do not burn heretics, they are not assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to their capital. They are faithful to their sultan till he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French of Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser

With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed or lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee? or an Effendi?

than a Knight of St Jago? I think not

I remember Mahmout, the grandson of Ali Pacha, asking whether my fellow-traveller and myself were in the upper or lower House of Pailiament—Now, this question from a boy of ten years old proved that his education had not been neglected—It may be doubted if an English boy at that age knows the difference of the Divan from a College of Dervises, but I am very sure a Spaniard does not—How little Mahmout, surrounded as he had been entirely by his Turkish tutors, had learned that there was such a thing as a Parliament, it were useless to conjecture, unless we suppose that his instructors did not confine his studies to the Koran

In all the mosques there are schools established, which

I [Mouradja D'Ohsson (1740-1804), an Armenian by biith, spent many years at Constantinople as Swedish envoy He published at Paris (1787-90, two vols fol) his *Tableau général de Pempire Othoman*, a work still regarded as the chief authority on the subject]

2 ["Effendi," derived from the Greek αυθέντης, through the Romaic ἀφέντης, an "absolute master," is a title borne

by distinguished civilians

The Spanish order of St James of Compostella was founded circ AD 1170]

are very regularly attended and the poor are taught with out the church of Turkey being put into peril I believe the system is not yet printed (though there is such a thing as a Turkish press and books printed on the late military institu tion of the Nizam Gedidd) 1 nor have I heard whether the Mufti and the Mollas have subscribed or the Caimacan and the Tefterdar taken the alarm for fear the ingenuous youth of the turban should be taught not to pray to God their way The Greeks also-a kind of Eastern Irish papistshave a college of their own at Maynooth -no at Haivali where the heterodox receive much the same kind of coun tenance from the Ottoman as the Catholic college from the English legislature Who shall then affirm that the Turks are ignorant bioots when they thus evince the exact propor tion of Christian charity which is tolerated in the most prosperous and orthodox of all possible kingdoms? But though they allow all this they will not suffer the Greeks to participate in their privileges no let them fight their battles and pay their haratch (taxes) be drubbed in this world and damned in the next And shall we then emancipate our Irish Helots? Mahomet forbid! We should then be bad Mussulmans and worse Christians at present we unite the best of both-jesuitical faith and something not much inferior to Turkish toleration

APPENDIX

Amongst an enslaved people obliged to have recourse to foreign presses even for their books of religion it is less to be wondered at that we find so few publications on general subjects than that we find any at all. The whole number of the Greeks estattered up and down the Turkish empire and elsewhere may amount at most to three millions and yet for so scanty a number it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion of books and their authors as the Greeks of the present century. Aye but say the generous advocates of oppression who while they assert

I [The Nizam Gedidd or new ordinance which aimed at remodelling the Turkish army on a quasi European system was promulgated by Selim III in 1803

A mufti is an expounder a molla or mollah a superior judge of the sucred Moslem law. The tefterdars or defterdars were provincial registrars and treasurers under the supreme defterdar or Chancellor of the Exchequer]

the ignorance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it, "ay, but these are mostly, if not all, ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good for nothing" Well and pray what else can they write about? It is pleasant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may abuse the government of his own country, or a Frenchman, who may abuse every government except his own, and who may range at will over every philosophical, religious, scientific, sceptical, or moral subject, sneering at the Greek legends A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch on science for want of instruction, if he doubts he is excommunicated and damned, therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philosophy, and as to morals, thanks to the Turks! there are no such things What then is left him, if he has a turn for scribbling? Religion and holy biography, and it is natural enough that those who have so little in this life should look to the next. It is no great wonder then, that in a catalogue now before me of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, not above fifteen should have touched on anything but religion catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Meletius' Ecclesiastical History

[The above forms a preface to an Appendix, headed "Remarks on the Romaic or Modern Greek Language, with Specimens and Translations," which was printed at the end of the volume, after the "Poems," in the first and successive editions of Childe Harold It contains (1) a "List of Romaic Authors," (2) the "Greek War-Song," Δεῦτε, Παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων, (3) "Romaic Extracts," of which the first, "a Satire in dialogue" (wide Note III supra), is translated (see Epigrams, etc, vol vi of the present issue), (4) scene from 'O καφενès (the Café), translated from the Italian of Goldoni by Spiridion Vlanti, with a "Translation," (5) "Familiar Dialogues" in Romaic and English, (6) "Parallel Passages from St John's Gospel," (7) "The Inscriptions at Orchomenos from Meletius" (see Travels in Albania, etc, 1224), (8) the "Prospectus of a Translation of Anacharsis into Romaic, by my Romaic master, Marmaiotouri, who wished to publish it in England," (9) "The Lord's Prayer

in Romaic and in Greek

The Excursus, which is iemarkable rather for the evidence which it affords of Byron's industry and zeal for acquiring knowledge, than for the value or interest of the subject-matter, has been omitted from the present issue. The "Remarks," etc., are included in the "Appendix" to Lord Byron's Poetical Works, 1891, pp. 792-797 (See, too, letter to Dallas, September 21, 1811 Letters, 11 43)

CHILDE HAROLDS PILGRIMAGE

CANTO THE THIRD

Afin que cette application vous forçat à penser à autre chose Il n y a en verite de remède que celui la et le temps —Lettres du Roi de Prusse et de M. D. Alembert [Lettre cvlvi. Sept. 7, 1776]

I [D Alembert (Jean le Rond philosopher mathematician and belletrist 1717-1783) had recently lost his friend Mile (Claire Françoise) L Espinasse who died May _3 1776 Frederick prescribes guidque problème bien difficile à resondre as a remedy for vain regrets (Euvres de Fréd rie II Roi de Prusse 1790 xiv 64 65)]

VOL II P

INTRODUCTION TO THE THIRD CANTO

THE Third Canto of Childe Havold was begun early in May and finished at Ouchy near Lausanne on the 7th of June 1816. Byron made a fair copy of the first drift of his poem which had been scrawled on loose sheets and engaged the services of Claire (Jane Clairmont) to make a second transcription. Her task was completed on the 4th of July The fair copy and Claires transcription remained in Byron's keeping until the end of August or the beginning of September when he consigned the transcription to his ffiend Mr. Shelley and the fair copy to Scrope Davies with instructions to deliver them to Murray (see Letters to Murray October 5 9 15 1816). Shelley landed at Portsmouth September 8 and on the 11th of September he discharged his commission.

I was thrilled with delight yesterday writes Murray (September 1) by the announcement of Mr Shelley with the MS of Childe Harold I had no sooner got the quiet possession of it than trembling with auspicious hope I carried it to Mr Gifford He says that what you have heretofore published is nothing to this effort

have heretofore published is nothing to this effort Never since my intimacy with Mr Gifford did I see him so heartily pleased or give one fiftieth part of the praise with one thousandth part of the warmth

The correction of the press was undertaken by Griford not without some remonstrance on the part of Shelley, who maintained that the revision of the proofs and the reten tion or alteration of certain particular passages had been entrusted to his discretion (Letter to Murray October 30 1816) When, if ever, Mr Davies, of "inaccurate memory" (Letter to Murray, December 4, 1816), discharged his trust is a matter of uncertainty. The "original MS" (Byron's "fair copy") is not forthcoming, and it is improbable that Murray, who had stipulated (September 20) "for all the original MSS, copies, and scraps," ever received it. The "scraps" were sent (October 5) in the first instance to Geneva, and, after many wanderings, ultimately fell into the possession of Mrs. Leigh, from whom they were purchased by the late Mr Murray.

The July number of the Quarterly Review (No xxx) was still in the press, and, possibly, for this reason it was not till October 29 that Murray inserted the following advertisement in the Morning Chronicle "Lord Byron's New Poems On the 23d of November will be published The Prisoners (sic) of Chillon, a Tale and other Poems A Third Canto of Childe But a rival was in the field The next day Harold (October 30), in the same print, another advertisement appeared "The R H Lord Byron's Pilgrimage to the Printed for I Johnston, Cheapside Holy Land whom may be had, by the same author, a new ed (the third) of Farewell to England with three other poems It was, no doubt, the success of his first venture which had stimulated the "Cheapside impostor," as Byron called him, to forgery on a larger scale

The controversy did not end there A second advertisement (Morning Chronicle, November 15) of "Lord Byron's Pilgrimage," etc, stating that "the copyright of the work was consigned" to the Publisher "exclusively by the Noble Author himself, and for which he gives 500 guineas." precedes Murray's second announcement of The Prisoners of Chillon, and the Third Canto of Childe Harold, in which he informs "the public that the poems lately advertised are not written by Lord Byron The only bookseller at present authorised to print Lord Byron's poems is Mr Murray precautions were deemed necessary. An injunction in Chancery was applied for by Byron's agents and representatives (see, for a report of the case in the Moi ning Chronicle, November 28, 1816, Letters, vol 1v, Letter to Murray, December 9, 1816, note), and granted by the Chancellor,

Lord Eldon Strangely enough Sir Samuel Romilly whom Byron did not love was counsel for the plaintiff

In spite of the injunction a volume entitled Lord Byrons Pilgrimage to the Holy Land a Poem in Two Cantos. To which is attached a fragment The Tempest was issued in 1817. It is a dull and apparently serious production suggested by but hardly an imitation of Childe Harold. The notes are descriptive of the scenery customs and antiquities of Palestine. The Tempest on the other hand is a parody and by no means a bad parody of Byron at his worst eg -

There was a sternness in his eye
Which chilled the soul—one knew not why—
But when returning vigour came
And kindled the dirk glare to flame,
So fierce it flashed one well might swerr
A thousand souls were centred there

It is possible that this Polgrimage was the genuine composition of some poetaster who failed to get his poems published under his own name or it may have been the deliberate forgery of John Agg or Hewson Clarke or C F Lawler the pseudo Peter Pindar— Drunds who were in Johnstons pay and were prepared to compose pigrimings to any land holy or unholy which would bring grist to their employer's mill (See the Advertisements at the end of Lort Byrons Pilgrimage etc)

The Third Canto was published not as announced on the 231d but on the 18th of November Murray's auspicious hope" of success was amply fulfilled He wrote to Lord Byron on the 13th of December 1816 informing him that at a dinner at the Albion Tavern he had sold to the assembled booksellers 7000 of his Third Canto of Child Harold

The reviews were for the most part laudatory. Sir Walter Scotts finely tempered eulogium (Quart Pev No xxxi October 1816 [published February 11 1817]) and Jessey balanced and cautious appreciation (Edin Pev No liv December 1816 [published February 14 1817]) have been reprinted in their collected works. Both writer conclude with an aspiration—Jessey that

This puissant spirit
Yet shall reascend
Self raised and repossess its native seat!

Scott, in the "tenderest strain" of Virgilian melody-"I decus, i nostrum, melioribus utere fatis!

NOTE ON MSS OF THE THIRD CANTO

[The following memorandum, in Byron's handwriting, is prefixed to the Transcription -

"This copy is to be printed from—subject to comparison with the original MS (from which this is a transcription) in such parts as it may chance to be difficult to decypher in the following The notes in this copy are more complete and extended than in the former—and there is also one stanza more inserted and added to this, viz the 33d

Byron July 10th, 1816 Diodati, near ye Lake of Geneva

The "original MS" to which the memorandum refers is not forthcoming (vide ante, p 212), but the "scraps" (MS) are now in Mi Murray's possession Stanzas 1-111, and the lines beginning, "The castled Crag of Drachenfels," are missing

Claire's Transcription (C) occupies the first 119 pages of a substantial quarto volume Stanzas xxxiii and xcix-cv and several of the notes are in Byron's handwriting The same volume contains Sonnet on Chillon, in Byron's handwriting, a transcription of the Prisoners (sic) of Chillon (so, too, the advertisement in the Moi ning Chi onicle, October 29, 1816), Sonnet, "Rousseau," etc., in Byron's handwriting, and transcriptions of Stanzas to , "Though the day of my destiny's over," Darkness, Churchill's Grave, The Dream, The Incantation (Manfred, act 11 sc 1), and Prometheus]

CANTO THE THIRD

Is the face like the mother's my fair child! Aby I sole daughter of my house and heart?

I If you turn over the earlier pages of the Huntingdon peerage story you will see how common a name Ada was in the early Plantagenet days I found it in my own pedigree in the reigns of John and Henry
vocalic and had been in my family
for which reasons 1 gave it to my daughter -Letter to Murray Ravenna

October 8 18 o

The Honourable Augusta Ada Byron was born December 10 1815 was married July 8 18, to William King York (1803-1893) eighth Baron King created Farl of Lovelace 1838 and died November 27 18, There were three children of the marriage-Viscount Ockhain (d 186) the present Earl of Lovelace, and the Lady Anna Isabella Nocl who was married to Wilfrid Scawen Blunt Lsq in 1869

The Countess of Loyclace wrote a contributor to the Examiner December 4 185 was thoroughly original and the poet's temperament was all that was hers in common with her father Her Lenius for Lenius she possessed was not poetic but metaphysical and mathematical her mind having been in the constant practice of investigation and with rigour and exactness." Of her devotion to science and her original powers as a mathematician her translation and explanators notes of I L. Menabrea's Aotices sur le machine Analytique de Ifr I abbage 184 a defence of the famous calculating machine remain as evidence

Those who view mathematical science not merely as a vast body of abstract and immutable truths possessing a yet deeper interest for the human race when it When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled, And then we parted, not as now we part, But with a hope.

Awaking with a start,

The waters heave around me, and on high The winds lift up their voices I depart, Whither I know not, but the hour's gone by, When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eve L

H

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!1 And the waves bound beneath me as a steed

could grieve my gazing eye -[C erased]

is remembered that this science constitutes the language through which alone we can adequately express the great facts of the natural world those who thus think on mathematical truth as the instrument through which the weak mind of man can most effectually read his Creator's works, will regard with especial interest all that can tend to facilitate the translation of its principles into explicit practical forms. So, for the moment turning away from algebraic formulæ and abstruse calculations, wrote Ada, Lady Lovelace, in her twenty-eighth year. See "Translator's Notes," signed A A L, to A Sketch of the Analytical Engine invented by Charles Babbage, Esq, London, 1843

It would seem, however, that she "wore her learning lightly as a flower" "Her manners [Examiner], her tastes, her accomplishments, in many of which, music especially, she was proficient, were feminine in the nicest sense of the word" Unlike her father in features, or in the bent of her mind, she inherited his mental vigoui and intensity of purpose Like him, she died in her thirty-seventh year, and at her own request her coffin was placed by his in the vault at Hucknall Torkard (See, too, Athenaum, December 4, 1852,

and Gent Mag, January, 1853)]

I [Compare Henry V, act in sc I, line I-"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more"] That knows his rider ¹ Welcome to their roar ¹ Swift be their guidance wheresoe er it lead !

Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale ¹

Still must I on , for I am as a weed

Flung from the rock, on Oceans foam, to sail

Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where er the surge may sweep the tempest's breath prevail

In my youth's summer I did sing of One
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind,
Again I seize the theme then but begun
And bear it with me as the rushing wind

1 And the rent canvass tail Tri T -- -[C]

1 [Compare The Two Noble Ausmen (now attributed to Shakespeare Fletcher and Massinger) act 11 sc 1 lines 7, seq —

Oh never

Shall we two exercise like twins of Honour Our arms again and feel our fiery horses Like proud seas under us

Out of this somewhat forced simile—says the editor (John Wright) of Lord Byron's Poetical Works issued in 183 by a judicious transposition of the comparison and by the

by a judicious transposition of the comparison and by the substitution of the more definite waves for seat Lord Byrons clear and noble thought has been produced. But the literary artifice if such there be is subordinate to the emotion of the writer. It is in movement progress flight that the sufferer experiences a relief from the poignancy of his anguish] 2 [The metaphor is derived from a torrent bed which

² I The metaphor is derived from a torrent bed which when dired up serves for a sandy or shingly pith —Note by H F Tozer Childe Harold 1885 p > 57 Or perhap the imagery has been suggested by the action of a flood which ploughs a channel for itself through fruitful soil and when the waters are spent leaves behind it a sterile track which does indeed permit the traveller to survey the disolation but serves no other purpose of use or beauty]

Bears the cloud onwards in that Tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life, where not a flower appears

IV

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain—
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string
And both may jar—it may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing '
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling,
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme

1

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him nor below
Can Love or Sorrow, Fame, Ambition, Strife,
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance—he can tell

1 I would essay of all I sang to sing -[MS]

[Compare Manfied, act ii sc i, lines 51, 52— "Think'st thou existence doth depend on time? It doth, but actions are our epoch"] Why Thought seeks refuge in lone caves yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpaired though old in the Soul's haunted cell

vi

Tis to create and in creating live 1

A being more intense that we endow
With form our fancy gaining as we give
The life we image even as I do now—
What am I? Nothing but not so art thou
Soul of my thought! with whom I triverse earth

1 St ll unumfo red that the this endow 11 I lrighter bean that we this endow 1V th form or r fancus — [MS]

t [It is the poets fond belief that he can find the true reality in the things that are not seen

Out of these create he can forms more real than living man— Nurslings of Immortality "

Life is but thought and by the power of the imagination his spiritual stature. By ron professes the same futth in The Dream (stanza 1 lines 19-) which also belongs to the summer of 1816—

The mind can make Substance and people planets of its own With beings brighter than have been and give A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh

At this stage of his poetic growth in part converted by Shelley in part by Wordsworth as preached by Shelley Byron so to speak, got religion went over for a while to the Church of the mystics. There was too a compulsion from within Life had 50 ne wrong with him and driven from memory and reflection he looks for redemption in the new earth which Imagination and Nature held in store]

Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mixed with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crushed feelings' dearth

VII

Yet must I think less wildly I have thought

Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame.'

And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned.' 'Tis too late'

Yet am I changed, though still enough the same
In strength to bear what Time can not abate,"

And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate

IIIV

Something too much of this but now 'tis past,

And the spell closes with its silent seal ²

- 1 A dizzy world —[MS erased]
 11 To bear unbent what Time cannot abate —[MS]
- I [Compare The Dieam, viii 6, seq —

 "Pain was mixed
 In all which was served up to him, until

He fed on poisons, and they had no power, But were a kind of nutriment"

2 [Of himself as distinct from Harold he will say no more On the tale or spell of his own tragedy is set the seal of silence, but of Harold, the idealized Byron, he once more takes up the parable In stanzas viii -xv he puts the reader in possession of some natural changes, and unfolds the

Long absent HAROLD re appears at last,

He of the breast which fain no more would feel "
Wrung with the wounds which kill not but ne er heai,

let Time who changes all had altered him

In soul and aspect as in age ly cars steal

Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb,

And Life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim

ıλ

His had been quaffed too quickly and he found
The dregs were wormwood, but he filled again
And from a purer fount on holier ground
And deemed its spring perpetual—but in vain I
Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which galled for ever fettering though unseen
And heavy though it clanked not worn with pain
Which pined although it spoke not and grew keen
Entering with every step he took through many a scene

1 If of the breast that strove no more to feel Scarred v. th the wounds - - [MS]

development of thought and feeling which had befallen the Pigrim since last they had journeyed together. The youth full Harold had sounded the depth of joy and wee. Man delighted him not—no nor woman neither. For a time however he had cured himself of this trick of sadness. He had drunk new life from the fountain of natural beauty and antique lore and had returned to take his part in the world nily armed against dangers and temptations. And in the world he had found beauty and fame had found him. What wonder that he had done as others use and then discovered that he could not fare as others fared? Henceforth there remained no comfort but in nature no refuge but in exile []

 \mathbf{x}

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mixed in Again in fancied safety with his kind,
And deemed his spirit now so firmly fixed.
And sheathed with an invulnerable mind,
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurked behind,
And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand.
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find.
Fit speculation such as in strange land.
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand."

$\mathbf{x}_{\mathbf{I}}$

But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek "

To wear it? who can curiously behold

The smoothness and the sheen of Beauty's cheek,

Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?"

Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold

The stai 1 which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?

¹ Secure in curbing coldness —[MS]

n Shines through the wonder-works—of God and Nature's hand —
[MS]

¹¹¹ Who can behold the flower at noon, nor seek
To pluck it? who can stedfastly behold —[MS]
11 Nor feel how Wisdom ceases to be cold —[MS erased]

I [The Temple of Fame is on the summit of a mountain, "Clouds overcome it," but to the uplifted eye the mists dispel, and behold the goddess pointing to her stai—the star of glory!]

CANTO III] CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Harold once more within the vortex, rolled
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time
\[\text{t} et with a nobler aim than in his Youth's fond prime \] \[\text{t} \]

чı

But soon he knew himself the most unfit a.

Of men to herd with Man with whom he held
Little in common, untaught to submit
His thoughts to others though his soul was quelled
In youth by his own thoughts still uncompelled
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To Spirits against whom his own rebelled
Proud though in desolation—which could find
A life within itself to breathe without mankind

THE

Where rose the mountains there to him were friends 11 Where rolled the ocean thereon was his home

- 1 Let usth a stead er step that in his earlier time -[MS erased]
 11 Fool he not to ki orv -[MS erased]
- Where there were mon that is there for I in were friends
 Where there was Ocea i—there he was at I ome —[MS]
 - I [Compare Manfred act ii se lines 50-58—

 From my youth upwards
 My spirit walked not with the souls of men
 Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes

My joys my griefs my passions and my powers Made me a stranger though I were the form I had no sympathy with breathing flesh

Compare too with stanzas viii viv ibid lines 58-7°]

Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to 10am,
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship, they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
Foi Nature's pages glassed by sunbeams on the lake

XIV

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,'

Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams, and earth, and earth-born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite.

Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy, but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its
brink "

XV

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing "Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,

¹ Life the Chaldean he could gaze on stars —[MS]
adored the stars —[MS erased]

n That keeps us from that Heaven on which we love to think -[MS]

m But in Man's dwelling—Harold was a thing Restless and worn, and cold and wearisome —[MS]

Drooped as a wild born falcon with clipt wing To whom the boundless air alone were home Then came his fit again which to o ercome As eagerly the barred up bird will beat His breast and beak against his wiry dome Till the blood tinge his plumage—so the heat Of his impeded Soul would through his bosom eat

WI

Self exiled Harold wanders forth again ¹
With nought of Hope left—but with less of gloom,
The very knowledge that he lived in vain
That all was over on this side the tomb
Had made Despair a similingness assume
Which, though twere wild —as on the plundered wreck.
When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck —
Did yet inspire a cheer which he forbore to check

\VII

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire s dust!

An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!

Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?

Nor column trophied for triumphal show?

11 JOY

I [In this stanza the mask is thrown aside and the real Lord Byron appears in propria persona]

The mound with the Belgian lion was erected by William I of Holland in 18 3]

Q

None, but the moral's truth tells simpler so.

As the ground was before, thus let it be,

How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!

And is this all the world has gained by thee,

Thou first and last of Fields! king-making Victory?

XVIII

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,

The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!"

How in an hour the Power which gave annuls

Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!

In "pride of place" here last the Eagle flew,"!

Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,"

1 None, but the moral truth tells simpler so —[MS]
11 and still must be —[MS]
11 the fatal IVater loo —[MS]
12 Here his last flight the haughty tagle flew —[MS]
13 Then bit with bloody beak the rent plain —[MS erased]
14 Then tore with bloody beak ——[MS]

I [Stanzas vvii, xviii], were written after a visit to Waterloo When Byron was in Brussels, a friend of his boyhood, Pryse Lockhart Gordon, called upon him and offered his services He escorted him to the field of Waterloo, and received him at his house in the evening Mrs Gordon produced her album, and begged for an autograph The next morning Byron copied into the album the two stanzas which he had written the day before Lines 5-8 of the second stanza (xviii) ran thus—

"Here his last flight the haughty Eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody beak the fatal plain,
Pierced with the shafts of banded nations through

The autograph suggested an illustration to an artist, R R Reinagle (1775–1863), "a pencil-sketch of a spirited chained eagle, grasping the earth with his talons" Gordon showed the vignette to Byron, who wrote in reply, "Reinagle is a better poet and a better ornithologist than I am, eagles and

Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through Ambition's life and labours all were vain—

He wears the shattered links of the World's broken chain t

VIX

And foam in fetters —but is Farth more free?

1 fed Gant must were the leaks of her own broken has n —[18] ill birds of prey attack with their talons and not with their beaks and I have altered the line thus—

Then tore with bloody talon the rent pluin (See Personal Memoirs of Pryse Lockhart Gordon 1830 ii 5 7 3 8]]

37 ; 8]]
1 [With this obstinate questioning of the final import and outcome of that world famous Waterloo compare the Ode from the French, We do not curse thee Waterloo written in 1813, and published by John Murray in Peemis (1816) Compare too The Age of Waterloo 93 Oh bloody and most bootless Waterloo! and Don Juan Canto VIII stansa Waterloo too in his sonnet on the Feelings of a Republican on the Ital of Bonapare (1816) utters a like lument (Shelley's Works 180), in 38).

Lnov

Too late since thou and France are in the dust That Virtue owns a more eternal for fhan Force or Fraud old Custom legal Crime And bloody Faith the foulest birth of Time

Even Wordsworth after due celebration of this victory sublime in his sonnet Emperors and Kings etc (Works 1889 p 557) solemnly admonishes the powers —

'Be just be grateful nor the oppressor's creed Reviving heavier chastisement deserve Than ever forced unpitted hearts to bleed

But the Laureate had no misgivings and in The Poet's Pilgrimage iv 60 celebrates the national apotheosis—

Peace hath she won with her victorious hand Hath won thro rightful war auspicious peace Did nations combat to make One submit?

Or league to teach all Kings true Sovereignty?'

What! shall reviving Thraldom again be
The patched-up Idol of enlightened days?

Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze

And servile knees to Thrones? No! prove before ye praise!

λ۷.

If not, o'er one fallen Despot boast no more!

In vain fair cheeks were furrowed with hot tears

For Europe's flowers long rooted up before

The trampler of her vineyards, in vain, years

Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,

Have all been borne, and broken by the accord

Of roused-up millions—all that most endears

Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a Sword,

Such as Harmodius. drew on Athens' tyrant Lord

XXI

There was a sound of revelry by night,¹
And Belgium's Capital had gathered then

1 Or league to teach their Lings -[MS]

Not this alone, but that in every land

The withering rule of violence may cease
Was ever War with such blest victory crowned!

Did ever Victory with such fruits abound!"

I [The most vivid and the best authenticated account of the Duchess of Richmond's ball, which took place June 15,



Her Beauty and her Chivalry—and bright
The lamps shone o er fair women and brave men,
A thousand hearts beat happily and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again
And all went merry as a marriage bell ^{3 26}
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

1177

Did ye not hear it?—No—twas but the Wind

Or the car rattling o er the stony street

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined

No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet

1 The larges shove or lovely dames and gallant ven —[MS]
The lamps shove on ladies ———[MS erased]

the eve of the Battle of Quatrebras in the duke's house in the Rue de la Blanchisserie is to be found in Lady de Ross (Lady Georgiana Lennox) Personal Recollections of the Great Duke of Wellington which appeared first in Murray's Maga ine January and February 1889 and were republished as A Sketch of the Life of Georgiana Lady de Posby her daughter the Hon Mrs J R Swinton (John Murray 1893). My mothers now famous ball writes Lady de Ross (A Sketch etc. pp. 1–123) took place in a large room on the ground floor on the left of the entrance connected with the rest of the house by an anter oom. It had been used by the coachbuilder from whom the house was hard to put carriages in but it was papered before we came there and I recollect the paper—a trellis pattern with roses. When the duke arrived rather late at the ball I was dancing but at once went up to him to asl, about the rumours. Yes they are true—we are off to morrow. This terrible news was circulated directly, and while some of the officers hurried away others remained at the ball and actually had not time to change their clothes but fought in

evening costume]

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet

But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat,

And nearer—clearer—deadlier than before!!

Arm! Aim! it is—the cannon's opening roar!

XXIII

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated Chieftain, he did hear 1
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic car

- 1 With a slow deep and dread inspiring roar —[MS erased]
 11 Aim! arm, and out! it is the opening cannon's roar —[MS]
 Aim—aim—and out—it is—the cannon's opening roar —[C]
- I [Fiederick William, Duke of Brunswick (1771-1815) brother to Caroline, Princess of Wales, and nephew of George III, fighting at Quatrebras in the front of the line, "fell almost in the beginning of the battle" His father, Charles William Ferdinand, born 1735, the author of the fatal manifesto against the army of the Fiench Republic (July 15, 1792), was killed at Auerbach, October 14, 1806 In the plan of the Duke of Richmond's house, which Lady de Ros published in her Recollections, the actual spot is marked (the door of the ante-room leading to the ball-room) where Lady Georgiana Lennox took leave of the Duke of Brunswick "It was a dreadful evening," she writes, "taking leave of friends and acquaintances, many never to be seen again The Duke of Brunswick, as he took leave of me made me a civil speech as to the Brunswickers being sure to distinguish themselves after 'the honour' done them by my having accompanied the Duke of Wellington to their review I remember being quite provoked with poor Lord Hay, a dashing, merry youth, full of military ardour, whom I knew very well, for his delight at the idea of going into action and the first news we had on the 16th was that he and the Duke of Biunswick were killed "—A Sketch, etc., pp 132 133]

And when they smiled because he deemed it near His heart more truly knew that peal too well. Which stretched his father on a bloody bier And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell He rushed into the field and foremost fighting fell

VIV

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro—
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress!
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness—
And there were sudden partings such as press!!
The life from out young hearts and choking sighs
Which ne er might be repeated—who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

VV

And there was mounting in hot haste—the steed
The mustering squadron and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war—

^{1.} If i heart refly, ig k or if at so ind too self — [IIS] ind the hopet over, an effor a Sires a dear As I im ho d ad on Jona—volom to the III is fluid that it had resurred throw has y a year ken ted him to a d ant firsy mought could just [IVS] o as i] 1. — tre tors of a stress —[IVS]

^{11 -} which dil f ess

L ke death 1 fon 30 n hearts --- - [US]

Oh that on night so soft such hear; norn should rise -[MS]

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the Morning Star,
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white hips—"The foe! They come!
they come!"

XXVI

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills

Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,

Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers

With the fierce native daring which instils

The stirring memory of a thousand years,

And Evan's Donald's 4 fame rings in each clansman's

ears!

XXVII.

And Ardennes 5 b waves above them her green leaves, bewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass—Grieving, if aught manimate e'er grieves,

Over the unreturning brave,—alas!

- 1 And wakening citizens with terror dumb
 Or whispering with pale lips—" The foe—They come, they come"—
 [MS]
 Or whispering with pale lips—" The Desolation's come"—
 [MS erased]
- n And Soignies waves above them —[MS]
 And Ardennes —[C]

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass Which now beneath them but above shall grow In its next verdure when this fiery mass Of living Valour rolling on the foe And burning with high Hope shall moulder cold and low

HIVXX

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,-Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay The Midnight brought the signal sound of strife The Morn the marshalling in arms -the Day Battle's magnificently stern array t The thunder-clouds close o er it, which when rent The earth is covered thick with other clay Which her own clay shall cover heaped and pent Rider and horse -friend -foe -in one red burial blent!

XXIX

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine Yet one I would select from that proud throng Partly because they blend me with his line And partly that I did his Sire some wrong 1 And partly that bright names will hallow song And his was of the bravest, and when showered

1 But chiefly --- - [US]

1 [Vide ante English Bards etc. Inne 7 6 note. Poetical Works 1898 1 354]

The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of War's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant
Howard 1.1

111

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,

And mine were nothing, had I such to give.

But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,

Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,

And saw around me the wide field revive

With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring 2

Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,

With all her reckless birds upon the wing,

I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring 61

I [The Hon Frederick Howard (1785–1815), third son of Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, fell late in the evening of the 18th of June, in a final charge of the left square of the French Guard, in which Vivian brought up Howard's hussars against the French Neither French infantry nor cavalry gave way, and as the Hanoverians fired but did not charge, a desperate combat ensued, in which Howard fell and many of the 10th were killed—Waterloo The Downfall of the First Napoleon, G Hooper, 1861, p. 236

Southey, who had visited the field of Waterloo, September, 1815, in his Poet's Pilgrimage (iii 49), dedicates a pedestrian

stanza to his memory—

"Here from the heaps who strewed the fatal plain
Was Howard's corse by faithful hands conveyed,
And not to be confounded with the slain,
Here in a grave apart with reverence laid,
Till hence his honoured relics o er the seas
Were borne to England, where they rest in peace ']

2 [Autumn had been beforehand with spring in the work of renovation

XXXI

I turned to thee to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake
The Archangel's trump not Glory's must awake
Those whom they thirst for though the sound of Pame
May for a moment soothe it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing and the name
So honoured but assumes a stronger butterer claim

11XXZ

They mourn but smile at length—and smilin, mourn
The tree will wither long before it fall
The hull drives on though mist and sail be torn
The roof tree sinks but moulders on the hall
In massy hoanness the ruined wall
Stands when its wind worn battlements are gone

And dead within behold the Spring retu n - [If S erasid]

Yet Nature everywhere resumed her course Low pansies to the sun their purple gave And the soft poppy blossomed on the grave Poet's Pilgrimage in 36

But the contrast between the continuous action of nature and the doom of the unreturning dead which does not greatly concern Southey fills Byron with a fierce desire to sum the price of victory. He flings in the face of the vain glorious mourners the bitter reality of their abiding loss. It was this prophetic note the voice of one crying in the wilderness? which sounded in and through Byron's rhetoric to the men of his own generation!

The bars survive the captive they enthral,

The day drags through though storms keep out the sun, 'And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on 1

XXXIII.

Even as a broken Mirror,² which the glass

In every fragment multiplies and makes

1 It still is day though clouds keep out the Sun -[MS]

I [So, too, Coleridge "Have you never seen a stick broken in the middle, and yet cohering by the rind? The fibres, half of them actually broken and the rest sprained, and, though tough, unsustaining? Oh, many, many are the broken-hearted for those who know what the moral and practical heart of the man is "—Anima Poeta, 1895, p 303]

2 [According to Lady Blessington (Conversations, p 176), Byion maintained that the image of the broken mirror had in some mysterious way been suggested by the following

quatrain which Curran had once repeated to him -

"While memory, with more than Egypt's art
Embalming all the sorrows of the heart
Sits at the altar which she raised to woe,
And finds the scene whence tears eternal flow"

But, as M Darmesteter points out, the true source of inspiration was a passage in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy-"the book,' as Byron maintained, "in my opinion most useful to a man who wishes to acquire the reputation of being well-read with the least trouble, (Life, p 48) Burton is discoursing on injury and long-suffering "'Tis a Hydra's head contention, the more they strive, the more they may, and as Praxiteles did by his glass [see Cardan, De Consolatrone, lib iii], when he saw a scurvy face in it, break it in pieces, but for the one he saw, he saw many more as bad in a moment, for one injury done, they provoke another cum fænore, and twenty enemies for one "—Anatomy of Melancholy, 1893, 11 Compare, too, Carew's poem, The 228 Spark, lines 23-26-

"And as a looking-glass, from the aspect,
Whilst it is whole doth but one face reflect,
But being crack'd or broken, there are shewn
Many half-faces, which at first were one
Anderson's British Poets, 1793, 111 703

A thousand images of one that was

The same—and still the more the more it breaks,
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes

Living in shattered guise, and still and cold

And bloodless with its sleepless sorrow aches

Yet withers on till all without is old

Showing no visible sign for such things are untold

VXXIV

There is a very life in our despair

Vitality of poison—a quick root

Which feeds these deadly branches, for it were
As nothing did we die, but Life will suit

Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit

Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore?

All ashes to the taste Did man compute

Existence by enjoyment and count oer

Such hours gainst years of life—say, would he name

VXXX

The Psalmist numbered out the years of man

They are enough—and if thy tale be titue!

Thou who didst grudge him even that fleeting span!

More than enough—thou fatal Waterloo!

- 1 Lut not his pleasur —si ch m ht be a tash —[MS crased]
 I [The 'tale or reckoning of the Psalmist the span of
- threescore years and ten is contrasted with the tale or

Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
Their children's lips shall echo them, and say
"Here, where the sword united nations drew,'
Our countrymen were warring on that day!"
And this is much—and all—which will not pass away

XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose Spirit, antithetically mixed,
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixed,"
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwirt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been
For Daring made thy rise as fall thou seek'st in 1
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,2
And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene!

- 1 Here where the sword united Lurope drew I had a linsman warring on that day -[MS]
- 11 On little thoughts with equal firmness fixed -[MS]
- 111 For thou hast risen as fallen—even now thou seel'st An hour —[MS]

neckoning of the age of those who fell at Waterloo A "fleeting span" the Psalmist's, but, reckoning by Waterloo, "more than enough" Waterloo grudges even what the Psalmist allows]

I [Byron seems to have been unable to make up his mind about Napoleon "It is impossible not to be dazzled and overwhelmed by his character and career," he wrote to Moore (March 17, 1815), when his Héros de Roman, as he called him, had broken open his "captive's cage" and was making victorious progress to the capital In the Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte, which was written in April, 1814,

II VXXX

Conqueror and Captive of the Earth art thou!

She trembles at thee still and thy wild name!

Was ne er more bruited in men's minds than now

That thou art nothing save the jest of Fame

1 --- and thy dark name If as neer more rife within men s m with s than now --[MS]

after the first abdication at Fontainebleau the dominant note is astonishment mingled with contempt. It is the la mentation over a fullen idol. In these stanzas (xxxvi-vlv) he bears witness to the mans essentivil greatness and with manifest reference to his own personality and career attributes his final downfall to the peculiar constitution of his genus and temper. A year later (1817) in the Fourth Canto (stanzas lxxxi-xci) he passes a severe sentence. Napoleon's greatness is swallowed up in weakness. He is a kind of bastard Carsar self vanquished the creature and victum of vanity. Finally in The Age of Bron e sections in-vithere is a reversion to the same theme the trage tropy of the rise and fall of the king of kings and yet of slaves the slave.

As a schoolboy at Harron Byron fought for the preservation of Napoleon's bust and he was ever ready in defiance of national feeling and national prejudice to celebrate him as the glorious chief but when it came to the point he did not want him here interiorious over England and he could not fail to see with insight quickened by self knowledge that greatness and genius possess no charm against littleniss and commonness and that the glory of the terrestrial meets with its own reward. The moral is obvious and as old as history but herein lay the secret of Byron's potency that he could remint and issue in fresh splendour the familiar comage of the worlds wit. Mortover he lived in a great age when great truths are born again and appear in a new light!

The stanza was written while Napoleon was still under the guardianship of Admiral Sir George Cockburn and before Sir Hudson Lowe had landed at St Helena but complaints were made from the first that imperial honours which were paid to him by his own suite were not accorded

by the British authorities 1

With a sedate and all-enduring eye,-

When Fortune fled her spoiled and favourite child He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled

١L

Sager than in thy fortunes for in them
Ambition steeled thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn which could contemn
Men and their thoughts, twas wise to feel, not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turned unto thine overthrow
This but a worthless world to win or lose,
So bath it proved to thee and all such lot who choose

LIZ

Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone
Such scorn of man had helped to brave the shock
But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy
throne

Thar admiration thy best weapon shone
The part of Philips son was thine not then
(Unless aside thy Purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men—

If like a tower upon a headlong rock

For sceptred Cynics Earth were far too wide a den a

VOL II

And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife
That should their days surviving perils past
Melt to calm twilight they feel overcast.
With sorrow and supmeness and so die
Even as a flame unfed which runs to waste
With its own flickering or a sword laid by
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously

VI V

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find

The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow
He who surprisses or subdues mankind

Must look down on the hate of those below a.

Though high abo e the Sun of Glory glow

And far beneath the Earth and Ocean spread

Round him are icy rocks and loudly blow

Contending tempests on his naked head a.

And thus reward the toils which to those summits led

\Lvi

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be within its own creation or in thine Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?

```
1 — they rat or reast = [MS]
11 — the hate of all below = [MS]
12 — on his siv gle head = [MS]
13 — the wase man is World will be = [MS]
14 — for what teems I be the = [MS]
```

There Harold gazes on a work divine,

A blending of all beautics, streams and dells,

Fruit foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,

And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells

From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

MVII

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying Wind.
Or holding dark communion with the Cloud
There was a day when they were young and proud
Banners on high, and battles 1 passed below,
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud.
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow

/L/ III

Beneath these battlements, within those walls

Power dwelt amidst her passions, in proud state

Each robber chief upheld his arméd halls,

Doing his evil will nor less elate

¹ From gray and glastly wells—verere Rum kn aly a cills—
[MS]
11 are sl redless tatters new—[MS]

I [For the archaic use of 'battles' for 'battalions,' compare Macbeth, act v sc 4, line 4 and Scott's Lord of the Isles, vi 10—

[&]quot;In battles four beneath their eye, The forces of King Robert he"]

Than mightier heroes of a longer date
What want these outlaws conquerors should have
But History's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space—an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm their souls were full as

SUIS

In their baronial feuds and single fields,

What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!

And Love which lent a blazon to their shields!

With emblems well devised by amorous pride.

Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide.

But still their flame was fierceness and drew on keen contest and destruction near allied,

And many a tower for some fair mischief won.

Saw the discoloured Rhine hencath its ruin run.

.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river!

Making thy waves a blessing as they flow

Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever

Could man but leave thy bright creation so

Nor its fair promise from the surface mow ^d

With the sharp scythe of conflict—then to see

- WI at want these outlands that a king slould have But History's an page [MS]
 their hearts were far more brave [MS]
- Of arms or angry conflict [MS]
 - I [The most usual device is a bleeding heart]

Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know ¹
Earth paved like Heaven—and to seem such to me, ¹
Even now what wants thy stream?—that it should Lethe be

IJ

A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,
But these and half their fame have passed away,
And Slaughter heaped on high his weltering ranks
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide washed down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glassed, with its dancing light, the sunny ray,
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem

111

Thus Harold only said, and passed along,
Yet not insensible to all which here
Awoke the jocund birds to early song
In glens which might have made even exile dear

- 1 Earth's dreams of Heaven—and such to seem to me But one thing wants thy stream —[MS]
- u Glassed with its wonted light, the sunny ray,
 But o'er the mind's marred thoughts—though but a dream —[AIS]
 - I [Compare Moore's lines, The Meeting of the Waters—
 - "There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the wide waters meet"]
- 2 [Compare Lucan's *Pharsalia*, 18 969, "Etiam periere ruinæ," and the lines from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, 88 20, quoted in illustration of Canto II stanza liii]

Though on his brow were graven lines austere
And tranquil sternness which had ta en the place
Of feelings fierier far but less severe—
Joy was not always absent from his face
But over it in such scenes would steal with transient trace.

1.111

Nor was all Love shut from him though his days
Of Passion had consumed themselves to dust
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us, the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness though Disgust
Hath weaned it from all worldlings thus he felt
For there was soft Remembrance and sweet Trust
In one fond breast to which his own would melt
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt 1

T.TV

And he had learned to love —I know not why

For this in such as him seems strange of mood —

The helpless looks of blooming Infancy

Even in its earliest nurture, what subdued

To change like this a mind so far imbued

With scorn of man it little boots to know

1 Pepose stself on kind iess --- - [MS]

I [Two lyrics entitled Stan as to Augusta and the Epistle to Augusta which were included in Domestic Pieces published in 1816 are dedicated to the same subject—the devotion and faithfulness of his sister]

But thus it was, and though in solitude

Small power the nipped affections have to grow,

In him this glowed when all beside had ceased to

glow

LV

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,

Which unto his was bound by stronger ties

Than the church links withal, and though unwed,

That love was pure—and, far above disguise,

Had stood the test of mortal enmities

Still undivided, and cemented more

By peril, dreaded most in female eyes,

But this was firm, and from a forcign shore

Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour time

- 1 But there was one —[MS]
 11 Yet was it pure —[MS]
- III Thus to that heart did his its thoughts in absence four -[MS] its absent feelings four -[MS erased]
- I [It has been supposed that there is a reference in this passage, and again in Stanzas to Augusta (dated July 24, 1816), to "the only important calumny"—to quote Shelley's letter of September 29, 1816—"that was even ever advanced" against Byron "The poems to Augusta," remarks Elze (Life of Lord Byron, p 174), "prove, further, that she too was cognizant of the calumnious accusations, for under no other supposition is it possible to understand their allusions" But the mere fact that Mrs Leigh remained on terms of intimacy and affection with her brother, when he was under the ban of society, would expose her to slander and injurious comment, "peril dieaded most in female eyes." whereas to other calumnies, if such there were, there could be no other reference but silence, or an ecstasy of wrath and indignation]

τ

The castled Crag of Drachenfels 1 and
Frowns o er the wide and winding Rhine
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine
And hills all rich with blossomed trees
And fields which promise corn and wine
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine
Have strewed a scene which I should see
With double joy wert then with me

And peasant girls with deep blue eyes
And hands which offer early flowers
Walk smiling o er this Paradise
Above the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray
And many a rock which steeply lowers
And noble arch in proud decay
Look o er this vale of vintage bowers
But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine 1

s

I send the lilies given to me—

Though long before thy hand they touch

I [Written on the Rhine bank May II 1816 -MS M]

I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such,
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

4

The river nobly foams and flows
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here,
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To Nature and to me so dear—
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

LVI

By Coblentz, on a use of gentle ground,

There is a small and simple Pyramid,

Crowning the summit of the verdant mound,

Beneath its base are Heroes' ashes hid

Our enemy's—but let not that forbid

Honour to Marccau! o er whose early tomb

Fears big tears gushed from the rough soldiers lid

Lamenting and yet envying such a doom

Falling for France whose rights he battled to resume

T.VII

Brief brive and glorious was his young career—
His mourners were two hosts his friends and foes
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant Spirit's bright repose—
For he was Freedom's Champion one of those,
The few in number who had not o erstept 1
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons he had kept
The whiteness of his soul—und thus men o cr him wept

I.VIII

Here Ehrenbreitstein ^a with her shattered wall
Black with the miner's blast upon her height
Yet shows of what she was when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light —
A Tower of Victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain

1 As gh for Marcea : --- -[115]

t [Marceau (vide post note ~ p _96) took part in crushing the Vendean insurrection If as General Hoche asserts in his memoirs six hundred thousand fell in Vendée Free dom's chirter was not easily overstepped]

But Peace destroyed what War could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain
On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain 1

LIX

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray,
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey!
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, not too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,"
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year?

LX

Adieu to thee again ' a vain adieu '
There can be no farewell to scene like thine,

- 1 And could the sleepless vultures -[MS]
- 11 Rustic not rude, sublime yet not austere -[MS]
- I [Compare Gray's lines in *The Fatal Sisters*—

 "Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
 Hurtles in the darken'd air"]
- 2 [Lines 8 and 9 may be cited as a crying instance of Byron's faulty technique The collocation of "awful" with "austere," followed by "autumn" in the next line, recalls the afflictive assonance of "high Hymettus," which occurs in the beautiful passage which he stole from The Curse of Miner va and prefixed to the third canto of The Corsan The sense of the passage is that, as in autumn, the golden mean between summer and winter, the year is at its full, so in the varied scenery of the Rhine there is a harmony of opposites, a consummation of beauty]

The mind is coloured by thy every hue

And if reluctantly the eyes resign

Their cherished gaze upon thee lovely Rhine!

Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise

More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine

But none unite in one attaching maze

The brilliant fur and soft—the glories of old days

LXI

The negligently grand the fruitful bloom ¹
Of coming ripeness the white city s sheen
The rolling stream the precipices gloom
The forests growth and Gothic walls between —
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been,
In mockery of man's art and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all
Still springing o er thy banks though Empires near them

More mvol ty scenes 1 tay rise—m re glaring sh te But none un te 1 t one enchanted ga e The fertile—fair—and soft—tl e glori s of old days ~ [US]

I [The nephgently grand may perhaps refer to the glornes of old days now in a stric of neplect not to the unstudied grandeur of the scene taken as a whole but the phrase is loosely thrown out in order to comey a peneral impression an attaching mare an engaging attractive combination of images and must not be interrogated too closely]

1×11

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,

The Palaces of Nature, whose vast walls

Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,¹

And throned Eternity in icy halls

Of cold Sublimity, where forms and falls

The Avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!

All that expands the spirit, yet appals,

Gather around these summits, as to show

How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below

$I \times III$

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,

There is a spot should not be passed in vain,

Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man

May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,

Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain,

Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,

- 1 Around in chrystal grandour to where falls
 The avalanche—the thunder clouds of snow —[A!S]
- I [Compare the opening lines of Coloridge's Hymn before Sum ise in the Valley of Chamouni—
 - "Hast thou a charm to stay the morning stai In his steep course? So long he seems to pause On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!"

The "thunderbolt" (line 6) recurs in Manfied, act 1 sc 1-

"Around his waist are forests braced, The Avalanche in his hand, But ere its fall, that thundering ball Must pause for my command" A bony heap through ages to remain

Themselves their monument, 1—the Stygian coast

Unsepulchred they rounted and shricked each windering

whost 1 2 3 n.

1.211

While Waterloo with Cann'es carriage vies,

Morat and Mirathon twin names shall stand.

They were true Glory's stainless victories.

Won by the unambitious heart and hand.

Unser lehr it ey ram an i shreel --- - [MS]

1 [The inscription on the ossurty of the Burgundian troops which fell in the battle of Morat June 14 1476 suggested this variant of Si monumentum quaris—

DIO OPTIMO MANIMO

- ' Inclytissimi et fortissimi Burgundia, ducis exercitus Moratum obsidens ab Helvetiis cæsus hoc sui monu mentum reliquit]
- 7 [The souls of the suntors when Hernes roused and shepherded them followed gibbering" (τρ ξ σα) - O! x xiv 5 Once too when the observance of the dies Paren tales was neglected Roman ghosts took to vandering and shricking.
 - f Perque vias Urbis Latiosque ululasse per agros Deformes animas vulgus inane ferunt Ovid Fasti ii lines 553 554

The Homeric ghosts gibbered because they were ghosts the Burgundian ghosts because they were confined to the Stygian coast and could not cross the stream. For once the classical allusions are forced and inappropriate.]

3 [Byton's point is that at Morat 15 000 men were slain in anghteous cause—the defence of a republic against an invading tyrant—whereas the lives of those that fell at Cannæ and at Waterloo were sacrificed to the ambition of rivil powers fighting for the mastery I

Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely cause
Of vice-entailed Corruption, they no land;
Doomed to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making Kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause

$L \times V$

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears

A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days,

'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild-bewildered gaze

Of one to stone converted by amaze,

Yet still with consciousness, and there it stands

Making a marvel that it not decays,

When the coeval pride of human hands,

Levelled Aventicum, 14 th hath strewed her subject lands

L/VI

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the name!—
Julia—the daughter—the devoted—gave
Her youth to Heaven, her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave
The life she lived in—but the Judge was just

their proud land
Groan'd not beneath —[MS]

And then she died on him she could not save '
Their tomb was simple and without a bust '
And held within their urn one mind—one heart—one
dust ***

LXVII

But these are deeds which should not pass away
And names that must not wither though the Earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay
The enslayers and the enslayed—their death and birth
The high the mountain majesty of Worth
Should be—and shall survivor of its woc
And from its immortality look forth
In the sun's face like yonder Alpine snow *
Imperishably pure beyond all things below

REVER

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
I he mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and huc
There is too much of Man here 1 to look through
With a fit mind the might which I behold

- 1 And this shed ed [MS] 11 And they be simply — [MS crased] 11 The clear deptl s y eld — [MS]
- 1 [4 Haunted and hunted by the British tourist and gossipmonger Byron took refuge on June to at the Villa Diodati but still the pursuers strove to win some wretched consolation by waylaying him in his evening drives or directing the

But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penned me in their fold

telescope upon his balcony, which overlooked the lake, or upon the hillside, with its vineyards, where he lurked obscure" (Dowden's Life of Shelley, 1896, p 309) It is possible, too, that now and again even Shelley's companionship was felt to be a strain upon nerves and temper The escape from memory and remorse, which could not be always attained in the society of a chosen few, might, he hoped, But it was be found in solitude, face to face with nature Even nature was powerless to "minister to a not to be mind diseased" At the conclusion of his second tour (September 29, 1816), he is constrained to admit that "neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me" (Life, p 315) Perhaps Wordsworth had this confession in his mind when, in 1834, he composed the lines, "Not in the Lucid Intervals of Life," of which the following were, he notes, "written with Lord Byron's character as a past before me, and that of others, his contemporaries, who wrote under like influences "-

"Nor do words,
Which practised talent readily affords,
Prove that his hand has touched responsive chords
Nor has his gentle beauty power to move
With genuine rapture and with fervent love
The soul of Genius, if he dare to take
Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake,
Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent
Of all the truly great and all the innocent
But who is innocent? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature! are we thine,
Through good and evil there, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy"

The Works of IV IVordsworth, 1889, p 729

Wordsworth seems to have resented Byron's tardy conversion to "natural piety," regarding it, no doubt, as a fruitless and graceless endeavour without the cross to wear the crown But if Nature reserves her balms for "the

To fly from need not be to hate mankind

TAIX

All are not fit with them to stir and toil

Nor is it discontent to keep the mind

Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil ¹

In the hot throng where we become the spoil

Of our infection till too late and long

We may deplore and struggle with the coil

In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong

Midst a contentious world striving where none are

strong

LXX

There in a moment we may plunge our years

In fatal penitence and in the blight

- 1 It its own deepness - [MS]
- 11 One of a worthless world—to str v where none are strong -[MS]

innocent" her quality of inspiration is not strained Byron too was nature s priest—

And by that vision splendid Was on his way attended 1

I [The metaphor is derived from a hot spring which appears to boil over at the moment of its coming to the surface. As the particles of water when they emerge into the light break, and bubble into a seething mass—so too does passion chase and beget passion in the hot throng—of reneral interests and individual desires!

The thought which underlies the whole of this passage is that man is the creature and thrall of fate. In society in the world he is exposed to the incidence of passion which he can neither resist nor yield to without torture. He is overcome by the world and as a last resource he turns to nature and solitude. He lifts up his eyes to the hills unexpectant of Divine aid but in the hope that by claiming

Of our own Soul turn all our blood to tears,
And colour things to come with hues of Night
The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those that walk in darkness—on the sea
The boldest steer but where their ports invite
But there are wanderers o'er Eternity^{† 1}
Whose bark drives—on and on, and anchored ne'er

LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,

And love Earth only for its earthly sake?

shall be

through Lternity -[MS]

kinship with Nature, and becoming "a portion of that around" him, he may forego humanity, with its burden of penitence, and clude the curse. There is a further reference to this despairing recourse to Nature in *The Dieam*, viii 10, seq.—

Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains—with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues! and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries"]

I [Shelley seems to have taken Byron at his word, and in the Adonais (xx 3, seq) introduces him in the disguise of—

"The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame Over his living head like Heaven is bent, An early but enduring monument"

Notwithstanding the splendour of Shelley's verse, it is difficult to suppress a smile. For better or for worse, the sense of the ludicrous has asserted itself, and "brother" cannot take "brother" quite so seriously as in "the brave days of old". But to each age its own humour. Not only did Shelley and Byron worship at the shrine of Rousseau, but they took delight in reverently tracing the footsteps of St. Preux and Julie.]

By the blue rushing of the arrowy 1 Rhone 7th Or the pure bosom of its nursing Lake
Which feeds it as 2 mother who doth make

A fair but froward infant her own care Kissing its cries away as these awake —

Is it not better thus our lives to wear

Than join the crushing crowd doomed to inflict or bear?

LXXII

I hive not in myself but I become

Portion of that around me and to me.

High mountains are a feeling but the hum

Of human cities torture. I can see

- 1 To its young cries and kisses all awake +[NS]
- 11 Of peopled cities --- -[MS]

I [The name Tigms is derived from the Persian tir (San scrit Figra) an arrow If Byron ever consulted Hofmann's Lexicon Universale he would have read Tigms a velocitate dictus quasi sagrilla but most probably he neither had nor sought an authority for his natural and beautiful simile]

7 [Compare Tintern Abbey In this line both language and sentiment are undoubtedly Wordsworth s-

The sounding cataract Haunted me like a passion the tall rock. The mountain and the deep and gloony wood Their colours and their forms were then to me. An appetite a feeling and a love.

That had no need of a remoter charm

But here the resemblance ends With Wordsworth the mood passed and he learned

To look on Nature not as in the hour Of thoughtless youth but hearing oftentimes The still sad music of humanity Not harsh nor grating but of amplest power To chasten and subdue

He would not question Nature in search of new and

Nothing to loathe in Nature, save to be'

A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,

Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,

And with the sky the peak the heaving plain "

Of Ocean, or the stars, mingle and not in vain

LXXIII.

And thus I am absorbed, and this is life
I look upon the peopled desert past,
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to Sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last "
With a fresh pinion, which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the Blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling " 1

but to be
A link reluctant in a living chain
Classing with creatures —[MS]

And with the air —[MS]

To sink and suffer —[MS]

which partly round us cling —[MS]

untainted pleasure, but rests in her as inclusive of humanity. The secret of Wordsworth is acquiescence, "the still, sad music of humanity" is the key-note of his ethic. Byron, on the other hand, is in revolt. He has the ardour of a pervert, the rancorous scoin of a deserter. The "hum of human cities" is a "torture". He is "a link reluctant in a fleshly chain." To him Nature and Humanity are antagonists, and he cleaves to the one, yea, he would take her by violence, to mark his alienation and severance from the other.]

I [Compare Horace, Odes, 111 2 23, 24—

"Et udam

Spernit humum fugiente pennâ"]

LXXIV

And when at length the mind shall be all free
From what it hates in this degraded form to Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm —
When Elements to Flements conform
And dust is as it should be shall I not
Feel all I see less dazzling but more warm?
The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each spot? 1
Of which even now I share at times the immortal lot? 1

LANV

Are not the mountains waves and skies a part to Of me and of my Soul as I of them?

Is not the love of these deep in my heart.

With a pure passion? should I not contemn.

All objects if compared with these? and stem.

A tide of suffering rather than forego.

1 — 11th s degrad 1gf ret - [MS]
11 — the Spirit 11 each spit - [MS]
11 [Is not] the 11 erze a br ath 1r first - [MS]

1 [The boddless thought" is the object not the subject of his celestial vision. Even now" is through a glass darkly and with eyes.

Whose half beholdings through unsteady tears Give shape hue distance to the inward dream

his soul had sight of the spirit the informing iden the essence of each pissing scene but hereifter his bodiless spirit would as it were encounter the place-spirits face to face. It is to be noted that warmth of feeling not clearness or fulness of perception, attends this spiritual recognition.

Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm

Of those whose eyes are only turned below,

Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow?¹

LXXVI

But this is not my theme, and I return has that which is immediate, and require. Those who find contemplation in the uin, To look on One, whose dust was once all fire, A native of the land where I respire. The clear air for a while a passing guest, Where he became a being, whose desire was to be glorious, 'twas a foolish quest, The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest

LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,"
The apostle of Affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over Passion, and from Woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first diew

¹ And gaze upon the ground with sordid thoughts and slow —[MS]
11 But this is not a time—I must return —[MS]
11 Here the reflecting Sophist —[MS]

[&]quot;And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth"]

The breath which made him wretched, yet he knew How to make Madness beautiful and cast O er erring deeds and thoughts, a heavenly hue t Of words like sunbeams dazzling as they past The eyes which o er them shed tears feelingly and fast

IIIVY/AI

His love was Passion's essence—as a tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
Lindled he was and blasted for to be
Thus and enimoured were in him the same "
But his was not the love of living dame
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams
But of ideal Beauty which became
In him existence and o erflowing teems
Along his burning page distempered though it seems

LXXIX

This breathed itself to life in Julie this

Invested her with all that's wild and sweet

This hallowed too the memorable kiss.

Which every morn his fevered lip would greet

From hers who but with friendship his would meet

But to that gentle touch through brain and breast

¹ O'er suft I deeds and it oughts it e heavenly him With words like nunkeams dan't gas they passed The eye I at der them sit ed eptears when, fire of too fast —[MS] O er deeds and it oughts of error the bright lute —[MS] er ased] w. Like him enamoused were to due the san e—[MS]

Flashed the thilled Spirit's love-devouring heat, '
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possest

LXXX

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banished, ¹ for his mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
For its own circl sacrifice, the kind, ¹
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind
But he was phrensied, wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which Skill could never find, ¹¹¹
But he was phrensied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show

$L \setminus \lambda \lambda I$

For then he was inspired,² and from him came, As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,

- self consuming heat —[MS coased]

 For its own cruel wordings the most kind —[MS crased]

 Since cause might be yet leave no trace behind —[MS]
- I [As, for instance, with Madame de Warens, in 1738, with Madame d'Epinay, with Diderot and Grimm, in 1757, with Voltaire, with David Hume, in 1766 (see "Rousseau in England," Q R, No 376, October, 1898), with every one to whom he was attached or with whom he had dealings, except his illiterate mistress, Theresa le Vasseur (See Rousseau, by John Morley, 2 vols, 1888, passim)]
- 2 ["He was possessed, as holier natures than his have been, by an enthusiastic vision, an intorcated confidence, a mixture of sacred rage and prodigious love, an insensate but absolutely disinterested revolt against the stone and iron of a reality which he was bent on melting in a heavenly blaze of splendid aspiration and irresistibly persuasive expression "—Rousseau, by John Morley, 1886, 1 137]

Those oracles which set the world in flame ¹
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more
Did he not this for France? which lay before
Bowed to the inhorn tyranny of years? ²
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore
Fill by the voice of him and his compeers
Roused up to too much wrath which follows o ergrown
fears?

IIXXXII

They made themselves a fearful monument!

The wreck of old opinions—things which grew!

Breathed from the birth of Time—the veil they rent
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view!

1 — thoughts which grew
Born with the birth of Time — [WS]
11 — e en let me view
But good alas — [MS]

I [Rousseau published his Discourses on the influence of the sciences on manners and on inequality (Sur POrigine de PIn galité parmi les Hommes) in 1750 and 1753. I mile ou de l'Éducation and Du Contrat Social in 1767.]

What Rousseau's Discourse [Sur POrigine de PIn ga lite etc] meant is not that all men ure born equal. Henever styls this His position is that the artificial differences springing from the conditions of the social union do not coin cide with the differences in capacity springing from original constitution that the tradency of the social union is now organized is to deepen the artificial inequalities and make the gulf between those endowed with privilege and wealth and those not so endowed ever wider and wider. It was [the influence of Rousseau and those whom he inspired] which though it certuinly did not produce yet did as certainly give a deep and remytable bias first to the American Revolution and a dozen years afterwards to the French Revolution.

But good with ill they also overthrew, Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild Upon the same foundation, and renew Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refilled, As heretofore, because Ambition was self-willed

LXXXIII

But this will not endure, nor be endured! Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt They might have used it better, but, allured By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt On one another, Pity ceased to melt With her once natural charities But they, Who in Oppression's darkness caved had dwelt, They were not eagles, nourished with the day, What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey?

LXXXIV

What deep wounds ever closed without a scai? The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear That which disfigures it, and they who wai With their own hopes, and have been vanquished, beni Silence, but not submission in his lair Fixed Passion holds his breath, until the hour Which shall atone for years, none need despair It came—it cometh—and will come, the power To punish or forgive—in one we shall be slower 1 1

in both we shall be slower -[MS erased] I [The substitution of "one" for "both" (see var 1) affords Clear placed Leman! thy contrasted lake

It is the hush of night and all between

moved

1 Y \ Y V

With the wild world I dwelt in is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction, once I loved
Torn Ocean's roar but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should eer have been so

LXXXVI

In margin and the mountains dusk yet clear Mellowed and mingling yet distinctly seen Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear I recipitously steep—and drawing near. There breathes a living fragrance from the shore Of flowers yet fresh with childhood—on the car Drops the light drip of the suspended oar.

Or chirps the grasshopper one good night carol more.

conclusive proof that the meaning is that the next revolution would do its work more thoroughly and not leave things as it found them]

I [After sunset the Jura range which lies to the west of the Lake would appear dirkened in contrast to the after glow in the western sky]

LXXXVII

He is an evening reveller, who makes '
His life an infancy, and sings his fill, 'i 1
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy—for the Starlight dews
All silently their tears of Love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.'iii

LXXXVIII

Ye Stars! which are the poetry of Heaven!

If in your bright leaves we would read the fate

Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven,

That in our aspirations to be great,

Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,

And claim a kindred with you, for ye are

A Beauty and a Mystery, and create

In us such love and reverence from afar,

That Fortune, Fame, Power, Life, have named themselves a Star?

¹ He is an endless reveller -[MS crased]

¹¹ Him merry with light talking with his mate -[MS crased]

¹¹¹ Dup into Nature's breast the existence which they lose -[MS]

I [Compare Anacreon (Εἰς τέττιγα), Cai m xlin line 15— Τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὕ σε τείρει]

^{2 [}For the association of "Fortune" and "Fame" with a star, compare stanza \(\) lines 5, 6—

ZZZZZZ

All Heaven and Earth are still-though not in sleep

But breathless, as we grow when feeling most 1

And silent as we stand in thoughts too deep -

All Heaven and Earth are still From the high host

Of stars to the lulled lake and mountain coast

All is concentered in a life intense

Where not a beam nor air nor leaf is lost

But hath a part of Being and a sense

Of that which is of all Creator and Defence

Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold The star which rises o er her steep etc?

And the allusion to Napoleon's star stanza execution line 9—

Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest Star Compare too the opening lines of the Stan as to Augusta (July 24 1816)—

> Though the day of my destiny's over And the star of my fate has declined

Power" is symbolized as a star in Aumb xxii. 17 There shall come a star out of Jacob and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel and in the divine proclamation. I am the root and the offspring of David and the bright and morning star (Rev. Yvii 16).

The inclusion of life among star similes may have been suggested by the astrological terms house of life and lord of the ascendant Wordsworth in his Ode (Intimations of Immortality etc) speaks of the soul as our lifes star Mr Tozer who supplies most of these comparisons adds a line from Shelley 5 Adonass 55 8 (Pisa 18 1)—

The soul of Adonais like a star]

I [CompareWordsworth s sonnet It is a Beauteous etc —

It is a beauteous evening calm and free
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration 1

[Here too the note is Wordsworthian, though Byron

10

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt '

In solitude, where we are hast alone.

A truth, which through our being then doth melt,

And purifies from self it is a tone,

The soul and source of Music, which makes known i

Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm

Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,1

Binding all things with beauty,—'twould disarm.

The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

NCI

Not vainly did the early Persian make.²
His altar the high places, and the peak

1 It is a voiceless fe ling of ief's felt -[MS]
11 Of a most inward music -[MS]

represents as inherent in Nature, that "sense of something far more deeply interfused," which Wordsworth (in his Lines on Tintern Abbey) assigns to his own consciousness]

I [As the cestus of Venus endowed the wearer with magical attraction, so the immanence of the Infinite and the Eternal in "all that formal is and fugitive," binds it with beauty and produces a supernatural charm which even Death cannot resist]

2 [Compare Herodotus, 1 131, Ol δε νομίζουσι Διτ μεν, ετ τα ύψηλότατα τῶν οὐρεων ἀναβαίνοντες, θυσίας ερδειν, τοι κύκλον σάντα τοῦ οὐρανοῦ Δία καλέοντες Perhaps, however, "early Persian" was suggested by a passage in "that drowsy, fromsy poem, The Excursion"—

"The Persian—zealous to reject Altar and image and the inclusive walls And roofs and temples built by human hands—To loftiest heights ascending, from their tops With myrtle-wieathed tiara on his brow, Presented sacrifice to moon and stars'

The Excursion, iv (The Works of Wordsworth, 1889, p 461)]

Of earth o ergazing mountains 2 and thus take
A fit and unwalled temple, there to seek.
The Spirit in whose honour shrines are weak
Upreared of human hands Come and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings—Goth or Greek—
With Nature's realms of worship earth and air—
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

XCII

The sky is changed '—and such a change! Oh Night *And Storm and Darkness ye are wondrous strong Yet lovely in your strength as is the light Of a dark eye in Woman! Far along From peak to peak the rattling crags among Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud But every mountain now hath found a tongue And Jura answers, through her misty shroud Back to the iovous Alps who call to her aloud!

XCIII

And this is in the Night — Most glorious Night 1 th Thou wert not sent for slumber I let me be

1 — Oh glorious A ght
That art not sent — -[IS]

I [Compare the well known song which forms the prelude of the Hebrew Melodies-

She walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies And all that's best of dark and bright Meet in her aspect and her eyes]

VOI II T

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,

A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,"

And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!

And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee

Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,

As if they did rejoice o'er a young Earthquake's birth."

XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted "
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond 1age

1 A portion of the Storm—a part of thee —[MS]
11 a fiery sea —[MS]
111 As they had found an heir and feasted o'er his birth—
[MS erased]
112 Whills which look like brethren with twin heights
113 Of a like aspect —[MS erased]

I [There can be no doubt that Byron borrowed this metaphor from the famous passage in Coleridge's *Christabel* (ii 408-426), which he afterwards prefixed as a motto to *Fare Thee Well*

The latter half of the quotation runs thus-

"But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once had been "]

Which blighted their life's bloom and then departed —

Itself expired but leaving them an age

Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage

101

Now where the quick Rhone thus both cleft his way
The mightiest of the storms hath ta en his stand
For here not one but many make their play,
And fling their thunder bolts from hand to hand
Flashing and cast around of all the band
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings—as if he did understand
That in such gaps as Desolation worked
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein jurked

VCVI

Sky—Mountains—River—Winds—Lake—Lightnings!

With night, and clouds and thunder—and a Soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful, the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll '
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest

1 Of sepa at on drear ---- -[MS erased]

I [There are numerous instances of the use of an alternative form of the verb to knell but Byron seems in this passage to be the authority for knoll as a substantive]

But where of ye, O Tempests! is the goal?

Are ye like those within the human breast?

Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

\CVII

Could I embody and unbosom now

That which is most within me,—could I wreak

My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw

Soul heart mind passions feelings—strong or

weak—

All that I would have sought, and all I seek,

Bear, know, feel—and yet breathe—into one word,

And that one word were Lightning, I would speak,

But as it is, I live and die unheard,

With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword

70111

The Morn is up again, the dewy Morn,

With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom—

Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,

And living as if earth contained no tomb,

And glowing into day we may resume

The march of our existence and thus I,

Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room

And food for meditation, nor pass by

Much, that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly

XCIX

Clarens! sweet Clarens! birthplace of deep Love!

Thine air is the young breath of passionate Thought

Thy trees take root in Love, the snows above!

The very Glaciers have his colours caught

1 The trees have grown from Love - [MS eras d]

I [For Rousseau's description of Vevey see Julie on Li Nouvelle Heloise Partie I Lettre xxiii Œuvres de J J Rousseau 1836 n 36 Tantot dimmenses rochers pen doient en runes au dessus de ma tête Tantot de hautes et bruvantes cascades manondoient de leur epais brouillard tantôt un torrent éternel ouvroit à mes cotés un abime dont les yeux nosoient sonder la profondeur Quelquefois je me perdois dans l'obscurité d'un bois touffu Quelquefois en sortant d'un gouffre une agréable prairie réjouissoit tout à coup mes regards Un mélange étonnant de la nature sauvage et de la nature cultivée montroit partout la main des hommes ou lon eût cru qu'ils n avoient jamais pénétré a côté d'une caverne on trouvoit des maisons on voyoit des pampres secs ou lon neût cherché que des ronces des vignes dans des terres éboullées d'excellens fruits sur des rochers et des champs dans des precipices See too Lettre axxviii p 56
Partie IV Lettre xi p 238 (the description of Julies Ely
sum) and Partie IV Lettre xvii p 60 (the excursion to Meillerie)

Byron infuses into Rousseaus accurate and chirming compositions of scenic effects if not the glory yet the freshness of a dream." He belonged to the new age with its new message from nature to man and in spite of theories and prejudices listened and was convinced. He evidis Rousseaus recognition of nature lifting it to the height of his own argument but consciously or unconsciously he desires to find and finds in nature a spring of imagination undreamt of by the Apostle of Sentiment. There is a whole world of difference between Rousseaus presursive and delicate patronage of Nature and Byron's passionate though somewhat belated surrender to her inevitable clum. With Rousseau Nature is a means to in end a conduct of refined and heightened fancy whereas to Byron her reward was with her a draught of healing and refreshment.

And Sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought in By rays which sleep there lovingly the rocks, The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought In them a refuge from the worldly shocks, Which stir and sting the Soul with Hope that woos, then mocks

C

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—i

Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne

To which the steps are mountains, where the God

Is a pervading Life and Light,—so shown!

Not on those summits solely, nor alone

In the still cave and forest, o'er the flower

His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,

His soft and summer breath, whose tender power!

Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour

CI.

All things are here of *Him*, from the black pines,¹ Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar

- 1 By rays which twine there -[MS]
- 11 Clarens—sweet Clarens—thou art Love's abode— Undying Love's—who here hath made a throne —[MS]
- m And girded it with Spirit whiel is shown From the steep summit to the rushing Rhone -[MS crased]
- Sur passes the strong storm in its most desolate hour -[MS]
- I [Compare La Nouvelle Héloise, Partie IV Lettre VII., Œuvi es, etc., 11 262 "Un torrent, formé par la fonte des neiges, rouloit à vingt pas de nous une eau bourbeuse, et charrioit avec bruit du limon, du sable et des pierres Des forêts de noirs sapins nous ombrageoient tristement à droite Un grand bois de chênes étoit à gauche au-delà du torrent"]

Of torrents, where he listeneth to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
Where the bowed Waters meet him, and adore
Lissing his feet with murmurs, and the Wood
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar
But light leaves young as joy, stands where it stood '
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude

CII

A populous solitude of bees and birds
And fairy formed and many-coloured things
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words
And innocently open their glad wings
Fearless and full of life the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains and the bend
Of stirring branches and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of Beauty here extend
Mingling—and made by Love—unto one mighty end

CIII

He who hath loved not here would learn that lore 1

And make his heart a spirit, he who knows

- 1 But branches young as Heaven [MS erased]
 11 with sweeter voice if a 1 words -[MS]
- I [Compare the Pervigilium Veneris— Cras amet qui nunquam amavit

Quique amayit cras amet
(Let those love now who never loved before
Let those who always loved now love the more ")

Parnells Vigil of Venus British Poets 1794, vii 7]

That tender mystery, will love the more,

For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,

And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,

For 'tis his nature to advance or die,

He stands not still, but or decays, or grows

Into a boundless blessing, which may vie

With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

CIV

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections, but he found
It was the scene which Passion must allot
To the Mind's purified beings, 'twas the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,'
And hallowed it with loveliness 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness, here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a
throne

CV.

Lausanne! and Feiney! ye have been the abodes
Of Names which unto you bequeathed a name, ar
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of Fame

have driven him to repose —[MS]

[Compare Confessions of J Rousseau, lib iv, passim]

They were gigantic minds and their steep aim
Was Titan like on daring doubts to pile
Phoughts which should call down thunder and the flame

Of Heaven again assuled—if Heaven, the while
On man and man's research could deign do more than

CVI

The one was fire and fickleness ¹ a child

Most mutable in wishes but in mind

A wit as various—gay grave sage or wild—

Historian bard philosopher combined ¹

He multiplied hinself among mankind

The Proteus of their talents—But his own

- Coping a tl all and leaving all bel d
 Within h n self existed all manks id—
 And las whis g at their fa lts betrayed his onen
 His ow ans rid rule which as the Wind—[MS]
- I [In his appreciation of Voltaire Byron no doubt had in mind certain structures of the lake school— \(^1\) school as it is called I presume from their education being still incomplete Coleridge in The Friend (1850 i 168) contrasting Voltaire with Erasmus affirms that the knowledge of the one was solid through its whole extent and that of the other extensive at a chief rate in its superficiality and characterizes the wit of the Frenchman as being without imagery without character and without that pathos which gives the magic charm to genuine humour and Words worth in the second book of The Excursion (Works of Wordsworth 1889 p 434) unalarmed by any consideration of wit or humour writes down Voltaires Optimist (Canadae on L. Optimisme) which was accidentally discovered by the Wanderer in the Solitary's pent house swoln with scorching damp as the duil product of a scoffer's pen Byron reverts to these contumelies in a note to the Fifth Canto of Don Tuan (see Life Appendix p 809) and lashes the school secundam arten [

Breathed most in ridicule, which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought, And hiving wisdom with each studious year, In meditation dwelt—with learning wrought, And shaped his weapon with an edge severe, Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer The lord of irony, that master-spell,

concentering thought And gathering wisdom —[MS]

I [In his youth Voltaire was imprisoned for a year (1717-18) in the Bastille, by the regent Duke of Orleans, on account of certain unacknowledged lampoons (Regnante Puero, etc), but throughout his long life, so far from "shaking thrones," he showed himself eager to accept the patronage and friendship of the greatest monarchs of the age of Louis XV, of George II and his queen, Caroline of Anspach, of Frederick II, and of Catharine of Russia Even the Pope Benedict XIV accepted the dedication of Mahomet (1745), and bestowed an apostolical benediction on "his dear son" On the other hand, his abhorrence of war, his protection of the oppressed, and, above all, the questioning spirit of his historical and philosophical writings (e.g. Les Lettres sur les Anglais, 1733, Annales de l'Empire depuis Charlemagne, 1753, etc) were felt to be subversive of civil as well as ecclesiastical tyranny, and, no doubt, helped to precipitate the Revolution

The first half of the line may be illustrated by his quarrel with Maupertuis, the President of the Berlin Academy, which resulted in the production of the famous Diati ibe of Doctor Akakia, Physician to the Pope (1752), by a malicious attack on Maupertuis's successor, Le Franc de Pompignan, and by his caricature of the critic Elie Catharine Fréron, as Frélon ("Wasp"), in L'Ecossaise, which was played at Paris in 1760—Life of Voltaire, by F Espinasse, 1892, pp 94, 114, 144]

Which stung his foes to wrath which grew from fear 1 And doomed him to the zealot's ready Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well

CVIII

Yet, peace be with their ashes —for by them,

If mented the penalty is paid

It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn

The hour must come when such things shall be made

Known unto all —or hope and dread allayed

By slumber on one pillow in the dust i

Which, thus much we are sure must he decayed

Twill be to be forgiven-or suffer what is just

And when it shall revive as is our trust

There is no reason to suppose that this is to be taken romically. He is not certain whether the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed or whether all secrets shall be kept in the silence of universal slumber but he looks to the possibility of a judgment to come He is speaking for

¹ Which stung lis swarming fos v th rage and fear -[MS]
11 In sleep upon one p llov -------[MS]

t [The first three volumes of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire contrary to the author's expectation did not escape criticism and remonstrance. The Rev David Chetsum (in 177° and (enlarged) 1778) published An Examination of et and Henry Edward Davis in 1778 Penarks on the memorable Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters. Gibbon replied by a Vindication issued in 1779. Another adversing was Archdeacon George Travis who in his Letter defended the authenticity of the text on Three Heavenly Witnesses (1 Tohin v 7) which Gibbon was at pains to deny (ch. xxxvii note 170). Among other critics and assailants were Joseph Milner Joseph Prestley and Richard Watson afterwards Bisbop of Llandaff. (For Porson's estimate of Gibbon, see preface to Letter's to Mr. Archdeacon Travis et (1790)]

CI\.

But let me quit Man's works, again to read His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend This page, which from my reveries I feed, Until it seems prolonging without end. The clouds above me to the white Alps tend, And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er 1 May be permitted, as my steps I bend To their most great and growing region, where The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air

CX

Italia too! Italia! looking on thee, Full flashes on the Soul the light of ages, Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thec, To the last halo of the Chiefs and Sages Who glorify thy consecrated pages, Thou wert the throne and grave of empires, still,2

mankind generally, and is not concerned with his own beliefs or disbeliefs]

I [The poet would follow in the wake of the clouds He must pierce them, and bend his steps to the region of their growth, the mountain-top, where earth begets and air brings forth the vapours Another interpretation is that the Alps must be pierced in order to attain the great and ever-ascending regions of the mountain-tops ("greater and greater as we proceed") In the next stanza he pictures himself looking down from the summit of the Alps on Italy, the goal of his pilgrimage]

2 [The Roman Empire engulfed and comprehended the great empires of the past—the Persian, the Carthaginian, the Greek It fell, and kingdoms such as the Gothic (AD 493-554), the Lombardic (A D 568-774) rose out of its ashes, and in their turn decayed and passed away]

The fount at which the panting Mind assuages Her thirst of knowledge quaffing there her fill Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill

CVI

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme
Renewed with no kind auspices —to feel
We are not what we have been and to deem
We are not what we should be —and to steel
The heart against itself—and to conceal
With a proud caution love, or hate or aught,—
Passion or feeling purpose grief or zeal —
Which is the tyrant Spirit of our thought
Is a stern task of soul —No matter —it is taught 1

CXII

And for these words, thus woven into song

It may be that they are a harmless wile—

The colouring of the scenes which fleet along
Which I would seize in pissing to beguile

¹ They are bit as a self deceiving wile -[MS erased]
11 The shadows of the thi gs that fass along -[MS]

I [The task imposed upon his soul which dominates even other instinct is the concerlment of my and ever emotion—love or hate or aught not the concealment of the particular emotion love or hate which may or may not be the master spirit of his thought. He is unvious to conceal his feelings not to keep the world in the dark as to the supreme feeling which holds the rest subject]

My breast, or that of others, for a while

Fame is the thirst of youth, but I am not i

So young as to regard men's frown or smile,

As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot,

I stood and stand alone, remembered or forgot.

CXIII

I have not loved the World, nor the World me;

I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed

To its idolatries a patient knee,

Nor coined my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud

In worship of an echo in the crowd

They could not deem me one of such I stood

Among them, but not of them in a shroud

Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,

Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued 23 B

¹ Fame is the dream of boyhood—I am not
So young as to regard the frown or smile
Of crowds as making an immortal lot —[AIS (lines 6, 7 crased)]

I [Compare Shakespeare, Convolunus, act iii sc I, lines 66, 67—

[&]quot;For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them Regard me as I do not flatter"]

^{2 [}Compare Manfred, act 11 sc 2, lines 54-57-

[&]quot;My spirit walked not with the souls of men, Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes, The thirst of their ambition was not mine, The aim of their existence was not mine"]

CXIL

I have not loved the World no the World me -B let us part fair foes. I do bel eve Though I have found them no that there may be Words which are theirs -hopes which will not decene

And Virtues which are merciful, nor weave Snares fo the failing. I would also deem O er others gness that some sincerely gneve-That two or one are almos what they seem -That Coodness is no name -and Hapt mess no dream

CXY I

My daughter! with thy name this song begun! My daughter I with thy name thus much shall end !-I see thee no -I hear thre not-but none Can be so wrat t in thee | Thou art the Friend To whom the shadows of far years extend Albeit my brow thou never should st behold My voice shall with thy future visions blend And reach into thy heart -when mine is cold -A token and a tone even from thy father's mould

O'er mucry i nonredly i regrees -[MS]

I Byron was at first in some doubt whether he should or should not publish the concluding stances of Chil Harold (those to my daughter) but in a letter to Murray October 9 1816 he reminds him of his later determination to publish them with the rest of the Canto"]

CNVI.

To aid thy mind's developement, to watch

Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see
Almost thy very growth, to view thee catch

Knowledge of objects, wonders yet to thee!

To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,

And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,

This, it should seem, was not reserved for me—

Yet this was in my nature—as it is,

I know not what is there, yet something like to this

CVVII

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,¹
I know that thou wilt love me though my name,

I ["His allusions to me in Childe Harold are cruel and cold, but with such a semblance as to make me appear so, and to attract sympathy to himself. It is said in this poem that hatred of him will be taught as a lesson to his child. I might appeal to all who have ever heard me speak of him, and still more to my own heart, to witness that there has been no moment when I have remembered injury otherwise than affectionately and sorrowfully. It is not my duty to give way to hopeless and wholly unrequited affection, but so long as I live my chief struggle will probably be not to remember him too kindly"—(Letter of Lady Byron to Lady Anne Lindsay, extracted from Lord Lindsay's letter to the Times, September 7, 1869)

According to Mrs Leigh (see her letter to Hodgson, Nov, 1816, Memoirs of Rev F Hodgson, 1878, 11 41), Murray paid Lady Byron "the compliment" of showing her the transcription of the Third Canto, a day or two after it came into his possession. Most probably she did not know or recognize Claire's handwriting, but she could not fail to remember that but one short year ago she had herself been engaged in transcribing The Siege of Corinth and Parisina for the press. Between the making of those two "fair copies," a tragedy had intervened.]

Should be shut from thee as a spell still fraught With desolation and a broken claim.

Though the grave closed between us — twere the same I know that thou wilt love me—though to drain.

My blood from out thy being were an aim.

And an attainment —all would be in vain.—

Still thou would at love me still that more than life retain.

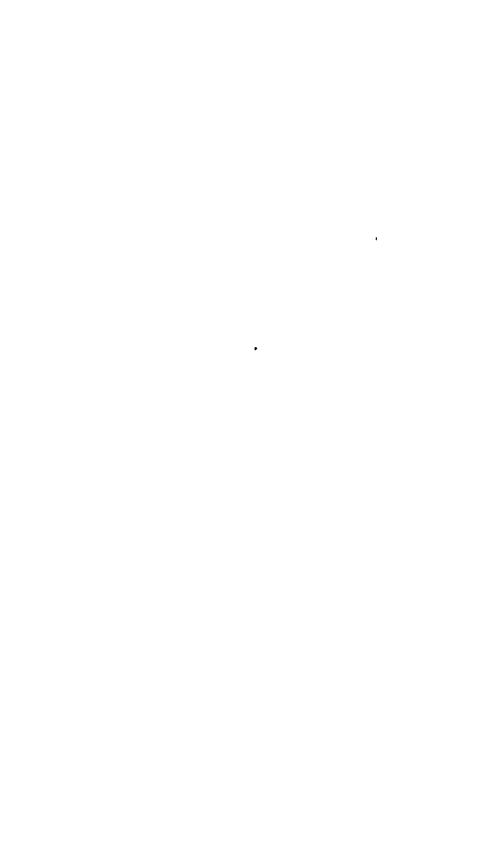
CXVIII

The child of Love! though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in Convulsion! Of thy sire
These were the elements—and think no less
As yet such are around thee—but thy fire
Shall be more tempered and thy hope far higher
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! Ocr the sea
And from the mountains where I now respire
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee
As—with a sigh—I deem thou might st have been to me.

End of Canto Third
Pyron J 13 4 1816 D od 1 1 - [C]

Terra hiographical notice of Ada Lady Lovelace including letters elsewhere unpublished to Andrew Crosse see Ada Byron, you E. Kolbing Englische Studien 1894 xix 154-163

^{1 [}Fig. Countess Guccools is responsible for the statement that Byron looked forward to a time when his daughter would know her father by his works. Then stud his shall I triumph and the tears which my drughter will then shed together with the knowledge that she will have the feelings with which the various allusions to herself and me have been written will console me in my darkest hours Adas mother may have enjoyed the smiles of her youth and childhood but the tears of her muturer age will be for mc.—My Recollections of Lord Byron by the Countess Guiccioli 1859 p. 17-1.



NOTLS

m

CHILDE HAROLDS PILGRIMAGE

CANTO III

ı

In pride of place here last the Lagle flew

1 RIDE of place is a term of falconry and means the highest pitch of flight. See Macbeth etc.—

An eagle towering in his pride of place
Was by a mousing owl braked at and killed
[A falcon towering in her pride of place etc

Macbeth act it see 4 line t]

Such as Harmodius drew on Athens tyrant Lord

See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogeiton the best English translation is in Blands Authology by Mr Denman—

With myrtle my sword will I wreathe etc [Translations chiefly from the Greek Anthology etc, 1806 pp 24 75 The Scholium attributed to Callistratus (Poete Tyree Greec Bergs, Linsie 1866 p. 1 90) begins thus—

'Εν μύρτου κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φορήσω, "Ωσπερ 'Αρμόδιος καὶ 'Αριστογείτων, "Οτε τον τυραννον κτανέτην 'Ισονόμους τ' 'Αθήνας ἐποιησάτην

"Hence," says Mr Tozei, "the sword in myrtles drest' (Keble's Christian Year, Third Sunday in Lent) became the emblem of assertors of liberty "—Childe Harold, 1885, p 262]

3

And all went merry as a marriage bell Stanza xxi. line 8

On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels [See notes to the text]

And Evan's—Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears! Stanza xxvi line 9

Sii Evan Cameion, and his descendant, Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five"

[Sir Evan Cameron (1629-1719) fought against Ciomwell, finally yielding on honourable terms to Monk, June 5, 1658, and for James II at Killiecrankie, June 17, 1689 His grandson, Donald Cameron of Lochiel (1695-1748), celebrated by Campbell, in Lochiel's Warning, 1802, was wounded at Culloden, April 16, 1746 His great-great-grandson, John Cameron, of Fassieferne (b 1771), in command of the 92nd Highlanders, was mortally wounded at Quatre-Bras, June 16, Compare Scott's stanzas, The Dance of Death, lines 1815 33, sq -

"Where through battle's 1 out and 1 eel, Storm of shot and hedge of steel, Led the grandson of Lochiel. Valiant Fassiefern

And Morven long shall tell, And proud Ben Nevis hear with awe. How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras, Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra Of conquest as he fell "

Compare, too, Scott's Field of Water loo, stanza xxi lines 14, 15-

> "And Cameron, in the shock of steel, Die like the offspring of Lochiel "]

ζ

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves Stanza xxvn hne r

The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes famous in Bojardos Orlando and immortal in Shaspeares Ats Jou Like II It is also celebrated in Tractus as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman eneronchments. I have yen tured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations.

than those of mere slaughter

[It is a far cry from Soignies in South Bribant to Ardennes in Luxembourg Possibly Byron is confounding the saltus quibus nomen Arduenna (Pacitus Ann 3 4) the scene of the revolt of the Trevir with the saltus Teutoburgeness (the Teutoburgen or Luppische Wald which divides Lippe Detmold from Westphalia), where Arminius defeated the Romans (Tacitus Ann 1 60) (For Boardos Ardenna see Orlindo Innamerale lib i canto st. 30) Shake speares Arden the immortal forest in As Iou Like It favours his own Arden in Warwickshire but derived its name from the forest of Arden in Lodges Rosaljud]

6

I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring Stanza xxx, line 9

My guide from Mount St Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two trill and soluray trees (there was a third cut down or shivered in the brittle), which stand a few yards from each other at a puthway saide. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay but will probably soon be efficied the plough has been upon it and the grain is. After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other guilant men had perished the guide said. Here Major Howardlay, I was near him when wounded. I told him my relationship and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circum stances. The place is one of the most marked in the field from the peculiarity of the two trees above mentioned. I went on horseback twice over the field comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action though.

this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Charonea, and Marathon, and the field around Mount St Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned

[For particulars of the death of Major Howard, see Posonal Memon's, etc., by Pryse Lockhart Gordon, 1830, 11

322, 323]

7

Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore Stanzi xxxiv line 6

The (fabled) apples on the brink of the like Asphaltites

were said to be fair without, and, within, ashes
[Compute Facitus, Histor, lib v. 7, "Cuncta sponte edita, aut manu sata, sive herbie tenues, aut flores, ut solitam in speciem adolevere, atra et inania velut in einerem vane-scunt' See, too, Deut van 32, "For their vine is of the vine of Sodom, and of the fields of Gomorrah their grapes are grapes of gall, then clusters are bitter

They are a species of gall-nut, and are described by Curzon (Visits to Monasterius of the Levant, 1897, p 141) who met with the tree that bears them, near the Dead Sea, and, mistaking the fruit for a ripe plum, proceeded to eat one, whereupon his mouth was filled "with a dry bitter dust"

"The apple of Sodom is supposed by some to refer to the fruit of Solanum Sodomeum (alhed to the tomato), by others to the Calotropis processa" (N Eng Diet, iri "Apple")]

S

For sceptred Cynics Larth were far too wide a den Stanza vli line 9

The great error of Napoleon, "if we have writ our annals true," was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them, perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranni. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals, and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to

Parts after the Russian winter had destroyed his army rubbing his hands over a fire. This is pleusanter than Moscow would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark.

.

What want these outlaws conquerors should have?
Stanza xlvin line 6

What wants that knave that a king should have? was king James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accourtements. See the Ballad

[Johnie Armstrong the laird of Gilnockie on the occasion of an enforced surrender to James V (1532) came before the king somewhat too richly accounted and was hanged for his effrontery—

There hang nine targats at Johnies hat
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound—
What wants that knave a king suid have
But the sword of honour and the crown?
**Institutes of the Scattish Border 1821 | 177]

10

The castled Crag of Drachenfels

Song stanza i line i

The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of the Seven Mountains over the Rhine banks it is in ruins and connected with some singular traditions. It is the first in view on the road from Bonn but on the opposite side of the river on this bank nearly facing it are the remains of another called the Jews Castle and a large cross commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkable beautiful.

[The castle of Drachenfels (Dragon's Rock) stands on the summit of one but not the highest of the Siebengelinge an isolated group of volcanic hills on the right bank of the Rhine between Remagen and Bonn The legend runs that in one of the caverns of the rock dwelt the dragon which was slain by Siegfried the hero of the Nibelungen Lied

Hence the zin du pays is called Drachenblut]

11

The whiteness of his soul—and thus men o'ei him wept Stanza lvii line 9

The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen, on the last day of the fourth year of the French Republic) still remains as described. The inscriptions on his monument are rather too long, and not required his name was enough, France adored, and her enemies admired, both wept over him His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in every sense of the word, but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, he had not the good fortune to die there his death was attended by suspicions of poison

A separate monument (not over his body, which is buried by Marceau's) is raised for him near Andernach, opposite to which one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing a bridge to an island on the Rhine [April 18, 1797] The shape and style are different from that of Marceau's, and the inscription more simple and pleasing

"The Aimy of the Sambre and Meuse to its Commander-in-Chief Hoche"

This is all, and as it should be Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, before Buonaparte monopolised her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland

[The tomb of François Sévérin Desgravins Marceau (1769-1796, general of the French Republic) bears the following

epitaph and inscription —

"'Hic cineres, ubique nomen'

"Ici repose Marceau, né à Chartres, Euie et-Loir, soldat à seize ans, général à vingtdeux ans Il mourut en combattant pour sa patrie, le dernier jour de l'an iv de la République française Qui que tu sois, ami ou ennemi de ce jeune heros, respecte ces cendres"

A bronze statue at Versailles, raised to the memory of General Hoche (1768–1797) bears a very similar record—

"A Lazare Hoche, né à Versailles le 24 juin, 1768, sergent à seize ans, général en chef à vingt-cinq, mort à vingt-neuf, pacificateur de la Vendée"]

12

Here Ehrenbreitstein with her shattered wall Stanza lyin line i

Ehrenbreitstein 1e, the broad stone of honour one of the strongest fortresses in Europe was dismaniled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been and could only be reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta it did not much strike by comparison but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing observing the progress of the siege by moonlicht when a ball struck immediately below it.

[Ehrenbrutstein which had resisted the French under Marceau (1793-96) finally capitulated to the French after a prolonged siege in 1799 The fortifications were dismantled when the French evacuated the fortress after the Freaty of Lunéville in 1801 The Treaty of Leoben was signed April 18 1797]

13

Unsepulchred they roamed, and shrieked each wandering ghost

Stanza lxiii line 9

The chapel is destroyed and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgindian Legion in the service of France who annously effaced this record of their ancestors less successful invasions. A few still remain notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgindians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country) and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postilions who carried them off to sell for kinde handles a purpose for which the whitenes imbibed by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request. Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero for which the sole evcuse is that if I had not the next passer by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them

[Charles the Bold was defeated by the Swiss at the Battle of Morat June ~ 1476 It has been computed that more than twenty thou and Burgundians fell in the battle At first to avoid the outbreak of a pestilence the bodies were

thrown into pits "Nine years later the mouldering remains were unearthed, and deposited in a building on the shore of the lake, near the village of Meyrier During three succeeding centuries this depository was several But the ill-starred relics were not destined times rebuilt even yet to remain undisturbed. At the close of the last century, when the armies of the French Republic were occupying Switzerland, a regiment consisting mainly of Burgundians, under the notion of effacing an insult to their ancestors, tore down the 'bone-house' at Morat, covered the contents with earth, and planted on the mound 'a tree of liberty' But the tree had no roots, the rains washed away the earth, again the remains were exposed to view, and lay bleaching in the sun for a quarter of a century Travellers stopped to gaze, to moralize, and to pilfer, postilions and poets scraped off skulls and thigh-bones At last, in 1822, the vestiges were swept together and resepulchred, and a simple obelisk of marble was erected, to commemorate a victory well deserving of its fame as a military exploit, but all unworthy to be ranked with earlier triumphs, won by hands pure as well as strong, defending freedom and the right "-History of Charles the Bold, by J F Kirk, 1868, 111 404, 405

Mr Murray still has in his possession the parcel of bones—the "quarter of a hero"—which Byron sent home from the

field of Morat]

14

Levelled Aventicum, hath strewed her subject lands
Stanza lv line 9

Aventicum, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia,

where Avenches now stands

[Avenches (Wishsburg) hes due south of the Lake of Moiat, and about five miles east of the Lake of Neuchâtel As a Roman colony it boie the name of Pia Flavia Constant Emerita, and circ 70 AD contained a population of sixty thousand inhabitants. It was destroyed first by the Alemanni and, afterwards, by Attila "The Emperor Vespasian—son of the banker of the town," says Suetonius (lib viii 1)—"surrounded the city by massive walls, defended it by semicircular towers, adorned it with a capitol, a theatre, a forum, and granted it jurisdiction over the outlying dependencies

"To-day plantations of tobacco cover the forgotten streets of Avenches, and a single Corinthian column ['the lonelier column,' the so-called *Cicognier*], with its crumbling arcade,

tennes to tell of femer prinders"—History Studio in I of leave in fix of his Cerval leadable head 157 1 167

15

And held within the rum enemin I-enel in -o edu.

Julia Mpirula ayoung avertian proceed disdission after a varient extension to save her father condet and to death a trator by Aulius Carena. Here e taja was dis opered mans actis and —it is the —"Julia Millada Hilligare Infelies patriss infelio probes. Den Alentine Sacred Laborate patriss recent non-patris. Male morn in fatis infertit. Male morn statis —I have of no human compose estati. Male morn in fatis infertit. All marros xvalli. —I have of no human compose estatis. The arros two hill—I have of no human compose estatis. The arros two hill—I have defined from the number of the number of the transition of the same hill of the transition and which we turn with a time on the life for enforced from a fatige and feeting has high the mind is founded for a time to a filse and feeting has high the mind is founded for a time to a filse and feeting has made and on the him to a home of the costs at learning the million of the cost of the patrio of

[A metinous outbreak a nor the Helseth which hald exproveded by the distenses rapicity of the twesty tratlegal was greedily quelled by the like any general. We know a confision radiable with the like any general was known as the final and apply to death. "The rest saws fixed to forging him and put to death. "The rest saws fixed are left to the right or right first the first to the first of the first to the first of a internal-century of clars. It is known as the first to the first the first to the first the first to the first the first the first the first to the first the

er since Wilhelm has even pretended to have seen the stone as to any son er day her of Julius Alpinus history is wholly silent (Quarterly Levie: June to C vol living Cities real Living to Tord Mah n. 18, 9, 19, 9, 9, 8, 1

11

In the sun's face like conder Alpine snow

This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3rd 1816) which even at this distance distance—(July oth) I this day observed for some time the distanct reflection of

Mont Blanc and Mont Argentière in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat, the distance of these

mount uns from their mirror is sixty miles

[The first lines of the note dated June 3, 1816, were written at "Dejean's Hôtel de l'Angleterre at Secheron, a small suburb of Geneva, on the northern side of the life". On the 10th of June Byron removed to the Campagne Diodati, about two miles from Geneva, on the south shore of the lafe (Life of Shelley, by Edward Dowden, 1896, pp. 307-309)]

17

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone Stanza love line 3

The colour of the Rhone at Gency is blue, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equilled in water, salt or fresh,

except in the Mediterranean and Archipeligo

[The blueness of the Rhone, which has been attributed to various causes, is due to the comparative purity of the water. The yellow and muddy stream, during its passage through the lake, is enabled to purge itself to a very great extent of the solid matter held in suspension—the glacial and other detritus—and so, on leaving its vast natural filtering-bed, it flows out clear and blue—it has regained the proper colour of pure water.]

18

This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss Stanza laxis line 3

This refers to the account, in his Confessions, of his passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (the mistress of St Lambert), and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expression of love that ever kindled into words, which, after all, must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation, a painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.

[Here is Rousseau's "passionate, yet not impure," description of his sensations "J'ai dit qu'il y avoit loin de l'Hermitage à Eaubonne, je passois par les coteaux d'Andilly qui sont charmans. Je rêvois en marchant à celle que j'allois voir, à l'accueil caressant qu'elle me feroit, au baiser qui m'attendoit à mon arrivée. Ce seul baiser, ce baiser funeste avant même

de le recevoir, m'embrasoit le sang à tel point que ma tete se troubloit un eblouissement m'aveugloit mes genoux trem blants ne pouroient me soutenir jétois forcé de marreter de masseoir toute ma machine étoit dans un désordre inconcevable jétois pret à mevanouir A 1 instant que je la voyois tout étoit réparé je ne sentois plus auprès d'elle que l'importunité d'une vigueur inépuisable et toujours inutile -Les Confessions Partie II livre ix Œuvres Completes de J J Kousseau 1837 1 233

Byron's mother ' would have it that her son was like Rousseau but he disclaimed the honour antithetically and with needless particularity (see his letter to Mrs Byron and a quotation from his Detached Thoughts Letters 1898 1 19 note) There was another point of unlikeness which he does not mention Byron on the passion of love does not make for morality, but he eschews nastiness. The loves of

Don Juan and Haidée are chaste as snow compared with the unspeakable philanderings of the elderly Jean Jacques and the mistress of St Lambert?

Nevertheless his mother was right There was a resem blance and consequently an affinity between Childe Burun and the visionary of Geneva -delineated by another seer or visionary as the dreamer of love sick tales and the spinner of speculative cobwebs shy of light as the mole but as quick eared too for every whisper of the public opinion the teacher of Stoic pride in his principles yet the victim of morbid vanity in his feelings and conduct -Th Friend Works of S T Coleridge, 1853 ii 1 4]

Of earth o ergazing mountains and thus take Stanza vci line 3

It is to be recollected that the most beautiful and im pressive doctrines of the divine Founder of Christianity were delivered not in the Temple but on the Mount To waive the question of devotion and turn to human eloquence -the most effectual and splendid specimens were not pronounced Demosthenes addressed the public and within walls popular assemblies Cicero spoke in the forum That this added to their effect on the mind of both orator and hearers may be conceived from the difference between what we read of the emotions then and there produced and those we our selves experience in the perusal in the closet It is one thing to read the Iliad at Sigarum and on the tumuli or by the springs with Mount Ida above and the plain and rivers and

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19

Of earth o ergazing mountains and thus take Stanza ver line 3

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achipelago around you, and another to trim your taper ver it in a snug library—this I know Were the early and apid progress of what is called Methodism to be attributed o any cause beyond the enthusiasm excited by its vehement aith and doctimes (the truth or error of which I presume either to canvass nor to question), I should venture to scribe it to the practice of preaching in the fields, and the instudied and extemporaneous effusions of its teachers Mussulmans, whose erroneous devotion (at least in the lower rders) is most sincere, and therefore impressive, are accusomed to repeat their prescribed orisons and prayers, wherver they may be, at the stated hours—of course, frequently n the open air, kneeling upon a light mat (which they carry or the purpose of a bed or cushion as required), the cerenony lasts some minutes, during which they are totally ibsorbed, and only living in their supplication nothing can listurb them On me the simple and entire sincerity of these nen, and the spirit which appeared to be within and upon hem, made a far greater impression than any general rite vhich was ever performed in places of worship, of which I have seen those of almost every persuasion under the sun, ncluding most of our own sectaries, and the Greek, the Catholic, the Armenian, the Lutheran, the Jewish, and the Mahometan Many of the negroes, of whom there are numbers in the Turkish empire, are idolaters, and have free exercise of their belief and its rites, some of these I had a distant view of at Patras, and, from what I could make out of them, they appeared to be of a truly Pagan description, and not very agreeable to a spectator

[For this profession of "natural piety," compare Rousseau's Confessions, Partie II livre an (Euvies Complètes, 1837,

1 341)—

"Je ne tiouve pas de plus digne hommage à la Divinité que cette admiration muette qu'excite la contemplation de ses œuvres, et qui ne s'exprime point par des actes developpes. Je comprends comment les habitants des villes, qui ne voient que des murs, des rues et des crimes, ont peu de foi, mais je ne puis comprendie comment des campagnards, et surtout des solitaires, peuvent n'en point avoir. Comment leur âme ne s'elève-t-elle pas cent fois le joui avee extase à l'Auteur des merveilles qui les frappent?

Dans ma chambre je prie plus rarement et plus sechement, mais à l'aspect d'un beau paysage je me sens ému

sans pourvoir dire de quoi "

Compare, too, Coleridge's lines "To Nature"—
"So will I build my altar in the fields,
And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,

And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields Shall be the increase I will yield to Thee Thee only, God I and Thou shalt not despise Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice

Petitaal Works 1803 p. 1903

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The sky is changed '- ind such a change! Oh Night'
Stanza you line i

The thunder storm to which these lines refer occurred on the 13th of June 1816 at midnight. I have seen among the Acrocerauman mountains of Chimum several more terrible but none more beautiful.

1

And Sun set into rose hues sees them wrought. Stanza xeiv, line 5

Pousseaus Hilose Lettre 17 Part IV note Ces montagnes sont si hautes qu'une dem heure après le soletl couché leurs sommets sont échurés de ses rayons dont le rouge forme sur ces cimes bl'inches une belle coultur de rose quo n'aperçoit de fort loin 1 This applies more particularly to the heights over Meillerie — Jallai à Véta Jogur à l'a Clef et pendant deux jours que 19 restau sans our personne

1 [Julie ou La Nouvelle Héloise Eurres Complèt's d 7 J loussea i Paris 18,7 11 26]

2 [The Clef is now a case on the Grande I lice and still distinguished by the sign of the hey. But Veve had other issociations for Rousseau more powerful and more per stassive than a solivity visit to an inn. Madame Warens says General Read possessed a charming country risort midway between Vevey and Chillon, just above the beautiful village of Clarens. It was situated at the Bassets amid scenery whose exquisite features inspired some of the fine imagery of Rousseau. It is now called the Bussets de Pury

The exterior of the older parts has not been changed The stairway leads to a large salon whose windows command a view of Meillerie St Gingolph, and Bouveret, beyond the lake Communicating with this salon is a large

dining room

These two rooms open to the east upon a broad terrace

je pris pour cette ville un amour qui m'a suivi dans tous mes voyages, et qui m'y a fait établir enfin les héros de mon Je dirois volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles Aller à Vévay—visiter le pays, examiner les sites, promenez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Clure, ct pour un St Preux, mais ne les y cherchez pas "-Les Confessions, [P I hv 4, Curres, etc, 1837, 178] -In July [June 23-27], 1816, I made a voyage round the Late of Geneva, and, as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor mattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his Heloise, I can safely say, that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vev 13, Chillon, Boveret, St. Gingo, Meillerie, Evian, and the entrances of the Rhone) without being foicibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled this is not all, the feeling with which all around Clarens, and the opposite rocks of Meillerie, is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion, it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of

At a corner of the terrace is a large summer-house, and through the chestnut trees one sees as far as Les Crêtes, the hillocks and bosquets described by Rousseau. Near by is a dove-cote filled with cooing doves. In the last century this site (Les Crêtes) was covered with pleasure-gardens, and some parts are even pointed out as associated with Rousseau and Madame de Warens"—Historic Sketches of Vaud, etc., by General Meredith Read, 1897, 1 433-437. There was, therefore, some excuse for the guide (see Byron's Diary, September 18, 1816) "confounding Rousseau with St. Preux, and mixing the man with the book."]

I [Claire, afterwards Madame Orbe, is Julies cousin and confidante. She is represented as whimsical and humorous It is not impossible that "Claire," in La Nouvelle Héloise, "bequeathed her name" to Claire, otherwise Jane Clairmont]

2 [Byron and Shelley sailed round the Lake of Geneva towards the end of June, 1816 Writing to Murray, June 27, he says, "I have traversed all Rousseau's ground with the Heloise before me," and in the same letter announces the completion of a third canto of Childe Harold He revisited Clarens and Chillon in company with Hobhouse in the following September (see extracts from a Journal, September 18, 1816, Life, pp 311, 312)]

3 [Bouveret, St Gingolph, Evian]

our own participation of its good and of its glory it is the great principle of the universe which is there more con densed but not less manifested and of which though knowing ourselves a part we lose our individuality and mingle in the beauty of the whole -If Rousseau had never written nor lived the same associations would not less have belonged to such scenes He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption he has shown his sense of their beauty by the selection but they have done that for him which no human being could do for them -I had the fortune (good or evil as it might be) to sail from Meillerie 1 (where we landed for some time) to St Gingo during a lake storm which added to the magnificence of all around although occasionally accompanied by danger to the boat, which was small and overloaded It was over this very part of the lake that Rousseau has driven the boat of St Preux and Madame Wolmar to Meillerie for shelter during a tempest On gaining the shore at St Gingo I found that the wind had been sufficiently strong to blow down some fine old chestnut trees on the lower part of the mountains On the opposite height of Clarens is a chateau 2 [Château des Crêtes] The

I [Byron mentions the squall off Meilleric in a letter to Murray dated Ouchy near Lausanne June 7 1816 The wind Compare too Shelley's version of the incident gradually increased in violence until it blew tremendously and as it came from the remotest extremity of the lake pro duced waves of a frightful height and covered the whole surface with a chaos of foam I felt in this near prospect of death a mixture of sensations among which terror entered though but subordinately My feelings would have been less painful had I been alone but I know that my companion would have attempted to save me and I was overcome with humiliation when I thought that his life might have been risked to preserve mine -Letters from Abroad etc Essays by Percy Bysshe Shelley edited by Mrs Shelley 1840 ii 68 69]
2 [Byron and Shelley slept at Clarens June 6 1816

The windows of their inn commanded a view of the Bosquet de Fulie In the evening we walked thither It is indeed Julias wood the trees themselves were aged but vigorous We went again (June 27) to the Bosquet de Tulie and found that the precise spot was now utterly obliterated and a heap of stones marked the place where the little chapel had once stood Whilst we were execrating the author of this brutal folly our guide informed us that

hills are covered with vineyards, and interspersed with some small but beautiful woods, one of these was named the "Bosquet de Julie, 'and it is remarkable that, though long ago cut down by the brutal selfishness of the monks of St Bernard (to whom the land appertained), that the ground might be enclosed into a vineyard for the miserable drones of an execrable superstition, the inhabitants of Clarens still point out the spot where its trees stood, cilling it by the name which consecrated and survived them. Rousscau has not been particularly fortunate in the preservation of the "local habitations" he has given to "airy nothings". The Prior of Great St Bernard has cut down some of his woods for the sake of a few casks of wine, and Buonaparte his levelled part of the rocks of Mcillerie in improving the road to the Simplon The road is an excellent one, but I cannot quite agree with a remark which I heard made that 'La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs"

22

Of Names which unto you bequeathed a name Stanza cv line 2

Voltaire and Gibbon

[François Marie Arouet de Voltaire (1691-1778) lived on his estate at Fernex, five miles north of Geneva, from 1759 to 1777 "In the garden at Fernex is a long bir cean walk, closely arched over with clipped horn-beam—a verdant closter, with gaps cut here and there, admitting a glimpse of the prospect Here Voltaire used to walk up and down, and dictate to his secretary '—Handbook for Switzer land, p 174

Previous to this he had lived for some time at Lausanne, at "Monrepos, a country house at the end of a suburb,' at Monrion, "a square building of two storeys, and a high garret, with wings, each fashioned like the letter L," and

the land belonged to the Convent of St Bernard, and that this outrage had been committed by their orders. I knew before that if avarice could harden the hearts of men, a system of prescriptive religion has an influence far more mimical to natural sensibility. I know that an isolated man is sometimes restrained by shame from outraging the venerable feelings arising out of the memory of genius, which once made nature even lovelier than itself, but associated man holds it as the very sacrament of this union to forswear all delicacy, all benevolence, all remorse, all that is true, or tender, or sublime."—Essays, etc., 1840, ii 75]

afterwards in the spring of 1757 at No 6 Rue du Grand Chene -Historic Studies 11 210 218 219

Edward Gibbon (1737–1794) finished (1788) The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire at 'Ln Grotte an ancient and spacious mansion behind the church of St. Francis at Lausinne which was demolished by the Swiss authorities in 1879. Not only has the mansion ceased to exist but the garden has been almost entirely changed. The wall of the Hotel Gibbon occupies the site of the famous wooden paulion or summer house and of the berceau of plum trees which formed a verdant gallery completely arched over head and which were called after Gibbon Lée Gibbonière.

-Historic Studies 1 I 11 493

In 1816 the pavilion was utterly decayed and the garden neglected but Byron gathered a spring of Gibbon's acacta and some rose leaves from his garden and enclosed them in a letter to Murray (June -7 1816) Shelley on the contrary refrained from doing so fearing to outrage the greater and more sacred name of Rousseau the contemplation of whose imperishable creations had left no vacancy in my heart for mortal things Gibbon had a cold and unimpassioned spirit —Essays etc 1840 in 76]

33

Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued Stanza exiii line 9

For Banquos issue have I filed my mind

Macheth [act in sc 1 line 64]

~4

O er others griefs that some sincerely grieve Stanza cxiv line 7

It is said by Rochefoucault that there is always some thing in the misfortunes of men's best friends not displeasing to them

[Dans ladversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas —Appendice nux Maximes de La l'ochefoucauld Pantheon Littéraire Pans 18,6 p 460]

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CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

CANTO THE FOURTH

Visto ho Toscana Lombardia Romagna Quel monte che divide e quel che serra Italia e un mare e l'altro che la bagna Arusto Satira iv lines 58-60

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INTRODUCTION TO THE FOURTH CANTO

THE first draft of the Fourth Canto of Child Harold which embodies the original and normal conception of the poem was the worl of twenty six days On the 17th of June 1817 Byron wrote to Murray You are out about the Third Canto I have not done nor designed a line of continuation to that poem I was too short a time at Pome for it and have no thought of recommencing But in spite of this assertion the numbers came," and on June 76 he made a beginning Thirty stanzas were roughened off" on the 1st of July fifty six were accomplished by the 9th ninety and eight by the 15th and on July 70 he announces pletion of the fourth and ultimate canto of Child Harold It consists of I 6 stanzas One stanza (xl) was appended to the fur copy It suggested a parallel between Ariosto the Southern Scott and Scott the Northern Ariosto and excited some mist iving

and excited some missiving. In commending, his new poem to Murray (July O August 7) Byron notes three points in which it differed from its pre decessors it is 'the longest of the four it treats more of works of art than of nature there are no metaphysics in it—at least, I think not In other words. The Fourth Canto is not a continuation of the Third I have parted company with Shelley and Wordsworth. Subject matter and treatment are alike new.

The poem as it stood was complete and as a poem it lost as well as gained by the insertion of additional stanzas and groups of stanzas, purple patch," on purple patch, each by itself so attractive and so splendid. The pilgrim finds himself at Venice on the Bridge of Sighs. He

beholds in a vision the departed glories of "a thousand years" The "long array of shadows," the "beings of the mind," come to him "like truth,' and repeople the vacancy But he is an exile, and turns homeward in thought to "the inviolate island of the sage and free" He is an exile and a He can and will endure his fate, but "ever and anon" he feels the pick of woe, and with the sympathy of despair would stand "a ruin amidst ruins," a desolate soul in a land of desolation and decay. He renews his pilgrimage He passes Arqua, where "they keep the dust of Laura's lover," lingers for a day at Feriara, haunted by memories of "Torquato's injured shade," and, as he approaches "the fair white walls " of Florence, he re-echoes the " Italia ! oh, Italia !" of Filicaja's impassioned strains. At Florence he gazes, "dazzled and drunk with beauty," at the "goddess in stone," the Medicean Venus, but forbears to "describe the indescribable," to break the silence of Art by naming its mys-Santa Croce and the other glories "in Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine," he passes by unsung, if not unseen, but Thrasymene's "sheet of silver,' the "living crystal" of Clitumnus' "gentlest waters," and Terni's "matchless cataract," on whose verge "an Iris sits," and "lone Soracte's ridge," not only call forth his spirit's homage, but receive the homage of his Muse

And now the Pilgrim has reached his goal, "Rome the wonderful," the sepulchre of empire, the shrine of art

Henceforth the works of man absorb his attention pey's "dread statue," the Wolf of the Capitol, the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, the Palatine, the "nameless column" of the Forum, Trajan's pillar, Egeria's Grotto, the ruined Colosseum, "arches on arches," an "enormous skeleton," the Colosseum of the poet's vision, a multitudinous ring of spectators, a bloody Circus, and a dying Gladiator, the Pantheon, S Nicola in Carcere, the scene of the Romana Caritas, St Peter's "vast and wondrous dome,"-are all celebrated in due succession Last of all, he "turns to the Vatican," to view the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere, the counterfeit presentments of ideal suffering and ideal beauty His "shrine is won," but ere he bids us farewell he climbs the Alban Mount, and as the Mediterranean once more bursts upon his sight, he sums the moral of his argument. Man and all his works are as a drop of rain in the Ocean 'the image of eternity the throne of the Invisible"!

Byron had no sooner completed this fourth and ultimate canto" than he began to throw off additional stanzas. His letters to Murry during the autumn of 1817 announce these successive lengthenings but it is impossible to trace the exact order of their composition. On the 7th of August the canto stood at 130 stanzas on the 21st at 133 on the 4th of September at 144 on the 17th at 150 and by November 15 it had reached 167 stanzas. Of inneteen stanzas which were still to be added six—on the death of the Princess Christic (died November 6 1817)—were written at the beginning of December and two stanzas (clxviii clxviiii) were forwarded to Murray in the early spring of 1818.

Of these additions the most notable are four stanzas on Venice (including stanza vii) on The Horses of St Mark.) The sunset on the Brenta "(stanzas vxvii - vxix) The tombs in Santa Croce—the apostrophe to the all Etruscan three "Petrarch Dante, Boccaccio (stanzas liv-lx)

Rome a chaos of runns—antiquarian ignorunce" (stunzas luxx-luxxui) 'The nothingness of Man—the hope of the future—Freedom" (stanzas xciii—vcviii) 'The Tarpeian Rock—the Forum—Rienii" (stanzas cxiii—cvvii) Love Life and Reason" (stanzas cxx-cxxvii) "The Curse of Forgiveness (stanzas cxxv-cxxviii) "The Mole of Hadrini (stanzas clxviii—clxxviii) 'Nemii" (stanzas clxxiii clxxvii) 'Nemii" (stanzas clxxiii clxxviii) 'Nemii" (stanzas clxxviiii clxxviii) 'The Desert and one fair Spirit (stanzas clxxviiii clxxviii)

Some time during the month of December 1817 Byron wrote out a fair copy of the entire canto numbering 184 stanzas (MS D) and on January 7, 1818, Hobhou e left Yenice for England with the whole of the MSS 112 Beppo (begun October 1817) and the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold together with a work of his own a volume of essays on Italian literature the antiquities of Rome ere which he had put together during his residence in Venice (July—December 1817) and proposed to publish as an appendix to Childe Harold In his prefice to Historical Illustrations

ctc, 1818, Hobhouse explains that on his return to England he considered that this "appendix to the Canto would be swelled to a disproportioned bulk," and that, under this impression, he determined to divide his material into two parts. The result was that "such only of the notes as were more immediately connected with the text" were printed as "Historical Notes to Canto the Fourth," and that his longer dissertations were published in a separate volume, under his own name, as Historical Illustrations to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold. To these "Historical Notes" an interest attaches apart from any consideration of their own worth and importance, but to understand the relation between the poem and the notes, it is necessary to retrace the movements of the poet and his annotator

Byron and Hobhouse left the Villa Diodati, October 5, 1816, crossed the Simplon, and made their way together, via Early in December the Milan and Verona, to Venice friends parted company Byron remained at Venice, and Hobhouse proceeded to Rome, and for the next four months devoted himself to the study of Italian literature, in connection with archæology and art Byron testifies (September 14, 1817) that his researches were "indefatigable,' that he had "more real knowledge of Rome and its environs than any Englishman who has been there since Gibbon" Hobhouse left Rome for Naples, May 21, returned to Rome, June 9, arrived at Teini, July 2, and early in July joined Byron on the Brenta, at La Mira The latter half of the year (July-December, 1817) was occupied in consulting "the best authorities" in the Ducal Library at Venice, with a view to perfecting his researches, and giving them to the world as an illustrative appendix to Childe Harold certain that Byron had begun the fourth canto, and written some thirty or more stanzas, before Hobhouse rejoined him at his villa of La Mira on the banks of the Brenta, in July, 1817, and it would seem that, although he had begun by saying "that he was too short a time in Rome for it," he speedily overcame his misgivings, and accomplished, as he believed, the last "fytte" of his pilgrimage The first draft was Byron's unaided composition, but the "additional stanzas' were largely due to Hobhouse's suggestions in the course of

conversation if not to his written researches Hobbouse himself made no secret of it. In his preface (p 5) to Historical Illustrations he affirms that both illustrations and notes were for the most part written while the noble author was yet employed in the composition of the poem They were put into the hands of Lord Byron much in the state in which they now appear and writing to Murray December 7 1817, he says I must confess I feel an affection for it [Canto IV] more than ordinary, as part of it was begot as it were under my own eyes for although your poets are as shy as elephants and camels have not unfrequently, witnessed his lordship's coupleting and some of the stanzas owe their birth to our morning walk or evening ride at La Mira" Forty years later in his revised and enlarged Illustrations" (Italy Remarks made in Several Visits from the year 1816 to 1854 by the Right Hon Lord Broughton CCB 1859 1 p 11) he reverts to this collaboration When I rejoined Lord Byron at La I found him employed upon the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold and later in the autumn he showed me the first sketch of the poem. It was much shorter than it after wards became and it did not remark on several objects which appeared to me peculiarly worthy of notice. I made a list of these objects and in conversation with him kave him reasons for the selection. The result was the poem as it now appears and he then engaged me to write the notes.

As the delicate spirit of Shelley suffused the third canto of Childe Harold so the fourth reveals the presence and co operation of Hobhouse To his brother poet he owed a fresh conception perhaps a fresh appreciation of nature to his lifelong friend a fresh enthusiasm for art and a host of details dry bones which he awakened into the fulness of life

The Fourth Canto was published on Tuesday April 8 1818 It was reviewed by [Sir] Walter Scott in the Quart rly Pence v No exxvii April 1818 and by John Wilson in the Edinburgh Pence v No 55 June, 1818 Both numbers were published on the same day September 6 1818

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IV

ORIGINAL DRAFI [MS M]

[June 26—July 19 1817]

Stanza 1 "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,"-

- "The spouseless Adriatic mourns her Lord,"—
- " xv "Statues of glass—all shivered—the long file,"—
- " vviii -vxvi "I loved her from my boyhood—she to me,"—"The Commonwealth of Kings—the Men of Rome!"—
- "There is a tomb in Arqua,—reared in air,"—"Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his,"—
- " xlii -xlvi "Italia! oh, Italia! thou who hast,"—"That page is now before me, and on mine."—
- " xlviii-l "But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,"—"We gaze and turn away, and know not where,"—
- " lin "I leave to learnéd fingers, and wise hands,"-
- "There be more things to greet the heart and eyes,"—"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,"—
- " laxan "Oh, thou, whose chariot rolled on Fortune's wheel,"—
- "The dictatorial wreath—couldst thou divine,"—
- "And thou, dread Statue! yet existent in,"—"And would be all or nothing—nor could wait,"—
- "There is a stern round tower of other days,"—"There is the moral of all human tales,"—

Stanza ex. Tully was not so eloquent as thou'-

cxi 'Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome"cxy -cxix. "Egeria 1 sweet creation of some he irt "-

And didst thou not the breast to his replying -

cyxviii -cxxxii Arches on arches l as it were that Rome - And if my voice break forth tis not that

exexvut-cli "The seal is set -Now welcome thou dread Power! - The starry fable of the Milky Was -

clus-class But lo the Dome-the vast and won drous Dome - And send us prving into the

abass -

clxx 'But I forget -My Pilgrim's shrine is won cleave Upon the blue Symplegades long years "clxxix Roll on thou deep and dark blue Oceanroll !"--

clxxx His steps are not upon thy paths,-thy fields -

clyxxii -clyxxvi ' Thou glorious mirror where the Almighty's form — Farewell' a word that must be and hath been —

ADDITIONAL STANZA

Stanza xl Great as thou art, jet paralleled by those "-(127 stanzas)

ADDITIONS BOUND UP WITH MS M

She looks a sea Cybele fresh from Ocean -

xii -xiv The Suabian sued and now the Austrian reigns -(November 10 1817)- In youth She was all glory -a new Tyre -

When Athens armies fell at Syracuse vii "Thus Venice ! if no stronger claim were

thine -

vxvii -xxiv The Moon is up and yet it is not night - Filled with the face of heaven which from afar -

xlyn Yet Italy ! through every other land -

- Stanza li "Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?"-
 - " lii "Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,'-
 - ", hy -k "In Santa Croce's holy precincts he,"—" What is her Pyramid of precious stones?"—
 - "The Goth, the Christian—Time—War
 —Flood, and Fire, " \las! the lofty city! and
 alas!"
 - " lxxv "Sylla was first of victors, but our own,'-
 - "The third of the same Moon whose former course,"—
 - "
 "Cin -\cin" "What from this barren being do we reap?"—"Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,"—
 - " cix "Admire—exult—despise—laugh—weep,—for herc,'—
 - " cxii -cxiv "Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place,"—"Then turn we to her latest Tribune's name,"—
 - "Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure,"—
 - ", cxxv-cxxvii "Few-none-find what they love or could have loved,"—"Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base,"—
 - "That curse shall be Forgiveness,—
 Have I not,"—"But I have lived, and have not lived in vain,"—
 - " clu "Turn to the Mole which Hadrian reared on high,"—
 - " clvn-clxn "Hak! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds," (On the death of the Princess Charlotte, November 6, 1817)—"These might have been her destiny—but no,"—
 - , clami "Lo, Nemi! navelled in the woody hills,'-
 - " claxiv "And near, Albano's scarce divided waves,"—
 - " clasvii "Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,"—(1818)
 - " claxviii "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," (1818)
 - " clxxxi "The armaments which thunderstrike the walls,"—

519

Stanza clxxxii Thy shores are empires changed in all save thee —

(5 stanzis)

Additions included in MS D 1 but not mono MS 1/

Stanza xh The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust —

veril But France got drunk with blood to comit

crime —

crime Yet, Freedom yet thy banner torn but
flying "—

cvx Alas' our young affections run to waste,

cvai Oh Love' no habitant of earth thou art —

cvai Of its own beauty is the mind diseased "—

(Seven stanzas)

exxi. We wither from our youth, we gasp 28/33, -

t MS D Byron's final fair copy is in the possession of the Lady Dorchester

JOHN HOBHOUSE ESQ AM FRS

&c &c &c

VENICE January 2 1818

My DEAR HOBHOUSE

AFTER an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of Childe Harold the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend I it is not extra ordinary that I should recur to one still older and better—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship than—though not ungrateful—I can or could be to Childe Harold for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet—to one whom I have known long and accompanied far whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity true in counsel and trusty in perli—to a friend often tried and never found wanting—to yourself

In so doing I recur from fiction to truth and in dedicating to you in its complete or at least concluded state a poetical work which is the longest the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years intimacy with a man of learning of talent of steadiness and of honour I its in other

I [Compare Canto IV stanza clviv --

[&]quot;But where is he the Pilgrim of my Song He is no more—these breathings are his last]

for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery, yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship, and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence,1 but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, masmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable-Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy, and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last, and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe, and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects

I [His marriage Compare the epigram, "On my Wedding-Day," sent in a letter to Moore, January 2, 1820—

[&]quot;Here's a happy new year '—but with reason I beg you'll permit me to say—Wish me many returns of the season,
But as few as you please of the day"]

With regard to the conduct of the last canto there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly if at all separated from the author speaking in his own person The fact is, that I had become wear, of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive like the Chinese in Goldsmith's Citi en of the World, whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese it was in vain that I asserted and imagined that I had drawn a distinction between the author and the pilgrim and the very anxiety to preserve this difference and disappointment at finding it unavailing so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogetherand have done so The opinions which have been or may be formed on that subject are now a matter of indifference the work is to depend on itself and not on the writer and the author who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation transient or permanent which is to arise from his literary efforts deserves the fate of authors

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects and the consequent reflections and for the whole of the notes excepting a few of the shortest I am indebted to yourself and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate and no very grateful task to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us—though perhaps no inattentive observers nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst

^{2 [}Vide ante Introduction to Cinto IV, p 315]

whom we have recently abode—to distrust, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to iun, or to have run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language-"Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l'antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima" Italy has great names still-Canova,1 Monti Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Moielli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzofanti, Mai, Mustovidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres, and in some the very highest-Europe-the World-has but one Canova

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that "La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra-e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne

I [Antonio Canova, sculptor, 1757-1822, Vincenzo Monti, 1754-1828, Ugo Foscolo, 1776-1827 (see Life, p 456, etc), Ippolito Pindemonte, 1753-1828 (see Letter to Murray, June 4, 1817), poets, Ennius Quinnus Visconti, 1751-1818, the valuer of the Elgin marbles, archaelogist, Giacomo Morelli, 1745–1819, bibliographer and scholar (the architect Cosimo Morelli, boin 1732, died in 1812), Leopoldo Conte de Cicognaia, 1767–1834, archæologist, the Contessa Albiizii, 1769?–1836, authoress of Ritratti di Uomini Illustri (see Life, pp 331, 413, etc), Giuseppe Mezzofanti, 1774–1849, linguist, Angelo Maï (caidinal), 1782–1854, philologist, Andreas Moustovides, 1787-1860, a Greek archaeologist, who wiote in Italian, Francesco Aglietti (see Life, p 378, etc), 1757-1836, Andrea Vacca Berlinghieri, 1772-1826 (see Life, p 339)

For biographical essays on Monti, l'oscolo, and Pindemonte, see "Essay on the Piesent Literature of Italy" (Hobhouse's Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, 1818, pp 347, sq) Sec, too, Italian Literature, by R Garnett, CB, LLD, 1898, pp 333-337, 337-

341, 341-342]

sono una prova." Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition a dangerous doctrine the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds namely that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbours that man must be wifully blind or ignorantly heedless who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people or if such a word be admissible their capacitities the facility of their acquisitions the rapidity of their conceptions the fire of their genius their sense of beauty and aimst all the disadvantages of repeated resolutions the desolation of battles and the despair of ages their still unquenched

longing after immortality "—the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves in riding round the walls of Rome heard the simple lament of the labourers chorus

Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima! "
it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the
bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from
the London taverns over the carnage of Mont St Jean! and
the betraval of Genon of Italy of France and of the world

1 [Shelley (notes M Darmesteter) in his preface to the Prometheus Unbound emploie le mot sans demander pardon." The mass of exploitites remains at every period materially the same the circumstances which awaken it to action perpetually change. Capability in the sense of undeveloped faculty or property a condition physical or otherwise capable of being converted or turned to use (N Eng Diet) appertains rather to material objects. To apply the term figuratively to the forces inherent in national character savoured of a literary indecorum. Hence the applogy.]

Addison Cato act v sc 1 line 3-

- ' It must be so—*Plato* thou reason st well!—
 Else whence this pleasing hope this fond desire
 This longing after immortality?
- 3 [Shelley chose this refrain as the motto to his unfinished lines addressed to his infinit son—

My lost William thou in whom Some bright spirit lived ___]

4 [Scott commented severely on this opprobrious designation of the great and blomous victory of Waterloo in his critique on the Fourth Canto Q R No xxxvii April 1818]

by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me,—

"Non movero mai corda

Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda"

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to enquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus, " it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, "Verily they will have their reward," and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state, and repeat once more how truly I am ever

Your obliged
And affectionate friend,
BYRON

1 [The substance of some letters written by an Englishman resident in Paris during the last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon 1816 2 vols]
2 [In 1817]



Lord Byon



CANTO THE FOURTH

I

I stoop in Venice on the ' Bridge of Sighs A Palace and a prison on each hand I saw from out the wave her structures rise As from the stroke of the Enchanter's wand 3

[Venice and La Mira on the Brenta Copied August 1817 Begun, June 76 Finished July 9th MS M] 2 Byron sent the first stanza to Murray July 1 1817 the shaft of the column as a specimen Gifford Frere and many more to whom Murray ventured to show it ex pressed their approval (Memoir of John Murray 1 385) The Bridge of Sighs "he explains (i e Ponte de Sospiri) 'is that which divides or rather joins the palace of the

Doge to the prison of the state Compare The Two Foscars act IV SC 1-"In Venice 'but's' a traitor But me no 'buts unless you would pass o er The Bridge which few repass

This however is an anachronism The Bridge of Sighs was built by Antonio da Ponte in 1597 more than a century after the death of Francesco Foscari It is says Mr Ruskin, "a work of no merit and of a late period owing the interest it possesses chiefly to its pretty name and to the ignorant sentimentalism of Byron (Stones of Venice 18,3 11 304 111 359)] 3 [Compare Mysteries of Udolpho by Mrs Ann Rad

cliffe 1794 11 35 36-

Its terraces crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics

A thousand Years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the wing&d Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred

II

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from Ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A Ruler of the waters and their powers

throned on her Seventy Isles —[MS M altern reading, D] appeared as if they had been called up from the Ocean by the wand of an enchanter"]

I Sabellicus, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true—"Quo fit ut qui supernè [ex specula aliqua eminentiore] urbem contempletur, turritam telluris imaginem medio Oceano figuratam se putet inspiccre" [De Venetæ Urbis situ Nariatio, lib i Ital Ill Script, 1600, p 4 Marcus Antonius Coccius Sabellicus (1436–1506) wrote, inter alia, a History of Venice, published in folio in 1487, and Rhapsodiæ Historiai um Enneades, a condito mundo, usque ad A C 1504 His description of Venice (vide supra) was published after his death in 1527 Hofmann does not give him a good character "Obiit A C 1506, turpi morbo confectus, ætat 70, relicto filio notho" But his Αυτοετιτάφιον implies that he was satisfied with himself

"Quem non res hominum, non omnis ceperat ætas, Scribentem capit hæc Coccion urna brevis" Lexicon Universale, art "Marcus," etc

Cybele (sometimes written Cybelle and Cybēle), the "mother of the Goddesses," was represented as wearing a mural crown—"coronamque turritam gestare dicitur" (Albricus Phil, *De Imag Deor*, xii) Venice with her tiara of proud towers is the earth-goddess Cybele, having "suffered a sea-change"]

And such she was, -her daughters had their dowers From spoils of nations and the exhaustless East 1 Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers 2 In purple was she robed 2 and of her feast Monarchs partook and deemed their dignity increased ".

113

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more 218 And silent rows the songless Gondolier, 3 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore. And Music meets not always now the ear

- 1 From spoils of many nations and the East -[MS M D erased]
- 11 Monarchs sate down -- D erased)

I ['Gems wrought into drinking vessels among which the least precious were framed of turquoise jasper, or amethyst unnumbered jacinths emeralds sapphires chrysolites and topaxes and lastly those matchless car buncles which placed on the High Altar of St. Mark's blazed with intrinsic light and scattered darkness by their own beams -these are but a sample of the treasures which accrued to Venice (Villehardouin lib iii p 1 9) (See Sketches from Venetian History 1831 1 161)]

2 [After the fall of Constantinople in 1 04, the illus trious Dandolo was permitted to tinge his buskins in the purple hue distinctive of the Imperial Family to claim exemption from all feudal service to the Emperor, and to annex to the title of Doge of Venice the proud style of Despot of Romania and Lord of One fourth and One eighth

of the Roman Empire (thid 1831, 1 167)]
3 [The gondoliers (see Hobhouse's note ii) used to sing alternate stanzas of the Gerusalemme Liberata capping each other like the shepherds in the Bucolics The rival reciters were sometimes attached to the same gondola but often the response came from a passing gondolier a stranger to the singer who challenged the contest Rogers in his

Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.

States fall—Arts fade—but Nature doth not die,

Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,

The pleasant place of all festivity,

The Revel of the earth—the Masque of Italy!

IV

But unto us she hath a spell beyond

Her name in story, and her long array

Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond

Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway,

1 The pleasure place of all festivity —[MS M]

Italy, laments the silence which greeted the swan-song of his own gondolier—

"He sung.
As in the time when Venice was Herself,
Of Tancred and Erminia On our oars
We rested, and the verse was verse divine!
We could not err—Perhaps he was the last—
For none took up the strain, none answer'd him,
And, when he ceased, he left upon my car
A something like the dying voice of Venice!"

The Gondola (Poems, 1852, 11 79).

Compare, too, Goethe's "Letters from Italy,' October 6, 1786 "This evening I bespoke the celebrated song of the mariners, who chaunt Tasso and Ariosto to melodies of their own. This must actually be ordered, as it is not to be heard as a thing of course, but rather belongs to the half-forgotten traditions of former times. I entered a gondola by moonlight, with one singer before and the other behind me. They sing their song, taking up the verses alternately "Sitting on the shore of an island, on the bank of a canal,

"Sitting on the shore of an island, on the bank of a canal, or on the side of a boat, a gondolier will sing away with a loud penetrating voice the multitude admire force above everything—anxious only to be heard as far as possible. Over the silent mirror it travels far "—Travels in Italy,

1883, p 73 7

Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto ¹ Shylock and the Moor
And Pierre ² can not be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the Arch ¹ though all were o er
For us repeopled were the solitary shore

1 [The Rialto or Rivo alto 'the middle group of islands between the shore and the mainland on the left of the Grand Canal was the site of the original city and till the sixteenth century its formal and legal designation. The Exchange or Banco Grow was held in the piazza opposite the church of San Giacomo which stands at the head of the canal to the north of the Ponto di Rialto. It was on the Rialto that Antonio rated Shyloci, about his 'usances

Rialto that Antonio rated Shylock about his 'usances What news on the Rialto' asks Solanio (Merchant of Venice act i sc 3 line 102 act ii sc 1 line 1) Byron uses the word symbolically for Venetian commerce 1

2 Pierre is the hero of Otway's Venice Preserved Shy lock and the Moor stand where they did but what of Pierre? If the name of Otway- master of the tragic art -and the title of his masterpiece-Venice Preserved or The Plot Discovered (first played 168_)—are not wholly forgotten Pierre and Monimia and Belyidera have "de caved and are memorable chiefly as favourite characters of great actors and actresses Genest notes twenty revivals of the Venuce Preserved which was played as late as October 7 1837 when Macready played Pierre and Phelps Jaffier 'No play that I know says Hartley Coleridge (Essays 1851 ii 56) gains so much by acting as Venuce Preserved Miss O Neill I well remember made me weep with Belvidera but she would have done the same had she spoken in an unknown tongue' Byron who professed to be '' great admirer of Otway in a letter to Hodgson August '1811 (Letters 1898 1 339 note 1) alludes to some lines from Venice Preserved (act ii sc 3) which seem to have taken his fancy Two lines spoken by Belvidera (act 11) if less humorous are more poetical-

"Oh the day
Too soon will break and wake us to our sorrow
Come come to bed and bid thy cares Good night!"]

v.

The Beings of the Mind are not of clay

Essentially immortal, they create

And multiply in us a brighter ray

And more beloved existence ¹ that which Fate

Prohibits to dull life in this our state ¹

Of mortal bondage, by these Spirits supplied,

First exiles, then replaces what we hate,

Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,

And with a fresher growth replenishing the void

VΙ

Such is the refuge of our youth and age

The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy, 2

- 1 Denies to the dull trick of life -[MS erased]
- I [Compare The Dream, 1 -

"The mind can make Substance, and people planets of its own With beings brighter than have been, and give A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh"

The ideal personages of the poet's creations have the promise of immortality. The ideal forms which people his imagination transfigure and supplant the dull and grievous realities of his mortal being and circumstance, but there are "things" more radiant, more enchanting still, the "strong realities" of the heart and soul—hope, love, joy But they pass! We wake, and lo! it was a dream]

2 ["In youth I wrote because my mind was full,
And now because I feel it growing dull"
Don Juan, Canto XIV stanza v

In youth the poet takes refuge, in the ideal world, from the crowd and pressure of blissful possibilities, and in age, when hope is beyond hope, he peoples the solitude with beings of the mind.]

And this wan feeling peoples many a page—

And may be that which grows beneath mine eye

Yet there are things whose strong reality

Outshines our fury land, in shape and hues it.

More beautiful than our fantastic sky

And the strange constellations which the Muse

Our her wild universe is skilful to diffuse

VII

I saw or dreamed of such —but let them go,—
They came like Truth—and disappeared like dreams
And whatsoc or they were—are now but so
I could replace them if I would, still teems
My mind with many a form which aptly seems
Such as I sought for and at moments found
Let these too 60—for waking Reason deems
Such over weening phantasics unsound

VIII

And other voices speak and other sights surround

I ve taught me other tongues—and in stringe eyes

Have made me not a stranger—to the mind

Which is itself no changes bring surprise

Nor is it harsh to make nor hard to find

- 1 And this worn feeling [Ed tions 1816-1891]
 11 And may be that which { springs } [MS M]
- in Outshines our Fi ries-things in shape and hie -[MS M]

A country with—aye, or without mankind,
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
Not without cause, and should I leave behind i
The inviolate Island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea, ii

11

Perhaps I loved it well, and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My Spirit shall resume it—if we may "
Unbodied choose a sanctuary 1—I twine
My hopes of being remembered in my line
With my land's language—if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline,
If my Fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

and though I leave behind —[MS M]

And make myself a home beside a softer sea —[MS erased]

to pine

Albert is not my nature, and I twine —[MS M erased]

I [In another mood he wrote to Murray (June 7, 1819), "I trust they won't think of 'pickling, and bringing me home to Clod or Blunderbuss Hall' [see The Rivals, act v sc 3] I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country" In this half-humorous outburst he deprecates, or pretends to deprecate, the fate which actually awaited his remains—burial in the family vault at Hucknall Torkard There is, of course, no reference to a public funeral and a grave in Westminster Abbey In the next stanza (x line i) he assumes the possibility of his being excluded from the Temple of Fame, but there is, perhaps, a tacit reference to burial in the Abbey If the thought, as is probable, occurred to him, he veils it in a metaphor]

My name from out the temple where the dead Are honoured by the Nations-let it be-And light the Laurels on a loftier head! And be the Spartan's epitaph on me-' Sparta hath many a worthier son than he 1 Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need-The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree I planted -they have torn me,-and I bleed I should have known what fruit would spring from such

٦ı

The spouseless Adrianc mourns her Lord i And annual marriage now no more renewed-The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored Neglected garment of her widowhood!

- 1 The undowed Adreat c mourns her Done MS W grased V
- 1 The answer of the mother of Brasidas the Lacedæ monian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son

Bp other yap for mer detp by the work I b excisor apelogores i in Endorn Plutarchi Moralia Apophthegmata Laconica

a seed

(Tauchnitz 18 0) ii 1°7]
2 [The Bucentaur the state barge in which on Ascen son Day the Doge of Venice used to wed the Adriatic by dropping a ring into it "was broken up and rifled by the I rench in 1797 (note, by Rev E C Owen Childe Harold, 1897 p 197)

Compare Goethes 'Letters from Italy October 5 1786
To give a notion of the Bucentaur in one word I should
say that it is a state galley The older one of which we still have drawings justified this appellation still more than

St. Mark yet sees his Lion 1 where he stood 3" Stand, but in mockery of his withered power, Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,12 And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour When Venice was a Queen with an unequalled dower

-[MS M, D erased.] 1 Even on the pillar

the present one, which, by its splendour, makes us forget the

"The vessel is all ornament, we ought to say, it is overladen with ornament, it is altogether one piece of gilt carving, for This state-galley is a good index to show no other use what the Venetians were, and what they considered themselves."—Travels in Italy, 1883, p 68

Compare, too, Wordsworth's sonnet "On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic"—

"She was a maiden City, bright and free, No guile seduced, no force could violate, And when she took unto herself a Mate, She must espouse the everlasting Sea"

Works, 1888, p 180]

I [For "Lion," see Hobhouse's note in The "Horses of St Mark" (vide post, stanza xiii line 1), which, according to history or legend, Augustus "conveyed" from Alexandria to Rome, Constantine from Rome to Constantinople, Dandolo, in 1204, from Constantinople to Venice, Napoleon, in 1797, from Venice to Paris, and which were restored to the Venetians by the Austrians in 1815, were at one time supposed to belong to the school of Lysippus Haydon, who published, in 1817, a curious etching of "The Elgin Horse's Head," placed side by side with the "Head of one of the Horses Venice," subscribes the following critical note astonishing that the great principles of nature should have been so nearly lost in the time between Phidias and Lysippus Compare these two heads The Elgin head is all truth, the other all manner" Hobhouse pronounces the "Horses" to be "irrevocably Chian," but modern archæologists regard both "school" and exact period as uncertain]

2 [According to Milman (Hist of Lat Christianity, v. 144), the humiliation of Barbarossa at the Church of St Mark took place on Tuesday, July 24, 1177 A propos of the return of the Pope and Emperor to the ducal palace, he quotes "a curious passage from a newly recovered poem,

XII

The Suabian sued and now the Austrian reigns—4 has a Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces and chains Clank over sceptred cities, Nations melt From Power's high pinnacle when they have felt The sunshine for a while and downward go Like Lauwine loosened from the mountain's belt Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo 1 15

Th octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe

who quelled the imperial foe —[MS M erased]
— empires all co iquering foe —[MS M]

by Godfrey of Viterbo an attendant on the Emperor So great was the press in the market that the aged Pope was thrown down—

Jam Papa perisset in arto Cæsar ibi vetulum ni relevasset eum

"This he remarks 'is an odd contrast of real life with romance 1

O for a single hour of that Dundee Who on that day the word of onset gave !

And Coleradge in a letter to Wordsworth (February 8 1804) thinking perhaps less of the chieftain than the sonnet exclaims. Oh for one hour of Dundee' How often shall I sigh 'Oh for one hour of The Reduse'—an aspiration which Byron would have worded differently]

[Compare Marino Faliero act w sc _ lines 157 158-Doge Dandolo survived to ninety summers

To vanquish empires and refuse their crown

The vessels that bore the bishops of Soissons and VOL II

MIII

Before St. Mark still glow his Steeds of brass Their gilded collars glittering in the sun But is not Doria's menace 1 come to pass?" Are they not bridled? Venice, lost and won, Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done, Sinks, like a sea-weed unto whence she rose "2

into whence she rose -[Editions 1818-1891]

Troyes, the Paradise and the Pilgrim, were the first which grappled with the Towers of Constantinople [April, 1204]

The bishops of Soissons and of Troyes would have placed the blind old Doge Dandolo on the imperial throne, his election was opposed by the Venetians bably the wise patriotism of Dandolo himself, and his knowledge of the Venetian mind, would make him acquiesce in the loss of an honour so dangerous to his country Venice might have sunk to an outpost, as it were, of the Eastern Empire '-Milman's Hist of Lat Christianity, v

350, 353, 354]
I [Hobhouse's version (see Hist Notes, No vi) of the war of Chioggia is not borne out by modern research. For example, the long speech which Chinazzo attributes to the Genoese admiral, Pietro Doria, is probably mythical The actual menace of the "bitting and bridling the horses of St Mark" is assigned by other historians to Francesco Carrara Doria was not killed by a stone bullet from the cannon named The Trevisaia, but by the fall of the Campanile in Chioggia, which had been struck by the bullet (Venice, an Historical Sketch of the Republic, by Horatio F Brown, 1893, pp 225-234)]

2 [Compare the opening lines of Byron's Ode on Venice—

"Oh Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls Are level with the waters, there shall be A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls, A loud lament along the sweeping sea!"

Shelley, too, in his Lines written among the Enganean Hills, bewarled the approaching doom of the "sea-girt city" But threatened cities, like threatened men, live long, and



Better be whelmed beneath the waves and shun Even in Destruction's depth, her foreign foes," From whom Submission wrings an infamous repose

NIV.

In youth She was all glory,-a new Tyre -Her very by word sprung from Victory, The "Planter of the Lion, 1 which through fire And blood she bore o er subject Earth and Sea.

1 E en in Destruction s heart -- - [MS M]

since its annexation to Italy in 1866 a revival of trade and the re establishment of the arsenal have brought back a certain measure of prosperity]

1 That is the Lion of St Mark the standard of the re

public which is the origin of the word Pantaloon-Pianta

leone Pantaleon Pantaloon

[The Venetians were nicknamed Pantaloni Byron who seems to have relied on the authority of a Venetian glossary assumes that the by word "may be traced to the patriotism of merchant princes who were reputed to hoist flags with the Venetian lion waving to the breeze on every rock and barren headland of Levantine waters (Memoirs of Count Carlo Go zi translated by J Addington Symonds 1800 Introd part ii p 44) and that in consequence of this spread eagleism the Venetians were held up to scorn by their neighbours as planters of the lion"-a reproach which conveyed a tribute to their provess. A more probable explanation is that the

by word with its cognates Pantaleone" the typical masque of Italian comedy-progenitor of our 'Pantaloon and pantaloni pantaloons the typical Venetian costume —derive their origin from the baptismal name Pantaleone frequently given to Venetian children in honour of St Pan taleon of Nicomedia physician and martyr whose cult was much in vogue in Northern Italy and especially in Venice where his relics which coruscated with miracles" were the object of peculiar veneration

St Pantaleon was known to the Greek Church as Παντ λεήμων that is the all pitiful " and in Latin his name is spelled Pantaleymon and Pantaleemon Hagiologists seem to have been puzzled but the compiler of the Acta Sanctorum

Though making many slaves, Herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite, '
Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!"
For ye are names no Time nor Tyranny can blight

XV.

Statues of glass—all shivered—the long file
Of her dead Doges are declined to dust,
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger—empty halls,

for July 27, St. Pantaleon's Day in the Roman calendar (XXIII 397-426), gives the preference to Pantaleon, and explains that he was hailed as Pantaleomon by a divine voice at the hour of his martyrdom, which proclaimed "cum non amplius esse vocandum Pantaleonem, sed Pantaleonem"

The accompanying woodcut is the reproduction of the frontispiece of a black-letter tract, composed by Augustinus de Cremâ, in honour of the "translation" of one of the sainted martyr's arms to Crema, in Lombardy It was printed at Cremona, in 1493]

I Shakespeare is my authority for the word "Ottomite' for Ottoman "Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites"

(see Othello, act n sc 3, line 161) -[MS D]

2 ["On 29th September (1669) Candia, and the island of Candia, passed away from Venice, after a defence which had lasted twenty-five years, and was unmatched for bravery in the annals of the Republic"—Venice, an Historical Sketch, by Horatio F Brown, 1893, p. 378]

by Horatio F Brown, 1893, p 378]

3 ["The battle of Lepanto [October 7, 1571] lasted five hours The losses are estimated at 8000 Christians and 30,000 Turks The chief glory of the victory rests with Sebastian Veniero and the Venetians"—Venica, etc.,

1893, p 368]



Thin streets and foreign aspects such as must Too oft remind her who and what enthrals 7 the Have flung a desolate cloud o er Venice lovely walls

XVI

When Athens armies fell at Syracuse

And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war

Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse ¹

Her voice their only ransom from afar ¹

See ¹ as they chant the tragic hymn the car

Of the o ermastered Victor stops—the reins

Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar

Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains

And bids him thank the Bard for Freedom and his

strains ¹

TIVY

Thus Venice! if no stronger claim were thine Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot—

1 And won her hopeless children from afar —[MS M D erased]
11 And sends him ras om les to bless I is poet's strains —[MS M]
12 And sends hi i hon e to bless the poet for his strains —
[MS D erased]

I [The story is told in Plutarchs Life of Nicas cap rux (Plut Vit Lipsiæ 1813 v 154) The dramas of Euripides were so popular throughout all Sicily that those Athenian prisoners who knew portions of them won the affections of their masters I cannot refrain from mentioning) this story though I fear its trustworthiness is much inferior to its pathos and interest —Grotes History of Greece 1859 vii 1861

Thy choral memory of the Bard divine, Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot1 Which ties thee to thy tyrants, and thy lot Is shameful to the nations, most of all, Albion! to thee 1 the Ocean queen should not Abandon Ocean's children, in the fall Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall "

XVIII

I loved her from my boyhood she to me Was as a fairy city of the heart, Rising like water-columns from the sea Of Joy the sojourn, and of Wealth the mart. And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art," 2 Had stamped her image in me, and even so,

1 Thy love of Tasso's verse should cut the knot -[MS M] for come it will and shall -[MS M, D erased] 111 And Otway's-Radcliffe's-Schiller's-Shakspeare's art - $[MS\ M, D]$

I [By the Treaty of Paris, May 3, 1814, Lombardy and Venice, which since the battle of Austerlitz had formed part of the French kingdom of Naples, were once more handed over to Austria Great Britain was represented by "a bungler even in its disgusting trade" (Don Juan, Dedication, stanza xiv), Lord Castlereagh]
2 Venice Preserved, Mysteries of Udolpho, The Ghost-

Seer, or Armenian, The Merchant of Venice, Othello [For Venice Preserved, vide ante, stanza iv line 7, note To the Mysteries of Udolpho Byron was indebted for more than one suggestion, vide ante, stanza 1 line 14, note, and Mysteries, etc., London, 1794, 2 39 "The air bore masounds but those of sweetness echoing along each margin of the canal and from gondolas on its surface, while groups of masks were seen dancing on the moonlit terraces, and seemed almost to realize the romance of fairy-land." The scene of Schiller's Although I found her thus we did not part, '
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe
I'nan when she was a boast a marvel and a show

XIX

I can repeople with the past—and of

The present there is still for eye and thought

And meditation chastened down, enough

And more it may be, than I hoped or sought,

And of the happiest moments which were wrought

Within the web of my existence, some

From thee, fair Venice 11 have their colours caught There are some feelings Time can not benumb 12 Nor Torture shake or mine would now be cold and

dumb

1 Thou h I have found her thus we will not part — [MS M]
We have at least 10 mine—whater may come
But when the heart is full the higs must need be dumb—
[MS M]
— or else mine now were cold and dumb—[MS M]

Der Gesterscher (Werke 1819 x 97 s9) is lauf at Venice This [the Doges palace] was the thing that most struck my imagination in Venice—more than the Rialto which I visited for the sake of Shylock and more, too than Schiller's Armenian a novel which took a great hold of me when a boy. It is also called the Ghost Seer and I never walked down St Marks by moonlight without thinking of it and at nine o clock he died! [I or allusion to the same meident see Rogerss Italy (Peems 1857 in 73)] But I hate things all fiction and therefore the Merchant and Othello have no great associations for me but Pierre has "—Letter to Murry Venice April 2181; For an earlier reference to the Ghost seer see Oscar of Alva Poetical Works, 1898

I [Shelley in his Lines written among the Euganean Hills,

χ_{λ}

But from their nature will the Tannen 1 grow!

Loftiest on loftiest and least sheltered rocks,

Rooted in barrenness, where nought below

Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks

Of eddying storms, yet springs the trunk, and mocks

The howling tempest, till its height and frame

Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks

Of bleak, gray granite into life it came,"

And grew a giant tree, the Mind may grow the same.

1 But there are minds which as the Tannen grow —[MS erased]
11 Of shrubless granite —[MS M erased]

allows to Venice one lingering glory "one remembrance more sublime"—

"That a tempest-cleaving swan
Of the songs of Albion,
Driven from his ancestral streams
By the might of evil dreams,
Found a nest in thee, and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion,
That its joy grew his, and sprung
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit,
Chastening terior"]

I Tannen is the plural of tanne, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree

[Byron did not "know German" (Letter to Murray, June 7, 1820), and he may, as Mr Tozer suggests, have supposed that the word "tannen" denoted not "fir trees" generally, but a particular kind of fir tree He refers, no doubt, to the Ebeltanne (Abres pectinata), which is not a native of this country, but grows at a great height on the Swiss Alps and throughout the mountainous region of Central Europe]

xxı

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms mute ^L
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence—not bestowed
In vain should such example be, if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood
Endure and shrink not we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear—it is but for a day

11.27

All suffering doth destroy or is destroyed ¹

Even by the sufferer—and in each event

Ends —Some with hope replenished and rebuoyed

Return to whence they came—with like intent

1 In rocks and unsupporting places --- -[MS II erased]

I [Cicero De Finibis II] xix controverts the maxim of Epicurus that a great sorrow is necessarily of short durition a prolonged sorrow necessarily light. Quod autem magnum dolorem brevem longinquum levem esse dictits id non intelligio quale sit video enim et mignos et cosdem bene longinquos dolores. But the sentiment is adopted by Montaigne [1 xiv] ed 1580 p 66. Tu ne la sentiras guiere long temps situ la sens trop elle mettra fin \(^1\) soy ou \(^1\) toy lun et l'autre revient un (Sit in ela portes elle tem portera volt). And again by \(^1\) ir Thomas Brown, \(^1\) sense endureth no extremities and sorrows destrov us or them selves (see Darmesteter \(^1\) Child Hurold (188 p. 193). Byron is not refining upon these conceits but is drawing upon his own experience. Suffering which does not kill is subject to change and \(^1\) continueth not in one stay but it remains within call 'and returns in an hour when we are not aware!

And weave their web again, some, bowed and bent,
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,
And perish with the reed on which they leant.
Some seek devotion—war—good or crime,
According as their souls were formed to sink or climb.

XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued

There comes a token like a Scorpion's sting,

Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbucd,

And slight withal may be the things which bring

Back on the heart the weight which it would fling

Aside for ever: it may be a sound.

A tone of music summer's eve or spring—

A flower the wind—the Ocean which shall wound,

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound,

1. A tone of music—eventide in spring or, twilight—eve in spring —[MS M erased]

I [Compare Bishop Blougram's lament on the instability of unfaith—

"Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch, A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death, A choius-ending from Euripides,—And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears

To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there"
Browning's Poetical Works, 1869, v 268]

\xiv

And how and why we know not, nor can trace

Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind

But feel the shock renewed nor can efface

The blight and blackening which it leaves behind

Which out of things familiar, undesigned,

When least we deem of such, calls up to view

The Spectres whom no exorcism can bind—

The cold—the changed—perchance the dead, anew—

The mourned—the loved—the lost—too many! yet how

XXV

few 11

But my Soul wanders I demand it buck
To meditate amongst decay and stand
A run amidst runs, there to track
Fall n states and buried greatness o er a land
Which was the mightiest in its old command,
And is the loveliest and must ever be
The master mould of Nature's heavenly hand,
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free—
The beautiful—the brave—the Lords of earth and
sea

I [Compare Scott's Lady of the Lake, I xxiii lines I,

^{&#}x27;They come in dim procession led, The cold the faithless and the dead]

XXVI.

The Commonwealth of Kings the Men of Rome!

And even since, and now, fair Italy!

Thou art the Garden of the World, the Home

Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;

Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?

Thy very weeds are beautiful thy waste

More rich than other climes' fertility,

Thy wreck a glory and thy ruin graced

With an immaculate chain which cannot be defaced.

XXVII

The Moon is up, and yet it is not night
Sunset divides the sky with her a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains, 1 Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity,
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!2

I ["Fruli's mountains" are the Julian Alps, which lie to the noith of Trieste and north-east of Venice, "the hoar and aery Alps towards the north," which Julian and Count Maddalo (vide post, p 349) saw from the Lido But the Alpine height along which "a sea of glory" streamed—"the peak of the far Rhætian hill" (stanza xxviii line 4)—must lie to the westward of Venice, in the track of the setting sun]

² The above description may seem fantastical or exaggerated to those who have never seen an Oriental or an

XXVIII

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o er half the lovely heaven but still
Yon sunny Sea heaves brightly and remains
Rolled o er the peak of the far Rhætian hill
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order —gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta 1 where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new born rose

Which streams upon her stream and glassed within it glows

Italian sky yet it is but a literal and hardly sufficient delineation of an August evening (the eighteenth) as con templated in one of many rides along the banks of the Brenta near La Mira

[Compare Shelley's Julian and Maddalo (Poetical Works

1895 1 343)~

How beautiful is sunset when the glow Of Heaven descends upon a land like thee Thou Paradise of exiles, Italy! We stood

Looking upon the evening and the flood
Which lay between the city and the shore
Paved with the image of the sky
And aery Alps towards the north appeared
Thro mist an heaven sustaining bulwark reared
Between the Last and West and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblation;
Dark purple at the zenith which still grew
Down the steep West into a wondrous hue
Brighter than burning gold

1 [The Brenta rises in Tyrol and flowing past Padua falls into the Lagoon at Fusina Mira or La Mira where Byron colonized in the summer of 1817 and again in 1819 is on the Brenta some six or seven miles inland from the Lagoon]

YIXX

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,

Comes down upon the waters! all its hues,

From the rich sunset to the rising star,

Their magical variety diffuse

And now they change—a paler Shadow strews

Its mantle o'er the mountains, parting Day

Dies like the Dolphin, whom each pang imbues

With a new colour as it gasps away

The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone and all is gray

XXX

There is a tomb in Arqua, reared in air,

Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose

The bones of Laura's lover—here repair

Many familiar with his well-sung woes,

The Pilgrims of his Genius—He arose

To raise a language, and his land reclaim

From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes

Watering the tree which bears his Lady's name 18 H

With his melodious tears, he gave himself to Fame

I [The Abbé de Sade, in his Mémoires poin la vie de Pétraique (1767), affirmed, on the strength of documentary evidence, that the Laura of the sonnets, born de Noves, was the wife of his ancestor, Hugo de Sade, and the mother of a large family "Gibbon," says Hobhouse (note vii), "called the abbé's memoirs a 'labour of love' (see Decline and Fall, chap lax note I), and followed him with confidence and delight," but the poet James Beattie (in a letter to the Duchess of Gordon, August 17, 1782) disregarded them as a "romance," and, more recently, "an ingenious Scotchman" [Alexander Fraser

1/22

They keep his dust in Arqua? where he died—*
The mountain village where his latter days

Tytler (Lord Woodhouselee)] in an Historical and Critical Essay on the Lafe and Character of Petrarch (1810) had reestablished the ancient prejudice in favour of Laura's virginity Hobhouse appears but his note is somewhat ambiguous to adopt the view of the ingenious Scotchman To pass to contemporary criticism Dr Garnett in his Hustory of Italian Literature 1898 (pp 66-71) without attempting to settle the everlasting controversy regards the abbé's docu mentary evidence as for the most part worthless and relying on the internal evidence of the sonnets and the dialogue and on the facts of Petrarch's life as established by his correspondence (a complete series of I etrarch's letters was published by Giuseppe Fracassetti in 1859) inclines to the belief that it was the poets status as a cleric and not a husband and family which proved a bar to his union with Laura With regard however to one piece of documentary evidence" namely Laura de Sade's will Dr Garnett admits that if this were producible and on being produced proved genuine the coincidence of the date of the will April 3 1348 with a note in Petrarch's handwriting dated April 6 1348 which records the death of Laura would almost establish the truth of the abbés theory in the teeth of all objections] I | He who would seek, as I have done the last memorials of the life and death of Petrarch in that sequestered Luganean village [Arqua is about twelve miles south west of Paqua] will still find them there A modest house apparently of great antiquity passes for his last habitation A chair in which he is said to have died is shown there And if these details are uncertain there is no doubt that the sarcophagus of red marble supported on pillars in the church ard of Arqu's contains or once contained his mortal remains Lord Byron and Mr Hobhouse visited the spot more than sixty years ago in a sceptical frame of mind for doubts had at that time been thrown on the very existence of Laura and the varied details of the poets life which are preserved with so much fidelity in his correspondence were almost forgotten —Petrarch by H Reeve 1879 p 14 In a letter to Hoppner September 1., 1817 Byron says that he was moved to turn aside in a second visit to Argu i Two years later, October, 1819 he in vain persuaded Moore to spare a

Went down the vale of years, and 'tis their pride
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre—both plain i
And venerably simple—such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a Pyramid formed his monumental fane ii

II/XX

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt

Is one of that complexion which seems made

For those who their mortality 1 have felt,

And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed

In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,

Which shows a distant prospect far away

Of busy cities, now in vain displayed,

For they can lure no further, and the ray 2

Of a bright Sun can make sufficient holiday,

I [Compare Wordsworth's Ode, "Intimations of," etc., \lambda lines 9-11-

¹ His mansion and his monument —[MS M, D erased]
1 formed his sepulchial fane —[MS M]

day or two to go with me to Arquà I should like," he said, "to visit that tomb with you—a pair of poetical pilgrims—eh, Tom, what say you?" But "Tom" was for Rome and Lord John Russell, and ever afterwards bewarled the lost opportunity "with wonder and self-reproach" (*Life*, p 423, *Life*, by Karl Elze, 1872, p 235)]

[&]quot;The clouds that gather round the setting sun Do take a sober colouring from an eye That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality"]

^{2 [&}quot; Euganeis istis in collibus domum parvam sed

VXIII

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers And shining in the brawling brook where-by Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours With a calm languor, which, though to the eye Idlesse it seem, hath its morality—

If from society we learn to live,¹
This Solitude should teach us how to die, It hath no flatterers—Vanity can give

VIYXY

Or it may be with Demons 1 who impair

The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey

No hollow aid, alone-man with his God must strive '

- 1 Society's the sol ool where toucht to he e-[MS M erisol]
- 11 the soul with Go i mi st strice -[MS If erase!]

delectabilem et honestam struvi hic quanquam æger corpore tranquillus animo frater dego sine tumultibus sine erroribus sine curis legens semper et scribens Deum l'udans —Petrurca Epistolæ Seniles viv 6 (Opera Basileæ 1581 p 938)

See too the notes to Argus (Ro, crss Italy Poems 18, 11 10,-109) which record the pilgrimage of other poets Boccaccio and Alfiers to the great laureates tomb and compare with Byrons stanzas the whole of that exquisite cameo delicate and yet durable as if graved on chalcedony!

I The struggle is to the full as likely to be with demons as with our better thoughts Satan chose the wilderness for the temptation of our Saviour And our unsullied John Locke preferred the presence of a child to complete solitude

[He always chose to have company with him if it were only a child for he loved children and took pleasure in talking with those that had been well trained (Life of John Jocke by H R Fox Bourne ii 537) Lady Mashims daughter Esther and his wife Betty Clurke iged eleven years were among his child friends]

In melancholy bosoms—such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay
Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away,
Making the Sun like blood, the Earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell—and Hell itself a murkier gloom.

XXXV.

Fernara ¹¹ in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the Seats
Of former Sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este,² which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore

- 1 Which dies not not can ever pass away —[MS M crased]
 11 The tomb a hell—and life one universal gloom —[MS M erased]
- I [Byron passed a single day at Ferrara in April, 1817, went over the castle, cell, etc, and a few days after wrote *The Lament of Tasso*, the manuscript of which is dated April 20, 1817 The Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* was not begun till the end of June in the same year]
- 2 [Of the ancient family of Este, Maiquesses of Tuscany, Azzo V was the first who obtained power in Ferrara in the twelfth century A remote descendant, Nicolo III (b. 1384, d 1441), founded the University of Parma He married for his second wife Parisina Malatesta (the heroine of Byron's Parisina, published February, 1816), who was beheaded for adultery in 1425 His three sons, Lionel (d 1450), the friend of Poggio Bracciolini, Boiso (d 1471), who established printing in his states, and Ercolo (d 1505), the friend of Boiardo,—were all patrons of letters and fosterers of the Renaissance Their successor, Alphonso I (1486–1534), who married Lucrezia Borgia, 1502, honoured himself by attaching Ariosto to his court, and it was his grandson,

Patron or Tyrant, as the changing mood Of petts power impelled of those who wore The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before

WW

and I asso is their glory and their shame-Hark to his strun! and then survey his cell!1

Uphonso II (d 1597) who first befriended and afterwards on the score of lunney imprisoned Tasso in the Hospital of

Sant Anna (1579-86)]
I [It is a fact that Tasso was an involuntary inmate of the Hospital of Sant Anna at Ferrara for seven years and four months-from March 1579 to July 1306-but the causes the character and the place of his imprisonment have been subjects of legend and misrepresentation. It has long been known and acknowledged (see Hobbouse's Historical Illus trations 1818 pp 3-31) that a real or feigned passion for Duke Alphonso's sister Leonora d Este was not the cause or occasion of his detention and that the famous cell or dun keon (nine prices by six, and about seven high) was not the original place of the poets confinement It was as

Shelley says (see his letter to I eacock, November 7 1818)
a very decent dungeon " but it was not Tassos The setting of the story was admitted to be legendary but the story itself that a poet was shut up in a madhouse because a vindictive magnate resented his love of independence and impatience of courtly servitude, was questioned only to be reasserted as historical. The publication of Tasso's letters by Guasti in 1853 a review of Tasso's character and career in Symonds & henaussance in Italy and more recently Signor Angelo Solertis monumental work Vita di Torquito Tasso (1893), which draws largely upon the letters of contemporaries the accounts of the ducal court, and other documentary evidence have in a great measure exonerated the duke at the expense of the unhappy poet himself Briefly Tasso's intrigues with rival powers-the Medici at Florence the papal court and the Holy Office at Bologna-proused the alarm and suspicion of the duke, whilst his general demean our and his outbursts of violence and temper compelled rather than afforded, a pretext for his confinement Before his final and fatal return to Ferrara he had been duly warned And see how dearly earned Torquato's fame.

And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell

The miserable Despot could not quell

The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend

that he must submit to be treated as a person of disordered intellect, and that if he continued to throw out hints of designs upon his life and of persecution in high places, he would be banished from the ducal court and dominions But 1eturn he would, and at an mauspicious moment, when the duke was preoccupied with the ceremonies and festivities of a third marriage. No one attended to him or took heed of his arrival, and, to quote his own words, "in a fit of madness" he broke out into execrations of the ducal court and family, and of the people of Ferraia Foi the offence he was shut up in the Hospital of Sant' Anna, and for many months treated as an ordinary lunatic Of the particulars of his treatment during these first eight months of his confinement, apart from Tasso's own letters, there is no evidence accounts of the hospital are lost, and the Libi i di spesa (R Arch di Stato in Modena, Camer Ducale Casa, Amministrazione, Soleiti, in. Docu 47) do not commence till Novembei 20, 1579 Two years later, the Libi i di spenderia (Solerti, 111 Docu. 51), from January, 1582, onward, show that he was put on a more generous diet, and it is known that a certain measure of liberty and other indulgences were gradually accorded. There can, however, be little doubt that for many months his food was neglected and medical attendance with-His statement, that he was denied the lites of the Church, cannot be gainsaid He was regarded as a lunatic, and, as such, he would not be permitted either to make his confession of to communicate Worse than all, there was the terrible solitude "E sovia tutto," he writes (May, 1580), "m'affligge la solitudine, mia crudele e natural nimica" wonder the attacks of delinium, the "unwonted lights," the conference with a familiar spirit, followed in due course Byron and Shelley were ignorant of the facts, and we know that their scorn and indignation were exaggerated and misplaced But the "pity of it" remains, that the grace and glory of his age was sacrificed to ignorance and fear, if not to animosity and revenge (See Tasso, by E J Hasell, History of the Italian Renaissance, by J A Symonds, Quart Rev, October, 1895, No 364, art , Vita di Torquato Tasso, 1895, 1 312-314, 410-412, etc)]

With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
Where he had plunged it Glory without end
Scattered the clouds away—and on that name attend

IIA/XX

The tears and pruses of all time while thine
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
Is shaken into nothing—but the link
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn
Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink
From thee! if in another station born!
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad at to mourn

VAAAMIII

- Thou 1 formed to eat and be despised and die

 Even as the beasts that pensh—save that thou

 Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty

 He 1 with a glory round his furrowed brow

 Which emanated then and dazzles now

 In face of all his fors the Cruscan quire 1 at
 - 1 And thou for no one useful purpose born -[MS M erased]
- I [Solett (Vita: 418) combats the theory advanced by Hobbouse (see note x) that Lionardo Salviati in order to curry favour with Alphonso was responsible for the opposition which the Jerusalem encountered from the Cruscan Academy. He assigns their unfavour-ble criticism to literary sentiment or prejudice and not to personal animosity or intigue. The Gerusalemme Liberata was dedicated to the glory of the house of Este and though the poet was in

And Boileau, whose iash envy could allow!

No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,

That whetstone of the teeth Monotony in wiie!"

XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
Aimed with her poisoned arrows, but to miss.
Oh, Victor unsurpassed in modern song!

1 And baffled Gaul whose rancour could allow —[MS M erased]
11 Which grates upon the teeth —[MS M erased]

disgrace, the duke was not to be propitiated by an attack upon the poem Moreover, Salviati did not publish his theses in his own name, but under a nom de guerre, "L'Infarinato"]

I [Hobhouse, in his note , quotes Boileau, but not in

full The passage runs thus—

"Tous les jours, à la cour, un sot de qualité
Peut juger de travers avec impunité,
A Malherbe, à Racan, préfère Théophile,
Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile"

Perhaps he divined that the phiase, "un sot de qualité," might glance back on a "noble author," who was about to admit that he could not savour Horace, and who turned aside from Mantua and memories of Viigil to visit Feriaia and the "cell" where Tasso was "encaged" (See Darmesteter's Notes to Childe Harold, pp. 201, 217)

steter's Notes to Childe Harold, pp 201, 217)

If "the Youth with brow serene," as Hugo calls him, had lived to read Dédain A Lord Byron, en 1811, he would have passed a somewhat different criticism on French poetry

ın general--

"En vain vos légions l'environnent sans nombre, Il n'a qu'à se lever pour couvrir de son ombre A la fois tous vos fronts,

Il n'a qu'à due un mot pour couvrir vos voix gièles, Comme un chai en passant couvie le bruit des ailes De mille moucherons!"

Les Feuilles d'Autonne, par Victor Hugo, Bruvelles, 1833, pp 59, 63] Each year brings forth its millions—but how long
The tide of Generations shall roll on
And not the whole combined and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine? though all in one!
Condensed their scattered rays—they would not form
a Sin !

ХL

Great as thou art yet paralleled by those

Thy countrymen before thee born to shine

The Bards of Hell and Chivalry first rose
The Tuscan Father's Comedy Divine
Then not unequal to the Florentine
The southern Scott the minstrel who called forth
A new creation with his magic line
And like the Ariosto of the North 1

Sang Ladye love and War Romance and Knightly Worth

1 Could moint into a m nd like thine ——— [MS M erased]

11 —— they would not form the Sun—[MS M]

I [In a letter to Murray (August 7 1817) Byron throws out a hint that Scott might not like being called the Ariosto of the North and Murray seems to have caught at the suggestion With regard to the Ariosto of the North rejoins Byron (September 17 1817) surely their themes Chivalry war and love were as like as can be and as to the compliment if you knew what the Italians think of Ariosto you would not hesitate about that dislike it say so and I will expunge that when Scott was at college at Edinburgh he had had the audacity to produce a composition in which he weighed Homer against Ariosto and pronounced him wanting in the balance or that he inade a practice of reading through the Orlando of Ariosto once every year (see Memorrs of

IIIZ

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust"

The iron crown of laurel's mimicked leaves.

Nor was the ominous element unjust,

For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves."

Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,

And the false semblance but disgraced his brow.

Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,

Know, that the lightning sanctifies below ""

Whate'er it strikes; you head is doubly sacred now

the Life, etc., 1871, pp 12,747), but the parallel had suggested itself. The key-note of "the harpings of the north," the chivalrous strain of "shield, lance, and brand, and plume and scarf," of "gentle courtesy," of "valour, hon-mettled lord," which the "Introduction to Marmion" preludes, had been already struck in the opening lines of the Orlando Funcion—

"Le Donne, 1 Cavaliéi', l'arme, gli amori, Le cortesse, l'audaci imprese 10 canto'

Scott, we may be assured, was neither disconcerted noi uplifted by the parallel Many years before (July 6, 1812), Byron had been at pains to inform him that so august a critic as the Prince Regent "preferred you to every bard past and present," and "spoke alternately of Homer and yourself" Of the "placing" and unplacing of poets there is no end Byron had already been shaiply rebuked by the Edinburgh Review for describing Christabel as a "wild and singularly original and beautiful poem," and his appreciation of Scott provoked the expostulation of a friendlier critic "Walter Scott," wrote Francis Hodgson, in his anonymous Monitor of Childe Harold (1818), "(credite posteri, or rather præposteri), is designated in the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold as 'the Northern Ariosto,' and (droller still) Ariosto is denominated 'the Southern Scott' This comes of mistaking horse-chestnuts for chestnut horses"]

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast?

HJ7

The fatal gift of Beauty which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past—
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame that annals graved in characters of flame
Oh God! that thou wert in thy indeedness
Less lovely or more powerful and couldst claim
Thy right and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood and drink the tears of thy distress

XLIII

Then might st thou more appal—or less desired Be homely and be peaceful undeplored it.

- To death by thy vain charms [MS M crase!]
- I The two stanzis xin and thin are with the exception of a line or two a translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja Italia Italia O tu cui feo la sorte! Poesie Toscane 18 3 p 149

[Italia, Italia o tu cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezzi ond'hai
Funesti dote di infiniti guai
Che in fronte sentti per girun doglia porte
Deh fossi tu men bella o alimen pul forte
Onde assai più ti piventasse o assu
Tamisse men chi del tuo bello ai rai
Par che si struggi e più ti sfida a morte
Chè or giu dall Alpi non vedrei torrenti
Scender d'armiti nè di sangue tinta
Bever Ionda del Po gallici armenti
Nè te vedrei del non tuo ferro cinta
Pugnar coli braccio di straniere genti
Per servi sempre, o vinctirice o vinta "]

For thy destructive charms, then, still untired,
Would not be seen the arméd torrents poured
Down the deep Alps, nor would the hostile horde
Of many-nationed spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water, nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence and so,
Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of friend or foe

XLIV

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,

The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,

The friend of Tully as my bark did skim

The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,

Came Megara before me, and behind

Ægina lay Piræus on the right,

I The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages "On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me Ægina was behind, Megara before me, Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now he overturned and buried in their ruins Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas! how do we poor mortals fret and ver ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities he here exposed before me in one view"—See Middleton's Cicero, 1823, 11 144

[The letter is to be found in Cicelo's Epist ad Familianes, iv 5 Byron, on his return from Constantinople on July 14, 1810, left Hobhouse at the Island of Zea, and made his own way to Athens As the vessel sailed up the Saronic Gulf, he would observe the "prospect" which Sulpicius

describes]

And Cornth on the left, I lay reclined

Along the prow and saw all these unite

In ruin—even as he had seen the desolate sight

XLV

For Time hath not rebuilt them but upreared
Barbane dwellings on their shattered site
Which only make more mourned and more endeared
The few last rays of their far scattered light
And the crushed relics of their vanished might
The Roman saw these tombs in his own age
These sepulchres of cities, which excite
Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
The moral lesson bears drawn from such pilgrimage

XLVI

That page is now before me and on mine

His Country's ruin added to the mass

Of perished states he mourned in their decline

And I in desolation all that was

Of then destruction is and now, alas!

Rome—Rome imperial bows her to the storm.

1 These carcases of cities - [MS M erased]

I By the events of the years 1813 and 1814 the house of Austra guned possession of all that belonged to her in Irdy either before or in consequence of the I eace of Cumpo Formio (October 17 1797) A small portion of Ferrara to the north of the Po (which had formed part of the Papal dominions) was ceded to her as were the Valteline Bornio Chrivenni and the ancient republic of Rigusa The

In the same dust and blackness, and we pass

The skeleton of her Titanic form,

Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm

XLVII

Yet, Italy! through every other land

Thy wrongs should ring and shall from side to side.²

Mother of Arts! as once of Arms! thy hand

Was then our Guardian, and is still our Guide.

Parent of our Religion! whom the wide

Nations have knelt to for the keys of Heaven!

Europe, repentant of her parricide,

Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,

Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven

XLVIII

But Aino wins us to the fair white walls,

Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls

Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps

emperor constituted all these possessions into a separate and particular state, under the title of the kingdom of Venetian Lombardy "—Koch's History of Europe, p 234]

I It is Poggio, who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon

I It is Poggio, who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breaks forth into the exclamation, "Ut nunc omni decore nudata, prostrata jaceat, instar Gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque undique exesi"

[See De Fortunæ Varietate, ap Nov Thes Ant Rom,

ap Sallengre, 1 502]

2 [Compare Milton, Sonnet Mil -

" my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side"]

Her corn, and wine, and oil—and Plenty leaps

Fo laughing life, with her redundant Horn

Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps

Was modern Luxury of Commerce born

And buried Learning rose, redeemed to a new Morn

NLIX

There, too the Goddess loves in stone and fills i the air around with Beauty—we inhale i

1 Where Luxury might calli vols be born
1nd buried Learning to ki forth into fresher 1 iorn —
[MS M erased]
11 There too the Goldess bresth 5 in sto ie and fills —[US M]

As from a fount un f i nmortal hills -[MS M eras i]

I [The wealth which permitted the Florentine nobility to indulge their taste for modern that is refined luxury was derived from success in trade. For example Giovanni de Medici (1360-1478) the father of Cosmo and great grand futher of Lorenzo de Medici was a banker and Levantine merchant. As for the Renaissance to my nothing of Petrarch of Florentine parentage two of the greatest Italian scholars and humanists—Ficino born. AD 14,00 and Poliziano born. 1454—were Florentines and Poggio was born. 10 1280 at Terra Nuovi on Florentine soil]

2 [The statue of Venus de' Medici which stands in the Tribine of the Uffizi Gillery at Florence is said to be a lite Gretk (first or second centur, in c) copy of in early reproduction of the Cindian Aphrodite the work perhaps of one of his sons hephisodotos or Timurchos (See Histoire de la Sculpture Greeque par Maxime Collignon Paris 1897 in 641). In a Catalogue Rassonno Cla Galerie de Florence 1804 in the editor's possession which opens with an eloquent tribute to the chilghtenment of the Medici. Ir fameuse Vinus is conspicuous by her absence. She had been deported to Paris by Napoleon but when Lord Byron spent a day in Florence in April 1817 and returned drunk with Beauty from the two gilleries the lovely lidy, thinks to the much bussed. Powers was once more in her proper shrine!

The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils Part of its immortality the veil Of heaven is half undrawn—within the pale We stand, and in that form and face behold What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail, And to the fond Idolaters of old Envy the innate flash which such a Soul could mould

Ţ

We gaze and turn away, and know not where, Dazzled and drunk with Beauty,1 till the heart

I [Byron's contempt for connoisseurs and dilettanti finds expression in English Baids, etc., lines 1027-1032, and, again, in The Curse of Minerva, lines 183, 184 The "stolen copy" of The Curse was published in the New Monthly Magazine (Poetical Works, 1898, 1 453) under the title of The Malediction of Minerva, or, The Athenian Marble-Market, a title (see line 7) which must have been invented by and not for Byron He returns to the charge in Don Fuan, Canto II stanza cavin lines 5-9-

> a statuary, (A race of mere impostors, when all's done— I've seen much finer women ripe and real, Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal)"

Even while confessing the presence and power of "triumphal Art" in sculpture, one of "the two most artificial of the Arts" (see his letter to Murray, April 26, 1817), then first revealed to him at Florence, he took care that his enthusiasm should not be misunderstood. He had made bitter fun of the art-talk of collectors, and he was unrepentant, and, moreover, he was "not careful" to incur a charge of indifference to the fine arts in general Among the "crowd" which found their place in his complex personality, there was "the barbarian," and there was "the philistine," and there was, too, the humourist who took a subtle pleasure in proclaiming himself "a plain man," puzzled by subtleties, and unable to catch the drift of spirits finer than his own] Reels with its fulness, there—for ever there—
Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives and would not depart
Away!—there need no words, nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes
Blood—pulse—and breast confirm the Dardan Shepherd's
prize

LI

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?

Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or

In all thy perfect Goddess ship, when lies

Before thee thy own vanquished Lord of War?

And gazing in thy face as toward a star,

Luid on thy lap his eyes to thee upturn

Feeding on thy sweet cheek 1 while thy lips are

With lava kisses melting while they burn

Showered on his eyehids brow, and mouth as from an

Οφθαλμο ς στι γ

1

Atque oculos pascat uterque suos OVID Amor, lib ii [Eleg , line 6]

[Compare too Lucretius lib | lines 36-38—
Atque ita suspiciens tereti cervice reposta
Pascit amore avidos inhians in te Dea, visus
Eque tuo pendet resupini spiritus ore
and Messure for Measure, act ii sc line 179—

And feast upon her eyes]

LII

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love—11

Their full divinity inadequate

That feeling to express, or to improve

The Gods become as mortals—and man's fate "

Has moments like their brightest, but the weight

Of earth recoils upon us, let it go!

We can recall such visions, and create,

From what has been, or might be, things which grow

Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below

LIII.

I leave to learnéd fingers, and wise hands,

The Artist and his Ape, to teach and tell

How well his Connoisseurship understands

The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell

Let these describe the undescribable

I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream

Wherein that Image shall for ever dwell

The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream

That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

- I Glowing and all-diffused —[MS M erased]
 II and our Fate —[MS M]
- I [As the immortals, for love's sake, divest themselves of their godhead, so do mortals, in the ecstasy of passion, recognize in the object of their love the incarnate presence of deity. Love, like music, can raise a "mortal to the skies" and "bring an angel down". In this stanza there is, perhaps, an intentional obscurity in the confusion of ideas, which are "thrown out" for the reader to shape for himself as he will or can a

LIV

In Santa Croce s 1 holy precincts he 5.1

Ashes which make it holice dust which is

Even in itself an immortality

Though there were nothing save the past, and this

The particle of those sublimities

Which have relapsed to chaos -here repose

Angelo s-Alfieri s 2 bones-and his

The starry Galileo with his wocs,

Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose 7 t

I ['The church of Snn1 Croce contains much illustrious nothing The tombs of Macchiavelli Michael Angelo Galileo Galileo and Alfieri make it the Westminster Abbey of Irti) "(Letter to Murray April 6 1817) Michael Angelo Alfieri and Macchiavelli are buried in the south uisle of the church Galileo who was first buried within the convent now rests with his frourite pupil Vincenzo Viruni in 7 vault in the south aisle Canova's monument to Alfieri was erected at the expense of his so called widow, Louise born on Stolberg and (177 -78) consort of I rince Churles Ledward]

Nutiono Alien (1749-1803) is one of numerous real and ideal personages with whom as he tells us (Life, p 644). Byron was wont to be compared. Moore perceives and dwells on the resemblance. A passage in Alients auto biography (La Vie de V. A cerite par I in infine P 1ris 1809.

p 17) may have suggested the parallel-

Voici une esquisse du car ictère que je manifestais dans les premères annés de ma raison massante. Taciturne et tranquille pour l'ordinaire mais quelquefois extrament pétulant et babillard presque toujours dans les extrêmes obstiné et rebelle à la force fort soums aux avis quo me donnait avec amitié contenu plutôt par la crunte d'etre grondé que par toute autre chose d'une timidité excessive et inflexible quand on voulait me prendre à rebours.

The resemblance as Byron admits related merely to our apparent personal dispositions. Both were noble both were poets both were patrician republicans, and both were

LV

These are four minds, which, like the elements,

Might furnish forth creation Italy !"

Time, which hath wronged thee with ten thousand rents

Of thine imperial garment, shall deny "
And hath denied, to every other sky,
Spirits which soar from ruin—thy Decay
Is still impregnate with divinity,
Which gilds it with revivifying ray,
Such as the great of yore, Canova 1 is to-day

1 Might furnish forth a Universe —[MS M]
11 And rum of thy beauty, shall deny
And hath denied, to every other sky
Spirits that soar like thine, from thy decay
(Still springs some son of the Divinity
(Still springs some work of the Divinity,—[D]
And gilds thy rums with reviving ray—
And what these were of yorc—Canova is to-day —[MS M]

lovers of pleasure as well as lovers and students of literature, but their works do not provoke comparison "The quality of 'a narrow elevation' which [Matthew] Arnold finds in Alfieri," is not characteristic of the author of Childe Harold and Don Juan

Of this stanza, however, Alfierr's fine sonnet to Florence may have been the inspiration I have Di Garnett's permission to cite the following lines of his admirable translation (Italian Literature, 1898, p. 321)—

"Was Angelo boin here? and he who wove
Love's chaim with soicery of Tuscan tongue,
Indissolubly blent? and he whose song
Laid baie the world below to world above?
And he who from the lonely valley clove
The azure height and trod the stars among?
And he whose searching mind the monarch's wrong,
Fount of the people's misery did prove?"]

I [Compare "Lines on the Bust of Helen by Canova," which were sent in a letter to Muriay, November 25, 1816—

I.VI

But where repose the all Etruscan three—
Dante and Petrarch and, scarce less than they
The Bard of Prose creative Spirit! he the Of the Hundred Tales of Love—where did they lay
Their bones distinguished from our common clay
In death as life? Are they resolved to dust
And have their Country's Marbles nought to say?
Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?
Did they not to her breast their filal earth entrust?

T.VII

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar 1 &H

Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore

That great Contemporary —— [MS M trastd]

In this beloved marble view
Above the works and thoughts of man
What nature could but would not do
And Beauty and Canova can

In Beppo (stanza xlv1) which was written in October 1817 there is a further allusion to the genius of Canova]

I [Dante died at Ravenna September 14 13.1 and was buried in the Church of S Francesco His remains were afterwards transferred to a mausoleum in the finars cemetry on the north side of the church which was raised to his memory by his friend and patron Guido da Polenta The mausoleum was restored more than once and rebuilt in its present form in 1750 at the cost of Cardinal Luigi Valenti Gonzaga On the occasion of Dante's sexcentenary in 1855 it was discovered that at some unknown period the skeleton with the exception of a few small bones which remained in an urn which formed part of Gonzaga's structure had been placed for safety in a wooden box and enclosed in a wall of the old Braccioforte Chapel which lies outside the church

Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,3 Proscribed the Bard whose name for even more Their children's children would in vain adore With the remoise of ages, and the crown 4 20 H

"The bones found in the wooden box towards the Piazza were placed in the mausoleum with great pomp and evultation, the poet being now considered the symbol of a united The wooden box itself has been removed to the public

libiary"-Handbook for Northern Italy, p 539, note

The house which Byion occupied during his first visit to Ravenna—June 8 to August 9, 1819 is close to the Cappella Braccioforte In January, 1820, when he wrote the Fourth Canto of Don Juan ("I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid," stanza civ), he was occupying a suite of apartments in the Palazzo Guiccioli, No 328 in the Via di Porta Adriana Compare Rogers's Italy, "Bologna," Poems, 11 118-

- "Ravenna! where from Dante's sacred tomb He had so oft, as many a verse declares, Drawn inspiration"
- 2 [The story is told in Livy, lib xxxviii cap 53] forth no more was heard of Africanus He passed his days at Liternum [on the shore of Campania], without thought or regret of Rome Folk say that when he came to die he gave orders that he should be buried on the spot, and that there, and not at Rome, a monument should be raised over his sepulchre His country had been ungrateful—no Roman funeral for him" It is said that his sepulchre bore the inscription "Ingrata patria, cineres meos non habebis" According to another tradition, he was buried with his family at the Porta Capena, by the Cælian Hill]
 - 3 [Compare Lucan, Pharsalia, 1 1-
 - "Bella per Emathios plusquam civilia campos"]
- 4 [Petiarch's Africa brought him on the same day (August 23, 1340) offers of the laurel wreath of poetry from the University of Paris and from the Senate of Rome He chose in favour of Rome, and was crowned on the Capitol, Easter Day, April 8, 1341 "The poet appeared in a royal preceded by twelve noble Roman youths clad in scarlet, and the heralds and trumpeters of the Roman Senate" -Petrarch, by Henry Reeve, p 92]

Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
His Life his Fame, his Grave, though rifled—not thine
own 1

LVIII

Boccaccio 2 to his parent earth bequeathed 1 Jr.
His dust,—and lies it not her Great among,

1. Breacto to his forms earth legs, that
The dust of it for them and his in the
With may a sweet and is one open on the le
With may a sweet and is one open on the le
Over him who formed the ling flay
That muse on its for the him is y
I this for it use to make it in g \ - in
For nearth—and scattered while the intentity
Hunhed its is done it Winds—with g ettern
The Hyana to is the if that a Wild to men—
(O created)

I [Tomisin in the Istraria Ich it us (1p. 165-17 ed 1650) assigns the outrige to a party of Venetians who broke open letrarch's tomb in 1650, and took way some of his bones probably with the object of selling them. Hobbiouse in note is any that one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine but does not quote his authority (See the notes to II F. Foret's Chille Istraria in any).

notes to H F Toxer's Chille (Harolf p 30)

"Gov inni Bocciccio was born at Paris (or Certaldo) in 1313 passed the greater part of his life it Florence died ind was buried at Certaldo whence his family are said to have spring in 1375. His sepulchre which stood in the central of the Church of St. Michael and St. James known as the Canonica was removed in 1783 on the plet that a recent edict forbidding burni in churches applied to ancient inter ments. The stone that covered the tomb was broken and thrown aside as useless into the adjoining closisters. (Hind book for Central Haly, p. 171). Ignorance pleads Hobbouse may share the crime with bigotry. But it is improbable

may share the crime with busity. But it is improbable that the hyena bigots that is the ecclesistical authorities were ignorant that Boccaccio was a bitter satirist of Church men or that he transferred the functions and histories of Hebrew prophets and prophetesses and of Christian saints and aposites may, the highest mysteries and most awful

With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed O'er him who formed the Tuscan's siren tongue? That music in itself, whose sounds are song, The poetry of speech? No, even his tomb Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong, No more amidst the meaner dead find room, Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for whom!

LIX

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust,
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
Did but of Rome's best Son remind her more

objects of Christian Faith, to the names and drapery of Greek and Roman mythology "—(Unpublished MS note of S T Coleridge, written in his copy of Boccaccio's Opere, 4 vols 1723) They had their revenge on Boccaccio, and Byron has had his revenge on them]

I [Compare Beppo, stanza xliv —

"I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South"

Compare, too, the first sentence of a letter which Byron wrote "on a blank leaf of the volume of 'Corinne,'" which Telesa [Guiccioli] left in forgetfulness in a gaiden in Bologna "Amor Mio,—How sweet is this word in your Italian language!" (Life of Lord Byron, by Emilio Castelar, p 145)]

2 [By "Cæsai's pageant" Byron means the pageant decreed by Tibelius Cæsar Compare Don Juan, Canto

XV stanza xlıx —

"And this omission, like that of the bust Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius"

At the public funeral of Junia, wife of Cassius and sister of

Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling Empire! honoured sleeps
The immortal Fxile,—Arqua too her store.
Of tuncful relies proudly claims and keeps
While Florence vainly begs her banished dead and weeps

1.

What is her Pyrimid of precious stones?" It.

Of porphyry, jasper agate and all hues

Of gem and marble to encrust the bones

Of merchant-dukes? the momentary dews

1 Shelter of exiled Empire -- - [MS M erased]

Brutus AD _ the busts of her husband and brother were not allowed to be carried in the procession because they had taken part in the assassination of Julius Cesar. But none the less Præfulgebant Brutus et Cissius eo ipso quod effigies corum non sidebantur (Tacitus Ann in 76) Ther flory was conspicuous in mens minds because their images were withheld from mens eves As Tacitus says elsewhere (in 76) Negatus honor glorium intendit]

1 [The inscription on Ricci's monument to Dante in the Church of Santa Croce— A majoribus ter frustra decretum—refers to the vain attempts which Florence had made to recover the remains of her exiled and once neglected poet]

I also went to the Medici chapel—fine frippery in great slabs of various expensive stones to commemorate hity rotten and forgotten curcasses. It is unfinished and will remain so (Letter to Murray, April 46 1817). The bodies of the grand dukes he in the crypt of the Cappella del Iriniopi or Medicean Chapel which forms part of the Church of San Lorenzo. The walls of the chapel are encusted with rich marbles and stones of price to garniture the edifice. The monuments to Giuliano and Lorenzo the Medicis son and grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent with Michael Angelos illegorical figures of Night and Morning Aurora and Iwillhaft are in the adjoining Cappella del Deposit or Sagrestia.

♦ \uova]

Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse
Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,
Whose names are Mausoleums of the Muse,
Are gently prest with far more reverent tread
Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

LXI

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,
Where Sculpture with her rainbow Sister vies,

There be more marvels yet but not for mine.
For I have been accustomed to entwine
My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,
Than Art in galleries—though a work divine
Calls for my Spirit's homage, yet it yields
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

I [The Duomo, clowned with Brunelleschi's cupola, and lich in sculpture and stained glass, is, as it were, a symbol of Florence, the shrine of art Browning, in his inspired vision of St Peter's at Rome in Christmas Eve, catches Byron's note to sound a loftier strain—

"Is it really on the earth
This miraculous dome of God?"

"It is somewhere mentioned that Michael Angelo, when he set out from Florence to build the dome of St Peter's, turned his horse round in the road to contemplate that of the cathedral, as it rose in the grey of the morning from among the pines and cypresses of the city, and that he said, after a pause, 'Come te non voglio! Meglio di te non posso' He never, indeed, spoke of it but with admiration, and, if we may believe tradition, his tomb, by his own desire, was to be so placed in the Santa Croce as that from it might be seen, when the doors of the church stood open, that noble work of Brunelleschi"—Rogers's Italy Poems, if 315, note to p 133, line 5—"Beautiful Florence"]

11/.1

Is of another temper and I roam
By Thrasimene's lake, I in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness more at home,
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore
Where Courage falls in her despairing files I
And torrents, swoll n to rivers with their gore
Reek through the sultry plain with legions scattered o'er

ши

Like to a forest felled by mountain winds,
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the frenzy whose convulsion blinds
To all save Carnage that beneath the fray
An Earthquake 2 recled unheededly away 1.3.
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet

1 Where Coura e per shed in unjielling files -[MS M]

1 [Byron contrary to traditional use (see Wordsworth's sonnet Nearthe Lake of Thrasymene and Rogers's Italy see note p 378) sounds the final vowel in Thrasymené The Greek Latin and Italian equivalents bear him out but most probably he gave Thrasymene and himself an extra syllable vel metri yel cuphonic causa]

Tantusque fuit ardor armorum adeo intentus pugnaranimus ut eum motum terræ qui multarum urbium Italiæmagnas partes prostravir værtitque cursu rapidos annes mare flumimbus invexit montes lapsu ingenti proruit nemo pugnantium senserit (Livy xxii 5) Polybius says nothing about an earthquake and Ihne (Hist of Rome ii *07-*10)

And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!

LXIV

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark

Which bore them to Eternity—they saw

The Ocean round, but had no time to mark

The motions of their vessel, Nature's law,

In them suspended, recked not of the awe

Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds

Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw'

From their down-toppling nests, and bellowing herds

Stumble o'er heaving plains—and Man's dread hath no

words

1 Fly to the clouds for refuge and withdraw From their unsteady nests —[MS M]

is also silent, but Pliny (*Hist Nat*, 11 84) and Cœlius Antipater (ap Cic, *De Div*, 1 35), who wrote his *Annales* about a century after the battle of Lake Thiasymenus (BC 217), synchronize the earthquake and the battle Compare, too, Rogers's *Italy*, "The Pilgrim "*Poems*, 1852, 11 152—

"From the Thrasymene, that now Slept in the sun, a lake of molten gold, And from the shore that once, when armies met, Rocked to and fro unfelt, so terrible The rage, the slaughter, I had turned away"

Compare, too, Wordsworth's sonnet (No MI), "Near the Lake of Thrasymene" (Works, 1888, p 756)—

"When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came, An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock, Checked not its rage, unfelt the ground did rock, Swoid dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim,—Now all is sun-bright peace"]

LV

Tar other scene is Thrasimene now,
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough,
Her agéd trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are but a brook hath ta en—
A lattle rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day s sanguine rain,
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet and turned the unwilling waters red to

LAVI

But thou Clitumnus! In thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e er
The haunt of river Nymph to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk white steer
Grazes—the purest God of gentle waters!

: Made fit the earth -- - [MS If erased]

1 No book of travels has omitted to expatiate on the temple of the Clitumnus between Foligno and Spoleto and no site or scenery even in Italy, is more worthy a description. For an account of the dilapidation of this temple the reader is referred to Historical Hustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, p. 35
[Compare Virgil Georg., 11 146—

|Compare Virgil Georg, 11 146-

Hinc albi Clitumne greges et maxuma taurus Victima sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro

The waters of certain rivers were supposed to possess the quality of making the cattle which drank from them white (See Plnny, $Hist\ Nat\ u$ 103 and compare Siluis Italicus $Pun\ v$ 545 546—

And most serene of aspect, and most clear; Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters— A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters !

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a Temple 1 still, Of small and delicate proportion, keeps Upon a mild declivity of hill, L Its memory of thee, beneath it sweeps

> 1 Upon a grain declivity -[MSM]

et patulis Clitumnus in arvis Candentes gelido perfundit flumine tauros)

For a charming description of Clitumnus, see Pliny's letter "Romano Suo," Epist, viii 8 "At the foot of a little hill covered with old and shady cypress trees, gushes out a spring, which bursts out into a number of streamlets, all of different sizes Having struggled, so to speak, out of its confinement, it opens out into a broad basin, so clear and transparent, that you may count the pebbles and little pieces of money which are thrown into it. The banks are clothed with an abundance of ash and poplar, which are so distinctly reflected in the clear water that they seem to be growing at the bottom of the river, and can easily be counted Near it stands an ancient and venerable temple, in which is a statue of the river-god Clitumnus"-Pliny's Letters, by the Rev A Church and the Rev W. J Brodribb, 1872, p 127]

I [The existing temple, now used as a chapel (St Salvatore), can hardly be Pliny's templum priscum Hobhouse, in his Historical Illustrations, pp. 37-41, defends the antiquity of the "façade, which consists of a pediment supported by four columns and two Corinthian piers, two of the columns with spiral fluting, the others covered with fish-scaled carvings" (Handbook for Central Italy, p 289), but in the opinion of modern archæologists the whole of the structure belongs to the fourth or fifth century of the Christian era It is, of course, possible, indeed probable, that ancient materials were used when the building was reconstructed Pliny says the "numerous chapels" dedicated to other deities were scattered round the shrine of Clitumnus]

Thy current's calmness, oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps,
While chance, some scattered water hily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling
tales

LEVIII

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place ¹
If through the air a Zephyr more serene
Win to the brow tis his, and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism—tis to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust ²

1 There is a course wher Lowers exeming tales -[MS M erased]

t ["On my way back [from Rome] close to the temple by its banks I got some famous trout out of the river Clitumnus the prettiest little stream in all poesy —Letter to Murray, June 4 1817]

to Murray, June 4 1817]

By 'disgust a prosaic word which seems to mar a fine staira Byron does not mean distaste aversion from the nauseous but tastelessness the inability to enjoy taste Compare the French Avoir du dégoit pour la vie To be out of conceit with life Byron was a lover of Nature but it was seldom that he felt her healing power or was able to lose himself in his surroundings. But now for the moment he experiences that sudden uplifting of the spirit in the presence of natural beauty which brings back, 'the splendour in the grass the glory in the flower'!

LYIX.

The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velmo cleaves the wave-worn precipice,
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss,
The Hell of Waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture, while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

LXX

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald —how profound'
The gulf! and how the Giant Element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,"
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and ient
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

LXXI

To the broad column which tolls on, and shows More like the fountain of an infant sea

¹ Making it as an emerald -[D]

¹¹ Leaps on from rock to rock—with mighty bound -[MS M]

Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers which flow gushingly
With many windings through the vale —Look back
Lo! where it comes like an Eternity
As if to sweep down all things in its track

Charming the eye with dread -a matchless cataract 1

LXXII

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge From side to side beneath the glittering morn An Iris 2 sits, amidst the infernal surge Like Hope upon a death bed, and unworn

I I saw the Cascata del Marmore of Ternitwice at differ ent periods—once from the summit of the precipice and again from the valley below The lower view is far to be preferred if the traveller has time for one only but in any point of view, either from above or below it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together the Staubach Reichenbach Pisse Viche full of Arpenaz etc. are rills in comparative appearance. Of the fall of Schaffhausen I

cannot speak not yet having seen it.

[The Falls of Reichenbach are at Rosenlaui, between
Grindelwald and Meiringen the Salanfe or Pisse Vache
descends into the valley of the Rhone near Martigny
the
Nant d'Arpenaz falls into the Arre near Magland on the
road between Cluses and Sallanches).

2 Of the time place and qualities of this kind of iris the reader will see a short account in a note to Manfred The fall looks so much like 'the Hell of waters that Addison thought the descent alluded to by the gulf in which Alecto †

Manfred act 1 sc 1 note This Ins is formed by the rays of the sun on the lower part of the Alpine torrents it is exactly like a rainbow come down to pay a visit and so close that you may walk into it this effect lasts till noon † This is the gulf through which Virgils Alecto shoots.

Its steady dyes, while all around is torn

By the distracted waters, bears serone

Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn

Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,

Love watching Madness with unalterable mien

plunged into the infernal regions. It is singular enough, that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial—this of the Velino, and the one at I woli. The traveller is strongly recommended to trace the Velino, at least as high as the little lake called Pie' di Lup. The Reatine territory was the Italian Tempe (Cicer, Lpist ad Attic, lib is 15), and the ancient naturalists ["In lacu Velino nullo non die apparere arcus"] (Plin, Hist Nat, lib is cap lin), amongst other beautiful varieties, remarked the daily rainbows of the lake Velinus. A scholar of great name has devoted a treatise to this district alone. See Ald Manut, De Reatina Urbe Agroque, ap Sallengre, Nov. Thes. Ant. Rom., 1735, tom. 1. D. 773. sa.

p 773, sq [The "Falls of the Anio," which passed over a wall built by Sixtus V, and plunged into the Grotto of Neptune, were greatly diminished in volume after an inundation which took place in 1826. The New Falls were formed in 1834]

herself into hell, for the very place, the great reputation of it, the fall of waters, the woods that encompass it, with the smoke and noise that arise from it, are all pointed at in the description

"'Est locus Italiæ

densis hunc frondibus atrum
Urguet utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
Dat sonitum saxis et torto vertice torrens
Hic specus horiendum et sævi spiracula Ditis
Monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Pestiferas aperit fauces'

∠Encid, vii 563-570

It was indeed the most proper place in the world for a Fury to make her exit and I believe every reader's imagination is pleased when he sees the angry Goddess thus sinking, as it were, in a tempest, and plunging herself into Hell, amidst such a scene of horror and confusion"—Remarks on several Parts of Italy, by Joseph Addison, Esq, 1761, pp 100, 101

LXXIII

Once more upon the woody Apennine—
The infant Alps which—had I not before
Gazed on their mightier Parents where the pine
Sits on more shaggy summits and where roar '
The thundering Lauwine '—might be worshipped more
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
Her never trodden snow, and seen the hoar
Glaciers of bleak Mont Blane both far and near—
And in Chiman heard the Thunder Hills of fear

LXXIV

Th Acrocerauman mountains of old name
And on Parnassus seen the Eagles fly

- 1 Dares not ascend the summit ——
 OF Cl thes a more rocky summit ———[MS M erased]
 11 But I/a e seen the virgi: Jungfrau rear —[D]
- 1 In the greater part of Switzerland, the avalanches are known by the name of lauwine

[Byron is agun at fault with his German Lawine (see Schiller Wethelm Tell actin sci 3) signifies an avalanche not avalanches. In stanza vii line 7 v similar mistake occurs. It may seem strange that for the sake of local colouring or for metrical purposes he should substitute a foreign equivalent which required a note for a fine word already in vogue. But in 1817 avalanche itself had not long been naturalized Fifty years before the Italian valanca and valanche had found their way into books of travel but avalanche appears first (see N Eng Dict, art. Avalanche.) in 1789 in Coxes Trav Swit coxim is and in poetry perhaps in Wordsworths Descriptive Sketches which were written in 1791— Like canon and veldt in our own day it might be regarded as on probation. But the fittest has sur vived and Byron sunlovely and misbegotten. I luwine has died a natural death!

Like Spirits of the spot, as 'twele for fame,

For still they soared unutterably high

I've looked on Ida with a Trojan's eye,

Athos Olympus—Atha—Atlas—made

These hills seem things of lesser dignity,

All, save the lone Soracte's height, displayed

Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

LXXI

For our remembrance, and from out the plain

Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,

And on the curl hangs pausing—not in vain

May he, who will, his recollections rake,

And quote in classic raptures, and awake

The hills with Latian echoes—I abhorred

Too much, to conquer for the Poet's sake,

The drilled dull lesson, forced down word by word

In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

I These stanzas may probably remind the reader of Ensign Northerton's remarks, "D—n Homo," efc ,* but the reasons for our dislike are not exactly the same I wish to express, that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty, that we learn by rote before we can get by heart, that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor

^{[* &}quot;'Don't pretend to more ignorance than you have, Mi Northerton, I suppose you have heard of the Greeks and Trojans, though, perhaps, you have never read Pope's Homer, —'D—n Homei with all my heart,' says Northerton 'I have the marks of him yet There's Thomas of our regiment always carries a Homo in his pocket'"—The History of Tom Jones, by H Fielding, vii 12]

LXXI

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turned

My sickening memory and though Time bath taught

understand the power of compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as Latin and Greek, to relish or to reason upon. For the same reason we never can be aware of the fulness of some of the finest passages of Shak speare (To be or not to be " for instance) from the habit of having them hammered into us at eight years old as an exer cise not of mind but of memory so that when we are old enough to enjoy them the taste is gone and the appetite nalled In some parts of the continent young persons are taught from more common authors and do not read the best classics till their maturity I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the place of my education I was not a slow though an idle boy and I believe no one could or can be more attached to Harrow than I have always been and with reason -a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life and my preceptor the Rev Dr Joseph Drury was the best and worthest friend I ever possessed whose warnings I have remembered but too well though too late when I have erred -and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done If ever this imperfect record of my feelings well or wisely towards him should reach his eyes let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration -of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil if by more closely following his injunctions he could reflect any honour upon his instructor

The construction is somewhat involved but the meaning is obvious. As a schoolboy the Horatian Muse could not tempt him to take the trouble to construe Horace and even now Soracte brings back unwelcome memories of

confinements lingering hour six 3 quarters of an hour past 3 o clock, in the afternoon 3rd school (see Itfe p 8) Moore sixs that the interlined translations on Byrons school books are a proof of the narrow extent of his classical attainments. He must soon have made up for lost time and conquered for the poets sike, is numerous poetical translations from the classics including the episode of Nisus and Euryalus evidently a labour of love testify. Nor too does the trouble he took and the pride he felt in Hints from Horace correspond with this profession of invincible distriste!

My mind to meditate what then it learned,'
Yet such the fixed inveteracy wrought"
By the impatience of my early thought,
That, with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have sought,
If free to choose, I cannot now iestore
Its health but what it then detested, still abhor."

LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace—whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine—it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Baid prescribe his art,
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touched heart,
Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part

LXXVIII

Oh, Rome! my Country! City of the Soul!

The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,

Lone Mother of dead Empires! and control

In then shut breasts their petty misery

What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see

The cypress—hear the owl—and plod your way

¹ My mind to analyse —[MS M]
11 Yet such the inveterate impression —[MS M erased]
111 but what it then abhoried must still abhor —[MS M]

O er steps of broken thrones and temples—Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay

LXXIX

The Niobe of nations I there she stands

Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe

An empty urn within her withered hands

Whose holy dust was scattered long ago

The Scipios tomb contains no ashes now

The very sepulchres lie tenantless 2

1 --- in her tearless wee -[MS 11]

I [The tomb of the Scipios by the I orta Latina was discovered by the brothers Suss in May 1780. It consists of several chambers excavited in the tufi. One of the larger chambers contained the famous sarcophagus of L Scipio Barbatus the great grandfather of Scipio Africanus which is now in the Vatican in the Atrio Quidrato. When the sarcophagus was opened in 1780 the skeleton was found to be entire. The bones were collected and removed by Angelo Quirini to his villa at Padui. The chimbers contained numerous inscriptions which were detriched and removed to the Vatican. Hobbiouse (Hist Illust pp. 169-171) is at pains to point out that the discovery of 1780 confirmed the authenticity of an inscription to Lucius son of Barbatus Scipio which had been brought to light in 161, and rejected by the Roman antiquaries as a forgery. He prints two of the inscriptions (Handbook for Porne pp. 278–330–331 ed. 1899)]
2 [The sepulchres were rified says Hobbouse (tibid. p. 173).

either to procure the necessary relics for churches dedicted to Christian saints or martyrs or (a likelier hypothesis) with the expectation of finding the ornaments buried with the dead. The sarcophagi were sometimes transported from their site and empited for the reception of purer sibes. He instances those of Innocent II and Clement XII which were certainly constructed for heather tenants!

Of then heroic dwellers—dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

アノノブ

The Goth, the Christian Time—War—Flood, and Fire,²

Have dealt upon the seven-hilled City's pride.

I [The reference is to the historical inundations of the Tiber, of which a hundred and thirty-two have been recorded from the foundation of the city down to December, 1870, when the river rose to fifty-six feet—thirty feet above its normal level]

2 [The Goth's besieged and sacked Rome under Alaric, AD 410, and Totila, 546 Other barbarian invaders— Genseric, a Vandal, 455, Ricimer, a Sucve, 472, Vitiges, a Dalmatian, 537, Arnulph, a Lombard, 756—may come under the head of "Goth' "The Christian, "from motives of fanaticism '-Theodosius, for instance, in 426, and Stilicho, who burned the Sibvlline books-despoiled, mutilated, and pulled down temples Subsequently, popes, too numerous to mention, laid violent hands on the temples for purposes of repair, construction, and ornamentation of Christian churches More than once ancient structures were converted into cannon-balls There were, too, Christian invaders and sackers of Rome Robert Guiscard (Hofmann calls him Wiscardus), in 1004, Frederic Barbarossa, in 1167, the Connétable de Bourbon, in 1527, may be instanced "Time Connétable de Bourbon, in 1527, may be instanced and War" speak for themselves For "Flood," vide supra As for "Fire," during the years 1082-84 the Emperor Henry IV burnt "a great part of the Leonine city," and Guiscard "burnt the town from the Flaminian gate to the Antonine column, and laid waste the Esquiline to the Lateran, thence he set fire to the region from that church to the Coliscum and the Capitol" Of earthquakes Byron says nothing, but there were earthquakes, eg in 422 and 1349 Another foe, a destroying angel who "wasteth at noonday," modern improvement, had not yet opened a seventh seal (See Historical Illustrations, pp 91-168)]

She saw her glories star by star expire,^t
And up the steep barbarian Monarchs ride
Where the car climbed the Capitol ¹ far and wide
Temple and tower went down nor left a site
Chaos of ruins 1 who shall trace the void
Oer the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, 'here was or is where all is doubly night?

LXXXI

The double night of ages and of her ".

Night's daughter, Ignorance, 2 hath wrapt and wrap

1 She saw ler glorus one by o se expire -[MS M]
11 The double might of Russ -- MS M]

I [Compare Macaulay s Lays of Ancient Pome ' Prophecy of Capys stanza xxx—

Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day
Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way
And through the bellowing Forum
And round the Suppliant's Grove
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove

"The construction is harsh and puzzling Apparently the subject of hath wript is the double night of ages the subjects of wrap the 'inght of ages and the might of Ignorance' but even so the sentence is ambiguous Not less amazing is the confusion of metaphors Rome is a desert through which we steer mounted presumably on a camel—the ship of the desert. Mistriken associations are as it were stumbling blocks and no sooner have we verified an association discovered a ruined temple in the exact site which Livys pictured page has assigned to the discovery as welcome to the antiquarian as water to the thirsy traveller—than our theory is upset and we perceive

that we have been deluded by a mirage 1

All round us, we but feel our way to err

The Ocean hath his chart, the Stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap,
But Rome is as the desert—where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections, now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" "it is clear"
When but some false Mirage of ruin rises near

LXXXII

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!

The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day

When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass

The Conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!

Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,

And Livy's pictured page! but these shall be

Her resurrection, all beside—decay

Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see

That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was

free!

LXXXIII

Oh, thou, whose chariot iolled on Fortune's wheel, Triumphant Sylla 12 Thou, who didst subdue

- 1 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Titus' sway
 And Virgil's verse, the first and last must be
 His Resurrection —[MS M]
- I Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs [ie from Romulus to the double triumph of Vespasian and Titus (Hist, vii 9)] He is followed by Panvinius, and Panvinius by Mr Gibbon and the modern writers
 - 2 Certainly, were it not for these two traits in the life of

Thy country s foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel
The wrath of thy own wrongs or reap the due
Of hoarded vengeance till thine Ea_sles flew
O er prostrate Asia,—thou, who with thy frown
Annihilated senates—Roman too,
With all thy vices—for thou didst lay down
With an atjoining smile a more than earthly crown

LXXXIV

Thy dictatorial wreath—couldst thou divine

To what would one day dwindle that which made

Sylla alluded to in this stanza we should regard him as a monster unredeemed by any admirable quality. The a.one ment of his voluntary resignation of empire may perhaps be accepted by us as it seems to have satisfied the Romans who if they had not respected must have destroyed him There could be no mean no division of opinion they must have all thought like Eucrates that what had appeared ambition was a love of glory and that what had been mistaken for pride was a real grandeur of soul—(f. Seigneur vous changez toutes mes idées de la façon dont je vous vois agir. Je croyois que vous avez de l'ambition mais aucun amour pour la gloire je voyois bien que votre âme étoit huite mais je ne soupconnos pas que les fut grande.—Dualogne de Sylla et d'Aucrate). Considerations. de la Grandeur des Romains etc. Paris 1795 n. 19. By Charles de Secondat Baron de Montesquier.

[Stanza lvcsiii indicates the following events in the life of Sulla In BC SI he assumed the name of Felix (or according to I lutarch Epaphroditi Plut Vite 1817 w "37) (line I) Five years before this BC 86 during the consulship of Marius and Cinna his party had been over thrown and his regulations annulled but he declined to return to Italy until he had brought the war against Mithri dates to a successful conclusion BC 83 (lines 3-6) In BC 81 he was appointed dictator (line 7) and BC 79 he resigned his dictatorship and retired into private life (line 9)!

Thee more than mortal? and that so supme
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?

She who was named Eternal, and arrayed
Her warriors but to conquer—she who veiled
Earth with her haughty shadow, and displayed,

Until the o'er-canopied horizon failed,
Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Almighty hailed!

1////

Sylla was first of victors, but our own, "

The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell! he

Too swept off senates while he hewed the throne

Down to a block—immortal rebel! See

What crimes it costs to be a moment free,

And famous through all ages! but beneath

His fate the moral lurks of destiny,

His day of double victory and death

Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath!

Into such dust deserted Rome should fade,
or, In self-woven sack cloth Rome should thus be laid—

[MS M crased]

If the Farth beneath her shadow and displayed
Her wings as with the horizon and was harled,
or, The rushings of his wings and was Almighty harled—

[MS M crased]

Sylla supreme of Victors—save our own
The ablest of Usur pers—Cromwell—he
Who swept off Scrates—while he hewed the Throne
Down to a block—immortal Villain! See
What crimes, etc—[MS M]

I On the 3rd of September Cromwell gained the victory of

LXXXVI

The third of the same Moon whose former course
Had all but crowned him, on the selfsame day
Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
And laid him with the Earth's preceding clay
And showed not Fortune thus how fame and sway
And all we deem delightful and consume
Our souls to compass through each arduous way
Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
Were they but so in Man's how different were his doom!

LXXXXII

And thou dread Statue! 'yet existent in '"

The austerest form of naked majesty—
Thou who beheldest mid the assassins din
At thy bathed base the bloody Crear lie
Folding his robe in dying dignity—
An offering to thine altar from the Queen
Of gods and men great Nemesis! did he die
And thou too perish Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless lings or purpoets of a scene?

Dunbar [1650] a year afterwards he obtained his crown ing mercy of Worcester [1651] and a few years after [1658] on the same day which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him died

I [The statue of Pompey in the Sala dell Udinanza of the Palazzo Spada is no doubt a portrait and belongs to the close of the Republican period. It cannot however with any certainty be identified with the statue in the Currat whose base great Casar fell. (See Antike Bildwerke in Rom F. Matz. F. von Duhn 1 309)]

LXXXVIII

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome! 1 -5.11

She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart

The milk of conquest yet within the dome

Where, as a monument of antique art,

Thou standest Mother of the mighty heart,

Which the great Founder sucked from thy wild teat,

Scorched by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,

And thy limbs black with lightning dost thou yet

Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget?

ZIZZZ I

Thou dost, but all thy foster-babes are dead

The men of iron, and the World hath reared

Cities from out their sepulchres men blcd

In imitation of the things 2 they feared,

And fought and conquered, and the same course steered,

At apish distance, but as yet none have,

I [The bronze "Wolf of the Capitol" in the Palace of the Conservators is unquestionably ancient, belonging to the end of the sixth or beginning of the fifth century BC, and probably of Græco-Italian workmanship. The twins, as Winckelmann pointed out (see Hobhouse's note), are modern, and were added under the impression that this was the actual bronze described by Cicero, Cat, iii 8, and Virgil, Æn, viii 631 (See Monuments de l'Art Antique, par Olivier Rayet, Paris, 1884, Livraison II, Planche 7)]

1884, Livraison 11, Planche 7)]
2 [The Roman "things" whom the world feared, set the fashion of shedding their blood in the pursuit of glory The nations, of modern Europe, "bastard" Romans, have followed

their example]

Nor could the same supremacy have neared

Save one vain Man, who is not in the grave—

But, vanguished by himself to his own slaves a slave—

1

X.C

The fool of false dominion—and a kind
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
With steps unequal, for the Roman's mind
Was modelled in a less terrestrial mould 6
With passions fiercer yet a judgment cold 2
And an immortal instinct which redeemed
The frailties of a heart so soft yet bold—
Alcides with the distaff now he seemed
At Cleopatra's feet—and now himself he beamed

XCI

And came—and saw—and conquered 13 But the man
Who would have tamed his Eagles down to flee

- 1 [Compare The Age of Bron e v— The king of kings and yet of slaves the slave]
- 2 [In Comparison of the Present State of France with that of Rome etc published in the Morning Post September 21 1802 Coleridge speaks of Buonaparte as the new Cessar but qualifies the expression in a note. But if reserve if dark ness if the employment of spies and informers if an indifference to all religions except as instruments of state policy with a certain strange and dark supersition respecting fate a blind confidence in his destinies—if these be any part of the Chief Consul's character they would force upon us even against our will the name and history of Tiberius —Essays on His Own Times in [81].
 - 3 [According to Suetonius 1 37 the famous words Vent

Like a trained falcon, in the Gallic van, 1
Which he, in sooth, long led to Victory,
With a deaf heart which never seemed to be
A listener to itself, was strangely framed,
With but one weakest weakness. Vanity. 1
Coquettish in ambition. still he aimed—
And what? can he avouch, or answer what he claimed?

/CII

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait

For the sure grave to level him, few years

Had fixed him with the Cæsars in his fate

On whom we tread. For this the conqueror rears

The Arch of Triumph! and for this the tears

And blood of earth flow on as they have flowed,

An universal Deluge, which appears

Without an Ark for wretched Man's abode,

And ebbs but to reflow! Renew thy rainbow, God!

1 Of pettier passions which raged angrily —[MS M crased]
11 At what? can he reply? his lusting is unnamed —
[MS M crased]
11 How oft—how long, oh God!—[MS M crased]

Vidi, Vici, were blazoned on litters in the triumphal procession which celebrated Cæsar's victory over Pharnaces II, after the battle of Zela (BC 47)]

after the battle of Zela (B C 47)]

I [By "flee" in the "Gallic van," Byron means "fly towards, not away from, the foe" He was, perhaps, thinking of the Biblical phrases, "flee like a bird" (Ps xi I), and "flee upon horses" (Isa xxx 16), but he was not careful to "tame down" words to his own use and purpose]

XCIII

What from this barren being do we reap?¹

Our senses narrow and our reason frail

Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep

And all things weighed in Custom's falsest scale

Opinion an Omnipotence—whose veil

Mantles the earth with darkness, until right

And wrong are accidents, and Men grow pale

Lest their own judgments should become too bright

And their free thoughts be crimes and Earth have too

much light

XCIV

And thus they plod in sluggish misery

Rotting from sire to son and age to age 3

- 1 And thus they sleep in some dull certainty -[MS M erased]
- 1 Omnes poene vettres qui nihil cognosci nihil percipi nihil sciri posse dixerunt angustos sensus im becilios animos brevia curricula vitæ et (ut Democritus) in profundo veritatem esse demersam opinionibus et institutis omnia tener nihil veritati relinqui denceps omnia tene bris circumfusa esse dixerunt Academ lib l cap 12 The eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since Cicero wrote this have not removed any of the imperfections of humanity and the complaints of the ancient philosophers may without injustice or affectation be transcribed in a poem written yesterday.

" [Compare Gray s Llegy stanza xv -

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomd caves of ocean bear

3 [Compute As You Like II act II so 7 lines 26-8—
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot
And thereby hangs a tale 1

Proud of their trampled nature, and so dic,[†]
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
War for their chains, and rather than be free,
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
Within the same Arena where they see
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree

NCI.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
Man and his Maker—but of things allowed,
Averred, and known, and daily, hourly seen
The yoke that is upon us doubly bowed,
And the intent of Tyranny avowed,
The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown
The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
And shook them from their slumbers on the thione,
Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done

XCVI

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no Champion and no Child 1

¹ For such existence is as much to die —[AIS M erased]
01, Bequeathing their trampled natures till they du —
[MS M erased]

I [In his speech On the Continuance of the War with France, which Pitt delivered in the House of Commons, February 17, 1800, he described Napoleon as "the child and champion of Jacobinism" At least the phrase occurs in

Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pall'is armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild
Deep in the unpruned forest, midst the roar to
Of cataracts where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe, no such shore?

XCVII

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime '
And fatal have her Saturnalia been bl
To Freedom's cause in every age and clime
Because the deadly days which we have seen
And vile Ambition that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamantine wall

- 1 Deep in the lone Sar annah --- [MS M erased]
- n Too long hath Eartl been drunk with blood and erime [MS M erasel]
- In Her stan of freedom hath but fatal been
 To that of any coming age or clime -[MS M]

the report which Coleridge prepared for the Morning Post of February 18 1800 and it appears in the later edition in the Collection of Pitts speeches It does not occur in the speech as reported by the Times It is curious that in the jottings which Coleridge I arlimentary reporter fro had vice scrawled in pencil in his note book, the phrase appears as the nurshing and champion of Jacobinism and it is possible that the alternative of the more rhetorical but less forcible child was the poets handiwork. It became a current phrase and Coleridge more than once receits to it in the articles which he contributed to the Morning Post in 180 (See Essays on His Own Limits in 93 and in 1009-1019 and Letters of Samuel Paylor Coleridge 1895; 1 377 note)

And the base pageant 1 last upon the scene, Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall Which nips Life's tree, and dooms Man's worst his second fall 2

XCVIII.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying, Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind, ? Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying, The loudest still the Tempest leaves behind, Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind, Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth, But the sap lasts, and still the seed we find Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North. So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth

XCIX

There is a stern round tower of other days,1 Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,

- I [By the "base pageant" Byron refers to the Congress of Vienna (September, 1815), the "Holy Alliance" (September 26), into which the Duke of Wellington would not enter, and the Second Treaty of Paris, November 20, 1815]
 2 [Compare Shelley's Hellas Poems, 1895, 11 358—
 - - "O Slavery thou frost of the world's prime, Killing its flowers, and leaving its thorns bare '"]
- 3 [Shelley chose the first two lines of this stanza as the motto for his Ode to Liberty]
 4 Alluding to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called Capo di
- Bove [Four words, and two initials, compose the whole of the transcription which, whatever was its ancient position,

Such as an army's baffled strength delays
Standing with half its battlements alo ie
And with two thousand years of my grown
The garland of Eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by Time o erthrown —
What was this tower of strength? within its cave

What treasure hy so locked so hid?—I noman's grave

But who was she the Lady of the dead

Tombed in a palace? Was she chaste and fur?

Worthy a kings—or more—a Roman's bed?

What race of Chiefs and Heroes did she bear?

What daughter of her beauties was the heir?

How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not So honoured—and conspicuously, there

Where meaner relies must not dare to rot

So marrily begint -... hat lay ! -- -[MS W]

Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

is now placed in front of this towering sepulchre Carlli L. O Cretici F Meterila Crassi

The Swelli family were in possession of the fortress in 1317, and the German army of Henry VII marched from 1300 and abount it but were unable to make themselves by force masters of the cutdel—that is the tomb." The fence of stone refers to the quadrangular basement of concrete on which the circular tower rests. The tower was originally coated with marble which was stripped off for the purpose of making lime. The work of destruction is said to have been carried out during the interval between loggies (see his De Fort Var. ap. Sall, Nov. Thes. Ant. Rom. 1735, 1 501 sg.) first and second visits to Rome. (See Hobbouse's Hist Illust, pp. 20. 31 Indbook for Pome. 9.360).]

CI

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
Who love the lords of others? such have been
Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say
Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,
Or the light an of Egypt's graceful Queen,
Profuse of joy or 'gainst it did she war,
Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean
To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
Love from amongst her griefs? for such the affections
are'

CII

Perchance she died in youth—it may be, bowed

With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb

That weighed upon her gentle dust—a cloud

Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom

In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom

Heaven gives its favourites 1—early death—yet shed

A sunset charm around her, and illume

With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,

Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red

¹ Love from her duties—still a conqueress in the war —
[MS M erased]

Το γοί θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος Τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν οὐχ αἰσχρὸν, ἀλλ' αἰσχρῶς θανεῖν Gnomici Poetæ Græci, R F P Brunck, 1784, p 231

CHI

Perchance she died in age—surviving all
Charms—kindred—children—with the silver gray
On her long tresses which might yet recall
It may be still a something of the day
When they were bruded and her proud array
And lovely form were envied praised and eyed
By Rome—But whither would Conjecture stray?
Thus much alone we know—Metella died
The wealthiest Roman's wife Behold his love or
pride!

CIV

I know not why—but standing thus by thee
It seems as if I had thine inmate known
Thou Tomb! and other days come back on me
With recollected music though the tone
Is changed and solemn like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind,

t [It is more likely to have been the pride than the love of Crassus which ruised so superb a memorial to a wife whose name is not mentioned in history unless she be sup posed to be that lady whose intimacy with Dol'bella was so offensive to Tulha the daughter of Cicero or she who was divorced by Lentulus Spinther or she perhaps the same person from whose ear the son of Æsopus transferred a precious jewel to enrich his daughter (vide Hor, Sat ii 3-39) (Hist Illust p. 200) The wealth of Crassus was proverbial as his agnomen Dives, testifies (Plut Crassus ii iii Liusgiz 1814 v 116 sz)]

Yet could I seat me by this ivid stone

Till I had bodied forth the heated mind
Forms from the floating week which Ruin leaves behind

CV

And from the planks, far shattered o'er the rocks,

Built me a little bark of hope, once more

To battle with the Ocean and the shocks

Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar

Which rushes on the solitary shore

Where all lies foundered that was ever dear

But could I gather from the wave-worn store

Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer?

There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is

here "

CVI

Then let the Winds howl on! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the Night
The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
Answering each other on the Palatine,
With their large eyes, all glistening gray and bright,
And sailing pinions Upon such a shiline
What are our petty griefs? let me not number mine

¹ Till I had called for th even from the mind —[MS M erased] with heated mind —[MS M]

n I have no home -[MS M]

CVII

Cypress and 1vy, weed and wallflower grown 1
Matted and massed together—hillocks heaped
On what were chambers—arch crushed column strown
In fragments—choked up vaults and frescos steeped
In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight —Temples—Baths—or Halls?
Pronounce who can for all that Learning reaped
From her research hath been that these are walls—
Behold the Imperial Mount 1 its thus the Mighty falls 2

The Reptile which — or Scorpion and bindworm — — [MS M erased]

I [Compare Rogers s Italy Rome (Poems 1852) in 169—

Or climb the Palatine

Long while the seat of Rome hereafter found Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood Eng-endered there so Titan like) to lodge One in his madness and inscribe my name—My name and date on some broad aloe leaf That shoots and spreads within those very walls Where Virgi read aloud his tile divine When his voice faltered and a mother wept Tears of delayer.

Tears of delight 1
And compare Shelley's Poetical Works 1895 in 276—
Rome has fallen ye see it lying
Heaped in undistinguished ruin
Nature is alone undying 1

The Palatine is one mass of rums particularly on the side towards the Circus Maximus The very soil is formed of crumbled brickwork. Nothing has been told—nothing can be told—to satisfy the belief of any but the Roman

[At the words Tu Marcellus er is etc (r.id Tib Cl Dona tus Life of Virgil (Virg., Opera) Leeuwarden 16 7 vol 1)]

CVIII

There is the moral of all human tales, 1 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,

antiquary [The Palatine was the site of the successive "Domus" of Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula, and of the Domus Transitoria of Nero, which perished when Rome was Later emperors-Vespasian, Domitian, Septimius Severus—added to the splendour of the name-giving Palatine "The troops of Genseric," says Hobhouse (Hist Illust, p 206), "occupied the Palatine, and despoiled it of all its riches and when it again rises, it rises in ruins" Systematic excavations during the last fifty years have laid bare much that was hidden, and "learning and research" have in parts revealed the "obliterated plan," but, in 1817, the "shapeless mass of ruins" defied the guesses of antiquarians "Your walks in the Palatine ruins will be undisturbed. unless you startle a fox in breaking through the brambles in the corridors, or burst unawares through the hole of some shivered fragments into one of the half-buried chambers, which the peasants have blocked up to serve as stalls for their jackasses, or as huts for those who watch the gardens"

(Hist Illust, p 212)]

The author of the Life of Cicero, speaking of the opinion entertained of Britain by that orator and his contemporary Romans, has the following eloquent passage -" From their railleries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms, how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty, enslaved to the most cruel as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, superstition and religious imposture, while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters, flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life, yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth, from wealth to luxury, from luxury to an impatience of discipline and corruption of till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it fall a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty, losing everything that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism" (See Life of M. Tullius Cicero, by Conyers Middleton, DD, 1823, sect vi vol 1 pp 399, 400)

First Freedom and then Glory—when that fails Wealth—Vice—Corruption—Barbarism at last And History, with all her volumes vast Hith but one page—tis better written here Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amassed All treasures all delights that Eye or Ear Heart Soul could seek—Tongue ask—Away with words!

CIX

Admire-exult-despise-laugh-weep-for here

There is such matter for all feeling —Man 1¹
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and Realms are crowded in this span
This mountain whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of Empires pinnacled
Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van
Till the Sun's rays with added flame were filled 1
Where are its golden roofs? 1 where those who dared to

1 Oh ho ho ho—th u creature of a Man —[MS M erasel]
11 A id show of Glory's get aws in the tan
A id tl Sun's rays wit i flames more da ling filled —[MS M]

I [The golden roofs were those of Neros Domus Aurea which extended from the north west corner of the Palatine to the Gardens of Mæcenas on the Esquiline spreading over the sites of the Temple of Vesta and Rome on the platform of the Velia the Colosseum and the Thermae of Thus as far as the Seute Sale — In the fore court was the colossal statue of Nero — The pillars of the colomaide which measured a thousand feet in length stood three deep All that was not lake or wood or vineyard or pasture was overland with plates of gold picked out with gems and mother of pearl (Suctonius vi 31 Tactius Ami xv 4)

CX

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,

Thou nameless column with the buried base!

What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?

Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.

Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,

Titus or Trajan's? No 'tis that of Time

Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace'

Scoffing, and apostolic statues climb

To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime,

all he doth deface -[MS M]

Substructions of the *Domus Aurea* have been discovered on the site of the Baths of Titus and elsewhere, but not on the Palatine itself Martial, *Epig* 695 (*Lib Spect*, ii), celebrates Vespasian's restitution of the *Domus Aurea* and its "policies" to the people of Rome

"Hic ubi sidereus propius videt astra colossus Et crescunt media pegmata celsa via, Invidiosa feri radiabant atria regis Unaque jam tota stabat in urbe domus'

"Here where the Sun-god greets the Morning Star,
And tow'ring scaffolds block the public way,
Fell Nero's loathed pavilion flashed afar,
Erect and splendid 'mid the town's decay "

I [By the "nameless" column Byron means the column of Phocas, in the Forum But, as he may have known, it had ceased to be nameless when he visited Rome in 1817 During some excavations which were carried out under the auspices of the Duchess of Devonshire, in 1813, the soil which concealed the base was removed, and an inscription, which attributes the erection of the column to the Exarch Sinaragdus, in honour of the Emperor Phocas, AD 608, was brought to light The column was originally surmounted by a gilded statue, but it is probable that both column and statue were stolen from earlier structures and rededicated to Phocas Hobhouse (Hist Illust, pp 240-242) records the discovery, and prints the inscription in extenso]

2 The column of Tiajan is surmounted by St Peter, that

of Aurelius by St Paul (See Hist Illust, p 214)

CXI

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome And looking to the stars they had contained A Spirit which with these would find a home The last of those who o er the whole earth reigned The Roman Globe-for, after, none sustained, But yielded back his conquests -he was more Than a mere Alexander, and unstained With household blood and wine, serenely wore His sovereign virtues-still we Trajan s1 name adore

[The column was excavated by Paul III in the sixteenth century In 1588 Sixtus V replaced the bronze statue of Trajan holding a gilded globe which had originally sur mounted the column by a statue of St Peter, in gilt bronze The legend was that Trajan's ashes were contained in the globe They are said to have been deposited by Hadrian in a golden urn in a vault under the column It is certain that when Sixtus V opened the chamber he found it empty A medal was cast in honour of the erection of the new statue inscribed with the words of the Magnificat Exaltavit humiles \

I Trajan was proverbially the best of the Roman princes and it would be easier to find a sovereign uniting exactly the opposite characteristics than one possessed of all the happy qualities ascribed to this emperor When he mounted the throne says the historian Dion strong in body, he was vigorous in mind age had impaired none of his faculties he was altogether free from envy and from detraction he honoured all the good and he advanced them and on this account they could not be the objects of his fear or of his hate he never listened to informers he gave not way to his anger he abstained equally from unfair exactions and unjust punishments he had rather be loved as a man than honoured as a sovereign he was affable with his people respectful to the senate and universally beloved by both he inspired none with dread but the enemies of his country (See Eutrop Hist Rom Brev lib vin cap v Dion Hist Rom lib Ixm caps vi vii)
[M Ulpius Trajanus (AD 5-117) celebrated a triumph

CXII

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place

Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep

over the Dacians in 103 and 106. It is supposed that the column which stands at the north end of the Forum Trajanum commemorated the Dacian victories In 115-16 he conquered the Parthians, and added the province of Armenia Minor to the empire It was not, however, an absolute or a final victory The little desert stronghold of Atræ, or Hatra, in Mesopotamia, remained uncaptured, and, instead of incorporating the Parthians in the empire, he thought it wiser to leave them to be governed by a native prince under the suzerainty of Rome His conquests were surrendered by Hadrian, and henceforth the tide of victory began to ebb He died on his way back to Rome, at Selinus, in Cilicia, in

August, 117

Trajan's "moderation was known unto all men" Pliny, in his Panegyricus (XXII), describes his first entry into Rome He might have assumed the state of a monarch or popular hero, but he walked afoot, conspicuous, pre-eminent, a head and shoulders above the crowd—a triumphal entry, but it was imperial arrogance, not civil liberty, over which he triumphed "You were our king," he says, "and we your subjects, but we obeyed you as the embodiment of our laws" Martial (Epig, 1 72) hails him not as a tyrant, but an emperor-yea, more than an emperor-as the most righteous of lawgivers and senators, who had brought back plain Truth to the light of day, and Claudian (viii 318) maintains that his glory will live, not because the Parthians had been annexed, but because he was "mitis patriæ" The divine honours which he caused to be paid to his adopted father, Nerva, he refused for himself "For just icasons," says Pliny, "did the Senate and people of Rome assign thee the name and title of Optimus" Another honour awaited "Il est seul Empereui," writes M De La Berge, "dont les restes aient reposé dans l'enceinte de la ville Éteinelle" (See Pliny's Panegyricus, passim, and Essai sur le règne de Trajan, Bibliotheque de L'École des Hautes Études, Paris, 1877)]

I [The archæologists of Byron's day were unable to fix the exact site of the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the Capitoline "On which side," asks Hobhouse (Hist Illust, p 224), "stood the citadel, on what the great temple of the

Tarpeian?-fittest goal of Freason's race The Promontory whence the Traitor's Leap Cured all ambition?1 Did the conquerors heap Their spoils here? Yes and in you field below A thousand years of silenced factions sleep-The Forum where the immortal accents glow, and still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero 1 14. 2

CVIII

The field of Freedom-Faction-Fame-and Blood Here a proud people's passions were exhaled.

> 1 The State Leucadia - - MS M grased 1 11. There first did Tully's burning accents glow ! Yes-eloquently still-ti e echoes tell n e so -[D]

Capitol and did the temple stand in the citadel? vations which were curied on in 1876-7 by Professors Jordan and Lanciani enabled them to identify with tolerable certainty" the site of the central temple and its adjacent wings with the site of the Palazzo Caffarelli and its depen dencies which occupy the south east section of the Mons Capitolinus There are still however rival Tarpeian Rocks -one (in the Vicolo della Rupe Tarpea) on the western edge of the hill freing the Tiber and the other (near the Casa Tarpea) on the south east towards the Palatine But if Dionysius who describes the Fruitor's Leap as being in sight of the Forum is to be credited the actual pricipice from which traitors (and other criminals eg bearers of false witness) were thrown must have been somewhere on the southern and now less precipitous escarpment of the mount]

I M Manlius who saved the Capitol from the Gauls in BC 390, was afterwards (BC 384) arraigned on a charge of high treason by the patricians condemned and by order of the tribunes thrown down the Tarperan Rock. Livy (vi o) credits him with a fooda cupiditas regni -a deprayed ambition for assuming the kingly power]
2 [Compare Gray's Odes The Progress of Poesy in]

line 4—

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn 1

From the first hour of Empire in the bud

To that when further worlds to conquer failed,
But long before had Freedom's face been veiled,
And Anarchy assumed her attributes,
Till every lawless soldier who assailed
Trod on the trembling Senate's slavish mutes,
Or raised the yenal voice of baser prostitutes.

CXIV.

Then turn we to her latest Tribune's name,

From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,

Redeemer of dark centuries of shame

The friend of Petrarch hope of Italy

Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree

Of Freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf,

I [Nicolas Gabrino di' Rienzo, or Rienzi, commonly called Cola di' Rienzi, was born in 1313 The son of a Roman innkeeper, he owed his name and fame to his own talents and natural gifts His mission, oi, perhaps, ambition, was to free Rome from the tyranny and oppression of the great nobles, and to establish once more "the good estate," that is, a republic This for a brief period Rienzi accomplished On May 20, 1347, he was proclaimed tribune and liberator of the Holy Roman Republic "by the authority of the most merciful Lord Jesus Christ" Of great parts, and inspired by lofty aims, he was a poor creature at heart—a "bastard" Napoleon-and success seems to have turned his head After eight months of royal splendour, purchased by more than royal exactions, the tide of popular feeling turned against him, and he was forced to take refuge in the Castle of St Angelo (December 15, 1347) Years of wandering and captivity followed his first tribunate, but at length, in 1354, he was permitted to return to Rome, and, once again, after a rapid and successful reduction of the neighbouring states, he became the chief power in the state But an act of violence, accompanied by freachery, and, above all, the necessity of

Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
The Forum's champion and the people's chief—
Her new born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too brief

CAV

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart ***

Which found no mortal resting place so fair
As thine ideal breast whate or thou art

Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air

The nympholepsy 1 of some fond despair.—1

Or—it might be—a Beauty of the earth

1 The lovely mad test of some fond despair -[MS M]

imposing heavier traces than the city could bear popular discontent and during a revolt (October 8 1354) after a dastardly attempt to escape and conceal himself, he wis recognized by the crowd and stabbed to death

Petrarch first made his acquaintance in 1340 when he was summoned to Rome to be crowned as poet hureate. After wards when Riema was imprisoned at Avignon, Petrarch interceded on his behalf with the pope but for a time in vain. Ht believed in and shared his enthusiasms and it is probable that the famous Caizone. Spirto gentil che quelle membra reggi "was addressed to the Last of the Fribunes."

Rienzis story forms the subject of a tragedy by Gustave Drouineau which was played at the Odéon January 8 18 6 of Bulwer Lytton's novel The Last of the Tribunes which was published in 1835 and of an opera (184) by Richard Wagner

(See Encyc Met art Rome by Professor Villari La Rousse G Dict Univ art Rienzi and a curious pam phlet by G W Meadley London 18 1 entitled Paw Paurs of Historical Portraits, in which an attempt is made to trace a minute resemblance between the characters and careers of Rienzi and the First Napoleon)]

1 [The word nympholepsy may be paraphrased as ecstatic vision The Greeks feigned that one who had seen a nymph was henceforth possessed by her image, and

Who found a more than common Votary there
Too much adoring—whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful Thought, and softly bodied forth

CXVI

The mosses of thy Fountain 1 still are sprinkled With thine Elysian water-drops, the face

beside himself with longing for an impossible ideal Compare stanza cxxii line 7—

"The unreached Paradise of our despair"
Compare, too, Kubla Khan, lines 52, 53—

"For he on honey-dew hath fed, And drunk the milk of Paradise']

I [Byron is describing the so-called Grotto of Egeria, which is situated a little to the left of the Via Appia, about two miles to the south-east of the Porta di Sebastiano "Here, beside the Almo rivulet [now the Maranna d Caffarella], is a ruined nymphæum which was called the 'Grotto of Egeria,' till the discovery of the true site of the Porta Capena fixed that of the grotto within the walls It is now known that this nymphæum belonged to the suburban villa called Triopio of Herodes Atticus" The actual site of Egeria's fountain is in the grounds of the Villa Mattei, to the south-east of the Cælian, and rear the Porta Metronia "It was buried, in 1867, by the military engineers, while building their new hospital near S Stefano Rotondo" (Prof Lanciani)

In lines 5-9 Byron is recalling Juvenal's description of the valley of Egeria, under the mistaken impression that here, and not by "dripping Capena," was the trysting-place of Numa and the goddess Juvenal has accompanied the seer Umbritius, who was leaving Rome for Capua, as far as the Porta Capena, and while the one waggon, with its slender store of goods, is being loaded, the friends take a stroll—

"In vallem Egeriæ descendimus et speluncas
Dissimiles veris Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenium violarent marmora tophum?"

Sat I iii 17-20

The grove and shrine of the sacred fountain, which had

Of thy cave guarded Spring with years unwrinkled Reflects the meek-eyed Genius of the place Whose green wild margin now no more erase Art's works nor must the delicate waters sleep Prisoned in murble-bubbling from the base Of the cleft statue with a gentle leap The rill runs o er-and round fern flowers and my creep

CXVII

Fantastically tangled the green hills are clothed with early blossoms-through the grass The quick-eved lizard rustles - and the bills Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass Flowers fresh in hue and many in their class Implore the pausing step and with their dyes Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass, The sweetness of the Violet's deep blue eyes kissed by the breath of heaven scems coloured by its skies 1

been let to the Jews (lines 13-16) are not to be confounded with the artificial caverns' near Herod's Nymphaum, which Juvenal thought were in bad taste and Byron rejoiced to ind reclaimed and reclothed by Nature]

I [Compare Shelleys Prometheus Unbound, act is (Poetical Works 1893 ii 97)—

As a violet's gentle eye Gazes on the azure sky Until its hue grows like what it beholds 1

Ł

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CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover,
The purple Midnight veiled that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy ² and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamoured Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love the earliest Oracle!

CXIX

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,

Blend a celestial with a human heart, '

And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,

Shale with immoital transports? could thine ait

Make them indeed immortal, and impart

The purity of Heaven to earthly joys,

Expel the venom and not blunt the dart

The dull satiety which all destroys

And loot from out the soul the deadly weed which cloys?

¹ Fed the quick throbbing of a human heart
And the sweet sorrows of its deathless dying —[MS M erased]
OI, And the sweet sorrow which exults in dying —[MS M erased]

I [Compare Kubla Khan, lines 12, 13—

[&]quot;But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!"]

^{2 [}Compare Hamlet, act 11 sc 2, line 292—
"This most excellent canopy the Air"]

CYY

Alas I our young affections run to waste
Or water but the desert! whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance tares of haste
Rank at the core though tempting to the eyes
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies
And trees whose gums are poison, such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O er the World's wilderness and vamily pants
I or some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants

CXXI

Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen Seraph we believe in thee —
\[\) faith whose mrityrs are the broken heart —
But never yet hath seen nor e er shall see
\[\] The maked eye thy form as it should be \[^1 \]
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled Heaven
\[\] Even with its own desiring phantasy,
\[\] And to a thought such shape and image given
\[\] As haunts the unquenched soul—parched—wearied—
\[\] wring—and riven

¹ Oh Love! thou art no habitant of Earth
An unseen Serap! we believe in thee
And can point out it y time and place of birth —[D erased]

I [M Darmesteter traces the sentiment to a maxim (No 76) of La Rochefoucauld II est du véritable amour comme de l'apparition des esprits tout le monde en purle mus peu de gens in ont vu]

$\Pi X X J$

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,

And fevers into false creation—where,

Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?

In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?

Where are the charms and virtues which we dare

Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,

The unreached Paiadise of our despair,

Which o'ei-informs the pencil and the pen,

And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?

CXXIII

Who loves, raves 2 'tis youth's frenzy but the cure
Is bittered still, as chaim by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor Worth nor Beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such, yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds,
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize wealthiest when most undone

- 1 [Compare Dryden on Shaftesbury (Absalom and Achitophel, pt 1 lines 156-158)—
 - "A fiery soul which, working out its way, Fretted the pigmy-body to decay, And o'er-informed the tenement of clay"
- 2 [The Romans had more than one proverb to this effect, cg "Amantes Amentes sunt" (Adagia Veterum, 1643, p 52), "Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur" (Svri Sententia, 1818, p 5)]

CXXIV

We wither from our youth we gasp away—
Sick—sick, unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst
Though to the last in verge of our decay
Some phantom lures such as we sought at first—
But all too late—so are we doubly curst
Love Fame Ambition Avarice—tis the same
Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name ¹
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame

CX71

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved
Though accident blind contact and the strong
Necessity of loving have removed
Antipathies—but to recur ere long
Envenomed with irrevocable wrong
And Circumstance that unspiritual Cod
And Miscreator makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutch like rod ¹
Whose touch turns Hope to dust—the dust we all have
trod

- 1 For all are visions with a separate name -[D eras d]
- r [Circumstance is personified as halting Nemesis— Pede pæna claudo

Hor Oles III n 3

I crhaps too there is the underlying thought of his own lameness of Mary Chaworth and of all that might have been if the unspiritual God had willed otherwise]

CXXVI

Our life is a false nature—'tis not in

The harmony of things,—this hard decree.

This uneradicable taint of Sin,

This boundless Upas, this all-blasting tree,

Whose root is Earth—whose leaves and branches be

The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—

Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see,

And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through

The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base Abandonment of reason 2 to resign

- "My griefs not only pain me
 As a lingering disease,
 But, finding no redress, ferment and rage,
 Nor less than wounds immedicable
 Rankle"
- 2 "At all events," says the author of the Academical Questions [Sir William Drummond], "I trust, whatever may be the fate of my own speculations, that philosophy will regain that estimation which it ought to possess. The free and philosophic spirit of our nation has been the theme of admiration to the world. This was the proud distinction of Englishmen, and the luminous source of all their glory. Shall we then forget the manly and dignified sentiments of our ancestors, to prate in the language of the mother or the nurse about our good old prejudices? This is not the way to defend the cause of truth. It was not thus that our fathers maintained it in the brilliant periods of our history. Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short space of time, while reason slumbers in the citadel, but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect

Our right of thought—our last and only place
Of refuge, this at least shall still be mine
Though from our birth the Faculty divine
Is chained and tortured—cabined, cribbed confined
And bred in darkness, 1 lest the Truth should shine
Too brightly on the unprepared mind

The beam pours in—for Time and Skill will couch the

CXXVIII

Arches on arches 1 as it were that Rome Collecting the chief trophies of her line

a standard for herself Philosophy wisdom and liberty support each other he who will not reason is a bigot he who cannot is a fool and he who dares not is a slave — VOI i pp viv xv

[For Sir William Drummond (1770-18 8) see Lettes 1898 in 79 note 3 Byron advised Lady Blessington to read Academical Questions (1805) and instanced the last sentence of this passage as one of the best in our language (Coursersolutions in 238 2301)

(Conversations pp 238 739)]
I [Compare Macbeth act ii sc 4 lines 4 75—
But now I am cabin d cribb d confin d bound in
To saucy doubts and ferrs 1

~ [Compare The Deformed Transformed, act 1 sc ~ lines 49 50-

'Those scarce mortal arches Pile above pile of everlasting wall

The first second and third stories of the Flavian amphitheatre or Colosseum were built upon arches. Between the arches eighty to each story or ter stood three quarter columns. Each tier is of a different order of architecture the lowest being a plain Roman Doric or perhaps rather. Tuscan the next Ionic and the third Corinthian. The fourth story which was built by the Emperor Gordianus III AD "44 to take the place of the original wooden gallery (menianum summum in lignes) which was destroyed by lightning, AD "17 was a solid wall faced with Corinthian.

Would build up all her triumphs in one dome, Her Coliseum stands, 1 the moonbeams shine As 'twere its natural torches for divine Should be the light which streams here, to illume This long-explored but still exhaustless mine Of Contemplation, and the azure gloom Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

pilasters, and pierced by forty square windows or openings It has been conjectured that the alternate spaces between the pilasters were decorated with ornamental metal shields The openings of the outer arches of the second and third stories were probably decorated with statues The reverse of an aureus of the reign of Titus represents the Colosseum with these statues and a quadriga in the centre one-third of the original structure remains in situ prime agent of destruction was probably the earthquake ("Petrarch's earthquake") of September, 1349, when the whole of the western side fell towards the Cælian, and gave rise to a hill or rather to a chain of hills of loose blocks of travertine and tufa, which supplied Rome with building materials for subsequent centuries As an instance of wholesale spoliation or appropriation, Professor Lanciani refers to "a document published by Muntz, in the Revue Arch, September, 1876," which "certifies that one contractor alone, in the space of only nine months, in 1452, could carry off 2522 cartloads" of travertine (Smith's Dict of Gr and Rom Ant, art "Amphitheatrum," Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome, by R Lanciani, 1897, p 375)]

I [For a description of the Colosseum by moonlight, see Goethe's letter from Rome, February 2, 1787 (Travels in Italy, 1883, p 159) "Of the beauty of a walk through Rome by moonlight, it is impossible to form a conception Peculiarly beautiful at such a time is the Coliseum" See,

too, Corinne, ou L'Italie, xv 4, 1819, 111 32-

"Ce n'est pas connaître l'impression du Colisée que de ne l'avoir vu que de jour la lune est l'astre des ruines Quelque fois, à travers les ouvertures de l'amphithéatre, qui semble s'élever jusqu'aux nues, une partie de la voûte du ciel paraît comme un rideau d'un bleu sombre placé derrière l'édifice "

For a fine description of the Colosseum by starlight, see Manfred, act iii sc 4, lines 8-13]

CXXIX

Hues which have words and speak to ye of Heaven Floats o er this vast and wondrous monument, And shadows forth its glory. There is given Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent A Spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant. His hand but broke his scythe, there is a power and magic in the ruined battlement. For which the Palace of the present hour. Must yield its pomp and wait till ages are its dower.

CXXX

Oh, Time! the Beautifier of the dead
Adorner of the ruin '—Comforter
And only Healer when the heart hath bled
Time! the Corrector where our judgments err
The test of Truth Love—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists—from thy thrift,

I [When Byron visited Rome and for long afterwards the runs of the Colosseum were clad with a multitude of shrubs and wild flowers Books were written on the Flora of the Coliseum which were said to number 4 o species But says Professor Lancan: These materials for a hortus sizeus so dear to the visitors of our runs were destroyed by Rosa in 1871, and the runs scraped and shaven clean, it being feared by him that the action of roots would accelerate the disintegration of the great structure "If Byron had lived to witness these activities he might have devoted a stanza to the tender mercies of this zealous archaeologist]

Which never loses though it doth defer

Time, the Avenger! unto thee I lift

My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a

gift.

CZZZI.

Amidst this wieck, where thou hast made a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate—
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
Hear me not, but if calmly I have borne
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn
This iron in my soul in vain—shall they not mourn?

CXXXII.

And Thou, who never yet of human wrong

Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis 11 23 11

I [The whole of this appeal to Nemesis (stanzas cxxx-cxxxviii) must be compared with the "Domestic Poems" of 1816, the Third Canto of Childe Harold (especially stanzas lxix-lxxv, and cxi-cxviii), and with the "Invocation" in the first act of Manfied It has been argued that Byron inserted these stanzas with the deliberate purpose of diverting sympathy from his wife to himself The appeal, no doubt, is deliberate, and the plea is followed by an indictment, but the sincerity of the appeal is attested by its inconsistency Unlike Orestes, who slew his mother to avenge his father, he will not so deal with the "moral Clytemnestra of her lord," requiring murder by murder, but is resolved to leave the balancing of the scale to the omnipotent Time-spirit who rights every wrong and will rediess his injuries But in making answer to his accusers

Here where the ancient paid thee homage long—
Thou who didst call the Furies from the abyss
And round Orestes bade them how and hiss
For that unnatural retribution—just,
Had it but been from hands less near—in this
Thy former realm I call thee from the dust!

Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou shalt, and
must

CZZZIII

It is not that I may not have incurred,

For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
I bleed withal, and had it been conferred

With a just weapon, it had flowed unbound,

But now my blood shall not sink in the ground—

To thee I do devote it—Thou shalt take

The vengeance which shall yet be sought and found —

Which if I have not taken for the sake

But let that pass—I sleen—but Thou shalt yet wake

Or for my fathers faults -- - [MS M]

he outruns Nemesis and himself enacts the part of a moral Orestes. It was true that his hopes were sapped and this name blighted and it was natural if not herore first to persuade himself that his suffering exceeded his fault that he was more sinned against than sinning and so per suaded to take care that he should not suffer alone. The general purport of plea and indictment is plan enough but the exact interpretation of his phrases the appropriation of his dark sayings belong rather to the biography of the poet than to a commentary on his poems. (For Lady Byrons comment on the allusions to herself in Childe Harold ide anter p. 288 note 1)

CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now!

I shrink from what is suffered let him speak

Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,

Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak.

But in this page a record will I seek

Not in the air shall these my words disperse,

Though I be ashes, a far hour shall wreak

The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,

And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

```
tis not that more
1 And if my voice break forth-it-is-not-that
  I shrink from what is suffered—let him speak
                        decline upon my
     Who
                        Jac b'er te
   Her at hath beheld on que is on-my brow
      seen my mind's convulsion leave it ble ched or weak?
  -for id-nes med-so onle le
  But in this page the record - 1 -h I seek
                               will
                               fo orth dup
        tands and
                                 -35 th " . H. . 150
   Shall stand and when that ho rishall con . and come
   Stall eoise though I be asked and of all file heap It will so cald south
   I fin " . reasure
  The first profices
The fillings of my profice of cap
 The not to nof t, ourse.
   Not in the air shall these my words disperse
   'Ts we sen that as low of deep seme se
Though I be ashes a dap far hour shall wreak
   The fullness-The
   The deep prophetic fullness of . , verse
   And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse -[MS M]
```

CXXXX

That curse shall be Forgiveness—Have I not—
Hear me my mother Earth! behold it Heaven!—
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain scared my heart riven
Hopes sapped name blighted. Life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

CZZXVI

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy

Have I not seen what human things could do?

From the loud roar of feaming calumny

10 the small whisper of the as paltry few—

And subtler venom of the repule crew

The Janus glance 1 of whose significant eye

1 If to forgive be heaping evals f Fre

1s Gd hath spoken—on the he uls I for Mine should be a V leano—an l rise h₀ her Than dee He Titan crushed Olympia ros Than Alhos sorts or ll1 ing d.tin glros Irac—Hoe V u o sting a ve pelty the 152—b it what Than stripoil's stin g produce n ore d adly thro:
The Lio i may be tortured by the Gna—
Who sucks the slumberer's blood—(the Eaglet no the But —
[MS M]

r [Compare Lines on hearing that Lady Byron was ill lines 53-55]

2 (The Bat was 'a sobriquet by which Lady Caroline Lamb was well known in London society An Italian translation of her novel Gluarion was at this time in the press at Venice (see letter to Murray August 7, 1817) and

Learning to lie with silence, would seem true

And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,

Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy

CXXXVII

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain,
But there is that within me which shall tire
Toituie and Time, and breathe when I expire,
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In hearts all locky now the late remorse of Love.

CZZZZIII

The seal is set. Now welcome, thou diead Power!

Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here

Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour

With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear,

Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear

Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene

Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear

That we become a part of what has been,

And grow upon the spot—all-seeing but unseen

it is probable that Byron, who declined to interdict its publication, took his revenge in a petulant stanza, which, on second thoughts, he decided to omit (See note by Mr Richard Edgcumbe, Notes and Queries, eighth series, 1895, viii 101)]

CXXXIX

And here the buzz of eager nations ran
In murmured pity, or loud roared applause.
As man was slaughtered by his fellow man
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure —Wherefore not?
What matters where we fail to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle plains or listed spot?

Both are but theatres—where the chief actors rot CYL

I see before me the Gladiator I lie

He leans upon his hand—his manly brow

- 1 Leaning upon his hand his mul[e] brow Yielding to death but conquering agony —[MS M erased]
- I Whether the wonderful statue which suggested this image be a laquearian gladiator which in spite of Winckelmann's criticism has been stoutly maintained or whether it be a Greek, herald as that great antiquary positively asserted * or whether it is to be thought a Spartan or burbarian shield bearer according to the opinion of his Italian editor it must assuredly stem a copy of that masterpiece of Cteslaus which represented a wounded man dying who perfectly expressed what there remained of life in him. Montfucon and Maffeit thought it the identical statue but that statue

Either I olyphontes herald of Laius killed by Œdipus or kopreas herald of Eurystheus, killed by the Athenians when he endeavoured to drag the Herachdæ from the altar of merc; and in whose honour they instituted annual games continued to the time of Hadrian or Anthemocritus the Athenian herald killed by the Megarenses who never recovered the imputey [See Hist of An ient Art trins lated by G H Lodge 1881, in or]

Consents to death, but conquers agony, And his drooped head sinks gradually low And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one, Like the first of a thunder-shower, and now " The arena swims around him he is gone," Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wietch who won

CXLI

He heard it, but he heeded not his eyes Were with his heart and that was far away,

> -[MS M] 1 From the red gash fall bigly -[MS M]11 Like the last of a thunder-shower 111 The earth swims round him -[MS M erased]

was of bronze The Gladiator was once in the Villa Ludovisi, and was bought by Clement XII The right arm is

an entire restoration of Michael Angelo

[There is no doubt that the statue of the "Dying Gladiator" represents a dying Gaul It is to be compared with the once-named "Arria and Pætus" of the Villa Ludovisi, and with other sculptures in the museums of Venice, Naples, and Rome, representing "Gauls and Amazons lying fatally wounded, or still in the attitude of defending life to the last," which belong to the Pergamene school of the second century BC M Collignon hazards a suggestion that the "Dying Gaul" is the trumpet-sounder of Epigonos, in which, says Pliny (Hist Nat, walv 88), the sculptor surpassed all his previous works ("omnia fere prædicta imitatus pracessit in tubicine"), while Dr H S Urlichs (see The Elder Pliny's Chapters on the History of Art, translated by K Jex-Blake, with Commentary and Historical Illustrations, by E Sellers, 1896, p 74, note) falls back on Winckelmann's theory that the "statue" may have been simply the votiveportrait of the winner in the contest of heralds, such as that of Archias of Hybla in Delphoi" (See, too, Helbig's Guide to the Collection of Public Antiquities in Rome, Engl transl, 1895, 1. 399, History of Greek Sculpture, by A. S. Murray, LLD, F.S.A, 1890, 11 381-383)]



He recked not of the life he lost nor prize

But where his rude hut by the Dinube his—

There were his young barbarrans all at play

There was their Dician mother—he their sire.

Butchered to make a Roman holiday—had

All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire

And universed?—Arise! ye Coths and glut your ire!

CVI II But here where Murder breathed her bloods steam —

And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways
And roared or murmired like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays,
Here where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was Death or Life—the playthings of a crowd— *** Park
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars faint rays to
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed—
And gallenes where my steps seem schoes strangely
loud

CKIIII

A Ruin—yet what Ruin! from its mass
Walls—palaces—half-cities have been reared
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass!
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared

i Slaughtered to make a Roman holidsy -[MS M erused]

¹¹ Was death a id I fe - - [MS M]

in My toice is much - - [MS M erist]
iv Yet the colorial skeleton ye pair - [MS M erased]

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Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?

Alas! developed, opens the decay.

When the colossal fabric's form is neared

It will not bear the brightness of the day,

Which streams too much on all years—man—have reft

away

CNLIV

But when the rising moon begins to climb

Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there

When the stars twinkle through the loops of Time,

And the low night-breeze waves along the air

The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,

Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head

When the light shines serene but doth not glare—

Then in this magic circle raise the dead,

Heroes have trod this spot 'tis on their dust ye tread"

CXLV

- "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand "When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
 - 1 The ray-forest, which its walls doth wear -[MS M erased]
 - 11 The Hero race who trod—the imperial dust ye tread —
 [MS M erased]
- I Suetonius [Lib 1 cap \lv] informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by that decree of the senate which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed at the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian
 - 2 This is quoted in the Decline and Fall of the Roman

"And when Rome falls—the World From our own land

Thus spake the pilgrims o er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations and unaltered all—
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill—
The World—the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye

CNLVI

Simple erect severe, austere sublime—

Shrine of all saints and temple of all Gods

lirw

Empire as a proof that the Coliseum was entire when seen by the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims at the end of the seventh or the beginning of the eighth century. A notice on the Coliseum may be seen in the Historical Illustrations p 763

['Quamdu stabit Colyseus stabit et Roma quando cadet Colyseus cadet Roma quando cadet Roma cadet Roma cultural discourse se collectanes apud Ducange, Glossaruum ad Scriptores Med, et Infime Latinutatis, tom 10 407 edit Basil This saying must be ascribed to the Anglo Saxon pilgrims who visited Rome before the year 735 the æra of Bedes death for I do not believe that our venerable monk ever passed the sea — Gibbons Ducline and Fall of the Roman Limbre 1855 yiii 81 note]

I 'Though plundered of all its brass except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above though exposed to repeated fires though sometimes flooded by the river and always open to the rain no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotundo. It passed with little alteration from the I agan into the present wor ship and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo ever studious of ancient beauty introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church —Forsyths I Idaly 1816 p 137

[The Pantheon consists of two parts a porch or pronaos supported by sixteen Corinthian columns and behind it, but

From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by Time
Looking tranquility, while falls or nods
Arch—empire—each thing round thec—and Man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious Dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and Tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of Art and Piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome!

CZIVII

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!

Despoiled yet perfect! with thy circle spreads

A holiness appealing to all hearts,

To Art a model—and to him who treads

the pride of proudest Rome -[MS M erased]

"obviously disjointed from it," a rotunda or round temple, 143 feet high, and 142 feet in diameter. The inscription on the portico (M. AGRIPPA, L. F. Cos. tertium. Fecit.) affirms that the temple was built by Agrippa (M. Vipsanius), B.C. 27

It has long been suspected that with regard to the existing building the inscription was "historically and artistically misleading," but it is only since 1892 that it has been known for certain (from the stamp on the bricks in various parts of the building) that the rotunda was built by Hadrian Difficulties with regard to the relations between the two parts of the Pantheon remain unsolved, but on the following points Professor Lanciani claims to speak with certainty—

(1) "The present Pantheon, portico included, is not the work of Agrippa, but of Hadrian, and dates from AD 120-

124

(2) "The columns, capital, and entablature of the portico, inscribed with Agrippa's name, may be original, and may date from 27-25 BC, but they were first removed and then put together by Hadrian

(3) "The original structure of Agrippa was rectangular instead of round, and faced the south instead of the north"—Ruins and Excavations, etc., by R Lanciani, 1897, p 483]

Rome for the sake of ages Glory sheds

Her light through thy sole aperture, to those

Who worship, here are altars for their beads—

And they who feel for Genius may repose

Their eyes on honoured forms whose busts around them

close 1

CXLVIII

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light 2

What do I gaze on? Nothing—Look again!

1 The Pantheon has been made a receptacle for the busts of modern great or at least distinguished men. The flood of light which once full through the large or bobse on the whole circle of distincts now shines on a numerous assemblage of mortals some one or two of whom have been almost defined by the yeneration of their countrymen.

[The busts of Raphael Hannibal Caracei Lierrin del Vaga Zuccari and others are ill assorted with the many modern contemporary heads of ancient worthies which now glare in all the niches of the Rotunda —Historical

Illustrations p -93]

This and the three next stanza allude to the story of the Roman daughter which is recalled to the traveller by the site or pretended site of that advanture now shown at the Church of St Nicholas in Carcere The difficulties attending the full belief of the title are stated in Historical

Illustrations p 95

[The traditional scene of the Critis Romana is a cell forming part of the substructions of the Church of S. Nicola in Carcere near the Piazza Montanari Festus (De Verb Signif lib viv A.] Valpy 18 6 ii 594) by why of illus trating. Pietas tells the story in a few words. It is said that Ælius dedicated a temple to Lietas on the very spot where a woman dwelt of yore. Her father was shut up in prison and she kept him vive by grving, him the breast by stealth and as a reward for her deed obtained his forgive ness and freedom. In Pliny (Hist. Nat. vii. 36) and in Valerius Maximus (v. 4) it is not a futher but a mother whose life is saved by a daughter's piety.]

Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight

Two insulated phantoms of the brain '

It is not so I see them full and plain

An old man, and a female young and fair,

Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein

The blood is nectar but what doth she there,

With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?"

CXLIX

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,

Where on the heart and from the heart we took

Our first and sweetest nurture—when the wife,

Blest into mother, in the innocent look,

Or even the piping cry of lips that brook "

No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives "

Man knows not—when from out its cradled nook

She sees her little bud put forth its leaves

What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—Cain was Eve's

CL

But here Youth offers to Old Age the food,

The milk of his own gift it is her Sire

To whom she renders back the debt of blood

Born with her birth No—he shall not expire

¹ Two isolated phantoms -[MS M]

¹¹ With her unkerchiefed neck - -[MS M erased]

¹¹¹ Or even the shrill impatient [cries that brook]

or, Or even the shall small cry -[MS M crased]

IV No waiting silence or suspense —[MS M erased]

While in those warm and lovely veins the fire.

Of health and holy feeling can provide.

Creat Nature's Nile whose deep stream rises higher.

Than Fight's river—from that gentle ide.

Drink—drink, and live—Old Man! Heaven's realing holds no such tide.

....

The starry fable of the Milay Way?

Has not thy story's purity at its
A constellation of a sweeter ray
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds —Oh, holiest Nurse
No drop of that clear stream its way hall miss
To thy Sire's heart, replenishing its source.

With life as our freed souls recoin the Universe

CLII

I urn to the Mole? which Hadrian reared on high Imperial mimic of old I gypt's piles

I To its ors not f un un bit refierce Thy nires resit - [MS M erased]

The castle of St Angelo (See Historical Illustrations) [Hadrian's mole or mausoleum, now the Castle of St

¹ It was fabled of the Milky Way that when Mercury held up the infant Hercules to Juno's breast that he might drink in distantly the foldess pushed him way and that drops of milk fell into the void and became a multitude of tiny stars. The story is told by Eratosthenes of Cyrene (in 176) in his Catasterium (Treause on Star Legands), No 44 Opins Alythod Amsterdam 1638, p. 136]

Colossal copyist of deformity

Whose travelled phantasy from the far Nile's

Enormous model, doomed the artist's toils

To build for Giants, and for his vain earth,

His shrunken ashes, raise this Dome How smiles

The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,

To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth '

CLIII 1

But lo! the Dome—the vast and wondrous Dome," 2 To which Diana's marvel was a cell

> 1 The now spectator with a sanctioned mirth To view the vast design $-[MS\ M]$ -[MSM]11 Look to the dome

Angelo, is situated on the banks of the Tiber, on the site of the "Horti Neronis' "It is composed of a square basement, each side of which measures 247 feet A grand circular mole, nearly 1000 feet in circumference, stands on the square basement," and, originally, "supported in its turn a cone of earth covered with evergreens, like the mausoleum of Augustus" A spiral way led to a central chamber in the interior of the mole, which contained, presumably, the porphyry sarcophagus in which Antoninus Pius deposited the ashes of Hadrian, and the tomb of the Antonines Honorius (A D 428) was probably the first to convert the mausoleum into a fortress. The bronze statue of the Destroying Angel, which is placed on the summit, dates from 1740, and is the successor to five earlier statues, of which the first was erected in 1453 The conception and execution of the Moles Hadriana are entirely Roman, and, except in size and solidity, it is in no sense a mimic pyramid—Ruins and Excavations, etc, by R Lanciani, 1897, p 554, sq]

I This and the next six stanzas have a reference to the

Church of St Peter's (For a measurement of the compara-tive length of this basilica and the other great churches of Europe, see the pavement of St Peter's, and the Classical Tour through Italy, 11 125, et seq, chap 1v)

Christ's mighty shrine above His martyr's tomb 11

I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle-3

Its columns strew the wilderness and dwell

The hyæna and the tackal in their shade

i Lo Christ's great dome -- -[MS M]

[Compare The Prophecy of Dante, w 49-53— While still stands

The austere I antheon, into heaven shall so in A dome its image while the base expands Into a fane surpassing all before
Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in—"

Compare too Browning s Christm is Lie sect x —

'1s it really on the earth
This miraculous dome of God?
Has the angels measuring rod
Which numbered cubits gen from gen
Twit the gates of the new Jerusalem
Meted it out—and whit he meted
Have the sons of men completed?
—Binding ever as he bade
Columns in the colonnide
With arms wide open to embrace
The entry of the human race?]

3 [The ruins which Byron and Hobhouse explored Murch 1810 (Travels in Albania ii 68-71) were not the ruins of the second Temple of Artemis the sixth wonder of the world (vide Philo Byzantius De Septem Orbis Miraculis) but probably, those of the great gymnasium near the port of the city In 1810 and for long afterwards the remains of the temple were buried under twenty feet of earth and it was not till 1870 that the late Mr J T Wood the agent of the Trustees of the British Museum had so far completed his excavations as to discover the foundations of the building on the exact spot which had been pointed out by Guhl in 1843 Fragments of the famous sculptured columns thirty six in number says Pliny (Hist Nat xxxvi 95) were also brought to light and are now in the British Museum (See Modern Discoverus on the Site of Ancient Ephesus by J T Wood. 1890 Hist of Greek Sculpture by A S Murray is 304)]

4 [Compare Don Fuan Cinto IX stanza xxvii line —
I have heard them in the Libesian ruins how!]

I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell'
Their glittering mass i' the Sun, and have surveyed"
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem prayed, 1

CLIV

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,

Standest alone—with nothing like to thee

Worthiest of God, the Holy and the True!

Since Zion's desolation, when that He

Forsook his former city, what could be,

Of earthly structures, in His honour piled,

Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty

Power Glory Strength and Beauty all are aisled

In this eternal Ark of worship undefiled

CLV

Enter its grandem overwhelms thee not,
And why? it is not lessened but thy mind,
Expanded by the Genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit ² abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of Immortality and thou

- 1 round roofs swell —[MS M, D]
 11 Then glittering breastplate in the sun —[MS M erased]
 - [Compare Canto II stanza lama lines 2, 3—
 "Oh Stamboul! once the Empress of their reign, Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine"]
- ² [The emphasis is on the word "fit" The measure of "fitness" is the entirety of the enshrinement or embodiment of the mortal aspiration to put on immortality The vastness

Shalt one day if found worthy, so defined See thy God face to face, as thou dost now His Holy of Holies -nor be blasted by his brow L

CLVI

Thou movest-but increasing with the advance 1 Like climbing some great Alp which still doth rise Deceived by its gigantic elegance-Vastness which grows but grows to harmonize-All musical in its immensities Rich marbles richer painting-shrines where flame i The lamps of gold-and haughty dome which vies In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame Sits on the firm set ground-and this the clouds must

1 His earthly palace - [MS M eraset]

claim

11 and fair proportions which beguile the eyes -[MS M eras d] u Paint ng and marble of so many dyes-

And glorious high altar vere for ever burn -[MS M erased]

and the sacredness of St Peter's make for and effect this embodiment So too the living temple so defined great with the greatness of holiness may become the enshrinement and the embodiment of the Spirit of God] I [This stanza may be paraphrased but not construed

Apparently the meaning is that as the eye becomes accus tomed to the details and proportions of the building the sense of its vastness increases. Your first impressionwa at fault you had not begun to realize the almost inconceivable vastness of the structure You had begun to climb the mountain and the dazzling peak seemed to be close at your head but as you ascend, it recedes Thou movest but the building expands thou climbest but the Alp in creases in height. In both cases the eye has been deceived by gigantic elegance by the proportion of parts to the whole]

CLVII

Thou seest not all but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole,
And as the Ocean many bays will make
That ask the eye so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll'
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The Glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

CLVIII

Not by its fault but thine Our outward sense in Is but of gradual grasp and as it is

That what we have of feeling most intense Outstrips our faint expression, even so this Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice

Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great Defies at first our Nature's littleness,

'Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate

Our Spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX

Then pause, and be enlightened, there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze

¹ Its Giant's limbs and by degrees
or, The Giant eloquence and thus unioll—[MS M erased]
11 our narrow sense
Cannot keep pace with mind—[MS M crased]

Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of Art and its great Masters who could ruse
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan i
The fountain of Sublimity displays

Its depth and thence may draw the mind of Man a

Its golden sands, and learn what great Conceptions can 11

CI.X

Or, turning to the Vatican go see

Laocoon s1 torture dignifying pain-

- 1 What Earth nor Time-nor former Thought could fra ne [MS W erased]
- n Before your eye-and ye return not as ye came -[MS M erand]
 in In that which Genus did a hat great Conceptions eas -

[MS M erased]

I [Pliny tells us (Hist Nat xxxvi 5) that the Laocoon which stood in the palace of Titus was the work of three sculptors natives of Rhodes and it is now universally admitted that the statue which was found (January 14 1516) in the vineyard of Felice de Freddi, not fir from the ruins of the palace, and is now in the Vatican, is the statue which Pliny describes M Collignon in his Histoire d la Sculp ture Greeque, gives reasons for assigning the date of the Laocoon to the first years of the first century BC It follows that the work is a century later than the frieze of the great alter of Pergamos which contains the figure of a young giant caught in the toils of Athena's serpent-a theme which served as a model for later sculptors of the same school 1817 the Laocoon was in the heyday of its fame and was regarded as the supreme achievement of ancient art then it has been decried and dethroned M Collignon protests against this excessive depreciation and makes him self the mouthpiece of a second and more temperate reaction

'On peut gôuter mediocrement le mélodrame, sans méconnaitre pour cela les réelles qualités du groupe. La composition est d'une structure irréprochable d'une har monie de lignes qui défie toute critique. Le torse du Lao coon trahit une science du nu peu commune" (Hist de la

Sculp Grecque 1897 11 550 551)]

A Father's love and Mortal's agony With an Immortal's patience blending Vain The struggle vain, against the coiling strain And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp, The Old Man's clench, the long envenomed chain' Rivets the living links, the enormous Asp Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp "

CLXI

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,1 The God of Life, and Poesy, and Light

the writhing boys -[MS M erased] -[MS M erased] n Shackles its living rings, and

I [In his description of the Apollo Belvidere, Byron follows the traditional theory of Montorsoli, the pupil of Michael Angelo, who restored the left hand and right forearm of the statue The god, after his struggle with the python, stands forth proud and disdainful, the left hand holding a bow, and the right hand falling as of one who had just shot an arrow The discovery, in 1860, of a bronze statuette in the Stroganoff Collection at St Petersburg, which holds something like an ægis and a mantle in the left hand, suggested to Stephani a second theory, that the Belvidere Apollo was a copy of a statue of Apollo Boedromios, an civoto offering on the rout of the Gauls when they attacked Delphi (BC 278) To this theory Furtwaengler at one time assented, but subsequently came to the conclusion that the Stroganoff bronze was a forgery His present contention is that the left hand held a bow, as Montorsoli imagined, whilst the right grasped "a branch of laurel, of which the leaves are still visible on the trunk which the copyist added to the bronze original" The Apollo Belvidere is, he concludes, a copy of the Apollo Alexicacos of Leochares (fourth century BC), which stood in the Cerameicos at Athens M Maxime Collignon, who utters a word of warning as to the undue depreciation of the statue by modern critics, adopts Furtwaengler's later theory (Masterpieces of Ancient Greek Sculpture, by A Furtwaengler, 1895, 11 405, sq)]

The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow All radiant from his triumph in the fight, The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright With an Immortal's vengeance—in his eye And nostril beautiful Disdain and Might And Majesty, flash their full lightnings by Developing in that one glance the Deity

CLXII

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary Nymph whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above
And maddened in that vision—are exprest

I [The 'delicate" beauty of the strutue recalled the features of a lady whom he had once thought of making his wife The Apollo Belyidere he wrote to Mioore (May 17 1817) "is the image of Lady Adelaide Forbes I think I never saw such a likeness 1

2 [It is probable that lines 1-4 of this stanza contain an allusion to a fact related by M Pinel in his work. Sur l Insante which Milman turned to account in his Bel ideae Apollo, a Newdigate Prize I oem of 1812—

Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep By holy mad on Delphis hounted steep Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove Too fair to worship, too divine to love Yet on that form in wild delirious trance With more than revence gazed the Maid of France Day after day the love sick dreamer stood With him alone nor thought it solitude! To cherish grief her last, her dearest care Her one fond hope—to perish of despair Millman * Poetical Work* Paris 18 9 p 180

Compare, too Coleridge's Kubla A han, lines 14-16—

A savage place as holy and enchanted
As eer beneath a waiting moon was haunted
By woman waiting for her demon lover "

Poetical Works, 1893 p 94]

All that ideal Beauty ever blessed The mind with in its most unearthly mood, When each Conception was a heavenly Guest A ray of Immortality and stood,

Starlike, around, until they gathered to a God!

ลเท

CLXIII

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven The fire which we endure 1 it was repaid By him to whom the energy was given Which this poetic marble hath arrayed With an eternal Glory which, if made \] By human hands, is not of human thought And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid One ringlet in the dust-nor hath it caught A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas wrought

CL\IV

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my Song, The Being who upheld it through the past? Methinks he cometh late and tarries long He is no more these breathings are his last

- 1 Before its eyes unveiled to image forth a God!-[MS M erased]
- I [The fire which Prometheus stole from heaven was the living soul, "the source of all our woe" (Compare Horace Odes, 1 3 29-31-
 - " Post ignem ætheriå domo Subductum, Macies et nova Febrium Terris incubuit cohors ")]

His wanderings done—his visions ebbing first
And he himself as nothing—if he was
Aught but a phantasy, and could be classed
With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—
His shadow fades away into Destruction s mass '

CLXV

Vhich gathers shadow—substance—life, and all

That we inherit in its mortal shroud—
And spreads the dim and universal pall
Through which all things grow phantoms and the cloud
Between us sinks and all which ever glowed,
Till Glory's self is twilight and displays
A melancholy halo scarce allowed
To hover on the verge of darkness—ray's
Sadder than saddest night for they distract the gaze

CLXVI

And send us prying into the abyss,

To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolved to something less than this—
Its wretched essence, and to dream of fame
And wipe the dust from off the idle name
We never more shall hear,—but never more

The phantom fades a vay ento the general mass —
[MS M erasel]

Oh, happier thought! can we be made the same

It is enough in sooth that once we boile

These fardels! of the heart—the heart whose sweat was goile.

CLXVII.

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,²
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound,
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground

The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the Chief Seems royal still, though with her head discrowned, And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief

- [Compare *Hamlet*, act iii sc I, line 76—
 "Who would these fardels bear?"]
- 2 [Charlotte Augusta (b January 7, 1796), only daughter of the Prince Regent, was married to Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, May 2, 1816, and died in childbirth, November 6, 1817

Other poets produced their dirges, but it was left to Byron to deal finely, and as a poet should, with a present grief,

which was felt to be a national calamity

Southey's "Funeral Song for the Princess Charlotte of Wales" was only surpassed in feebleness by Coleridge's "Israel's Lament" Campbell composed a laboured elegy, which was "spoken by Mr at Drury Lane Theatre, on the First Opening of the House after the Death of the Princess Charlotte, 1817," and Montgomery wrote a hymn on "The Royal Infant, Still-born, November 5, 1817"

Not a line of these lamentable effusions has survived, but the poor, pitful story of common misfortune, with its tragic irony, uncommon circumstance, and far-reaching consequence, found its vates sacer in the author of Childe Harold]

CLXVIII

Scion of Chiefs and Monarchs where art thou?

Fond Hope of many nations, art thou dead?

Could not the Grave forget thee, and lay low

Some less majestic, less belovéd head?

In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled

The mother of a moment o er thy boy

Death hushed that pang for ever with thee fled

The present happiness and promised joy

Which filled the Imperial Isles so full it seemed to

CLXIX

Peasants bring forth in safety—Can it be
Oh thou that wert so happy so adored!
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy cease to hoard
Her many griefs for One, for she had poured
Her onsons for thee and o'er thy head!
Beheld her Ins—Thou, too, lonely Lord
And desolate Consort—vainly wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

¹ Her prayers for the and in thy coming youer
Beheld her Irn—Thou too lonely Lord
And devolute Convort I fada is thy dower
The Husband of a year—the Father of an — [I hour] —
[D erasted]

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made,

Thy bridal's fruit is ashes. In the dust

The fair-hailed Daughter of the Isles is laid,

The love of millions! How we did entrust

Futurity to her! and, though it must

Darken above our bones, yet fondly deemed

Our children should obey her child, and blessed

Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seemed

Like stars to shepherd's eyes 'twas but a meteor heamed 2

CLXXI

Woe unto us not her for she sleeps well ³
The fickle reek of popular breath, ⁴ the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the bith of Monarchy hath rung

- [Compare Canto III stanza XXXIV lines 6, 7— "Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore, All ashes to the taste"]
- 2 [Mr. Tozer traces the star simile to Homer (Iliad, viii 559)—

Πάντα δέ τ' εἴδεται ἄστρα, γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν]

- 3 [Compare Macbeth, act 111 sc. 2, lines 22, 23—
 "Duncan is in his grave,
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well"]
- 4 [Compare Corrolanus, act iii. sc. 3, lines 121, 122—
 "You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
 As reek o' the rotten fens"]

late.---^L

Its knell in princely ears, till the o erstung
Nations have armed in madness—the strange fate
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale which crushes soon or

CLXXII

These might have been her destiny—but no—
Our hearts deny it and so young, so fair
Good without effort, great without a foe,
But now a Bride and Mother—and now thric!
How many ties did that stern moment tear!
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is linked the electric chain of that despur
Whose shock was as an Earthquake's and opprest
The land which loved thee so that none could love thee
hest

1 Which sinks --- - [MS M]

I Mary died on the scaffold Elizabeth, of a broken heart Charles V a hermit Louis XIV, a bankrupt in means and glory Cromvell, of anxiet, and 'the greatest is behind' Napoleon lives a prisoner To these sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

and dinappy ?

[The simile of the 'earthquake was repeated in a letter to Murray dated December 3 1819 'The death of the Princess Charlotte has been a shock even here and must have been an earthquake at home poor Gril is melancholy in every respect, dying at twenty or so in childbed—of a boy too, a present princess and future queen and just as she began to be happy and to enjoy herself and the hopes which she inspired]

CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi ' navelled in the woody hills

So far, that the uprooting Wind which tears

The oak from his foundation, and which spills

The Ocean o'er its boundary, and bears

Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares

The oval mirror of thy glassy lake,

And calm as cherished hate, its surface wears'

A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,

All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake

CLXXIV.

And near, Albano's scarce divided waves

Shine from a sister valley, and afar 31 H

The Tiber winds, and the broad Ocean laves

The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,

"Arms and the Man," whose re-ascending star

Rose o'er an empire but beneath thy right 2

1 And calm as speechless hate —[MS M]

I The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of Egeria, and, from the shades which embosomed the temple of Diana, has preserved to this day its distinctive appellation of *The Grove* Nemi is but an evening's ride from the comfortable inn of Albano

[The basin of the Lago di Nemi is the crater of an extinct volcano Hence the comparison to a coiled snake Its steel-blue waters are unruffled by the wind which lashes the neighbouring ocean into fury Hence its likeness to "cherished hate," as contrasted with "generous and active wrath"]

2 [The spectator is supposed to be looking towards the Mediterranean from the summit of Monte Cavo Tusculum,

Tully reposed from Rome,—and where you bar Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight ^t The Sabine farm was tilled, the weary Bard's delight

CLXXV

But I forget —M; Pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part —so let it be —
His task and mine alike are nearly done,
Yet once more let us look upon the Sea,
The Midland Ocean breaks on him and me
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that Ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock 1 unfold

Those waves we followed on till the dark Eurine rolled

1 Of girding mountains circle on the sight
The Sabine farm 1s tilled the waired Bird's del ght —
[US II]

where "Tully reposed lies to the north of the Alban Hills on the right but, as Byron points to 1 spot beneath thy right he probably refers to the traditional site of the Villa Cicerons at Grotta Ferrata and not to an alternative site at the Villa Ruffinella between Frascuti and the ruins of Tusculum Horaces Sabine farm on the bank of Digentias "ice cold rivulet is more than twenty miles to the north east of the Alban Hills. The mountains to the south and east of Tusculum intercept the view of the valley of the Licenza (Digentia) where the 'farm was tilled Childe Harold had bidden farewell to Horace, once for all upon Sorac es ridge, but recalls him to keep company with Virgil and Cicero!

I [Calpes rock is Gibraltar (compare Child Harold Canto II stanza xxii line i) 'Last may be the last time that Byron and Childe Harold saw the Mediterranean together Byron had last seen it— the Midland Ocean —by Calpes rock on his return journey to England in 1811 Or by 'last he may mean the last time that it burst upon

CL////I

Upon the blue Symplegades 3-11 long years—
Long, though not very many—since have done
Their work on both, some suffering and some tears.
Have left us nearly where we had begun
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run
We have had our reward—and it is here,
That we can yet feel gladdened by the Sun,
And reap from Earth—Sea—joy almost as dear.
As if there were no Man to trouble what is clear.

CLXXVII

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,"
With one fair Spirit for my minister,

much suffering and son tears -[318 M]

his view He had not seen the Mediterranean on his way from Geneva to Venice, in October—November, 1816, or from Venice to Rome, April—May, 1817, but now from the Alban Mount the "ocean" was full in view]

I ["After the stanza (near the conclusion of Canto 1th)

which ends with the line-

"'As if there was no man to trouble what is clear,' insert the two following stanzas (clavin, clavin). Then go on to the stanza beginning, 'Roll on thou,' etc, etc. You will find the place of insertion near the conclusion—just before the address to the Ocean

"These two stanzas will just make up the number of 500

stanzas to the whole poem

"Answer when you receive this I sent back the packets

yesterday, and hope they will arrive in safety "-D]

2 [His desire is towards no light o' love, but for the support and fellowship of his sister Compare the opening lines of the Epistle to Augusta—

"My sister ' my sweet sister ' if a name Dearer and purer were, it should be thine, That I might all forget the human race,
And hating no one, love but only her!
Ye elements!—in whose canobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a Being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot

CLXXVIII

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods
There is a rapture on the lonely shore
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep Sea, and Music in its roar
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne er express—yet can not all concerl

CLXXIX

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,

Mountains and sens divide us but I claim
No tears but tenderness to answer mine
Go where I will to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign
There yet are two things in my desting,—
A world to roam through and a home with thee

^{&#}x27; The first were nothing—had I still the last, It were the haven of my happiness] I [Compare Childe Harold Canto III stanza Ixvii lines 8 9 and Epistle to Augusta stanza vi

Man marks the earth with rum—his control Stops with the shore, -upon the watery plain The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain A shadow of man's ravage, save his own, When, for a moment, like a drop of rain, He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groun-Without a grave unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown,

ZZZ13

His steps are not upon thy paths, thy fields Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise And shake him from thee, the vile strength he wields For Earth's destruction thou dost all despise, Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray And howling, to his Gods, where haply hes His petty hope in some near port or bay, And dashest him again to Earth —there let him lay 11-2

I [Compare Ps cvii 26, "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths"]

2 ["Lay" is followed by a plainly marked period in both the MSS (M and D) of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold the MSS (M and D) of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold For instances of the same error, compare "The Adieu, stanza 10, line 4, and ["Pignus Amoris"], stanza 3, line 3 (Poetical Works, 1898, 1 232, note, and p 241) It is to be remarked that Hobhouse, who pencilled a few corrections on the margin of his own MS copy, makes no comment on this famous solecism. The fact is that Byron wrote as he spoke, with the "careless and negligent ease of a man of quality," and either did not know that "lay" was not an intransitive verb or regarded himself as "super grammaticam."]

uncarthed, uncoffened, and inknover -[MS M] n And dashest him to earth again there he him lay!-[D]

CLXXXI

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls

Of rock built cities bidding nations quake

And Monarchs tremble in their Capitals,

The oak Leviathans 1 whose huge ribs make 1.

Their clay creator the vain title take

Of Lord of thee, and Arbiter of War—

These are thy toys and as the snowy flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar

Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar

1 These oaken cstadels which made and make -- [MS M erased]

t [Compare Campbell's Battle of the Baltic (stanza ii lines I, 2)—
Like leviathans affoat,

Lay their bulwarks on the brine]

2 The Gale of wind which succeeded the battle of Tra falgar destroyed the greater part (if not all) of the prizesnineteen sail of the line-taken on that memorable day I should be ashamed to specify particulars which should be known to all-did we not know that in France the people were kept in ignorance of the event of this most glorious victory in modern times and that in England it is the present fashion to talk of Waterloo as though it were entirely an English triumph-and a thing to be named with Blen heim and Agincourt-Trafalgar and Aboukir Posterity will decide but if it be remembered a a skilful or as a wonder ful action it will be like the battle of Zama where we think of Hannibal more than of Scipio For assuredly we dwell on this action not because it was gained by Blucher or Wellington but because it was lost by Buonaparte-1 man who with all his vices and his faults never yet found an adversary with a tithe of his talents (as far as the expression can apply to a conqueror) or his good intentions, his clemency or his fortitude

Look at his successors throughout Europe whose imitation of the worst parts of his policy is only limited by their comparative impotence and their positive imbeculity—[MS M]